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THE TUTOR AND STUDENT.

THE
TUTOR AND STUDENT;

BY
A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

—— Juvat me immemorata ferentum,
Ingenuis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri.

HORACE, *Epis.* xix.

—— Stulta est clementia,
Perituræ parcere chartæ.—JUV., *Sat.* i

‘Ἡ δ’ ἀρετὴ, τόδ’ ἀεθλου ὅν α νθρώποισιν ἄριτον,
Κάλλιστόν τε φέρειν γίγνεται ἀτδρὶ νέω.—TYRTÆUS.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS AND ROBERTS.
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1858.

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TO SIR, FREDERICK THESIGER,

M.P., Q.C.

SIR,—Whatever be the fate of “THE TUTOR AND STUDENT,” it will be always a source of unmixed gratification and pride to the Author to be permitted the honour of dedicating it to you, as, from the great respect so universally felt for your transcendent abilities and numerous virtues, the prestige of your high name is sure to secure, at least a fair stage—an Englishman’s privilege—to any work brought out under the honor of your patronage; therefore, at first starting, the Author has obtained one important advantage, viz., a fair hearing;—the want of which has proved fatal to many a writer, even of superior merit. This point being secured: the present Volume is placed in a position to fight its own battle, and, if found possessed of merit, to work its own way in life; otherwise, the writer cannot complain, however much he may regret to see his humble offspring consigned to merited oblivion: the privilege

of a fair hearing will be due to you—the failure of the experiment to his own misfortune. Had the Author of “THE TUTOR AND STUDENT” possessed the genius of a Scott, or the graphic powers of a Longfellow, he might then produce something more worthy of your and the public acceptance; but lacking the ability, he trusts you may take the will for the deed, and accept this, his literary mite, as a humble tribute of unfeigned respect and lasting gratitude.

PREFACE.

IN the early part of last summer, a manuscript had been put into our hands by an old and learned friend, entitled, THE TUTOR AND STUDENT, by a member of the Middle Temple. The writer of this manuscript had been known to us for many years as a gentleman of high character and varied knowledge; deeply read in the volume of human life, *qui mores multorum hominum vidit et urbes*; but unfortunately, like most literary men, his career has been a checquered one, singularly marked by extraordinary incidents, and clouded with domestic afflictions. The Author of the TUTOR AND STUDENT attributes and traces all his earthly disappointments to one primary cause, viz., the wrong selection of a tutor on entering the University. This, to use his own words, was the rock on which he suffered shipwreck; he now feels it would be rendering good service to the rising generation to publish his own story to the world, in the hope that it may serve as a beacon-light to students, by which they may be enabled to steer their course and eschew those dangerous rocks and quicksands which have proved fatal to him. The object of the writer of this manuscript, in submitting it to us, was to take our opinion as to whether such an autobiography might be of sufficient interest to attract public attention. All we could do at the time was to

promise that we would look it over at our leisure, and give our opinion in due time; for, being then overwhelmed with private engagements at the beginning of the long vacation—added to the necessity which we ourselves had of personal recreation, we candidly admit we felt quite oblivious of the TUTOR AND STUDENT until the last week in September; but being then disengaged, we took up the manuscript referred to, read it with attention and increasing interest;—the result was, great self-reproach on our part, for our long neglect of a book which appears to us not only exceedingly interesting as a tale, but practically useful as a book of reference in respect to College rules; besides, we believe such a book to be absolutely necessary, and called for, at the present time; for strange that it may seem, we believe no book has been written on this important subject from the foundation of the University, down to the present time—a period of 250 years; at least, we confidently assert that no honest and impartial history has been published during this long space of time, as to the effect produced on the minds of the people of Ireland, by the foundation of Trinity College, not alone on the promotion of literary and scientific knowledge, but what we hold to be of infinitely paramount importance, in diffusing among all classes the genuine principles of Christianity, by freely communicating to such as may be disposed to receive it, the pure and unadulterated word of God, not by the establishment of sectarian schools for proselytism, or by involving the minds of the rising generation in the mazes of religious controversy, which the apostle deprecates and warns us to avoid, but by “throwing our bread upon the waters,” and uniting all in one common bond of charity and brotherly love, which we hold to be the essence of vital Christianity, social happiness, and material advancement. Should the following story be true—and we believe

it does not admit of controversy, the Board of Trinity College should blush to read it, as it bears upon the face of it the sentence of their own condemnation. By this book it seems evident that this Board, ever since the foundation of the University, have had but one object in view, viz., the accumulation of "filthy lucre;" this was the all-absorbing consideration by which they were actuated; to this they sacrificed the intentions of Queen Elizabeth in the foundation of the University, as well as the interests of the Reformed Church committed to their charge; their policy seems at all times to have consisted in the Jesuitical secrecy with which they distributed amongst each other the emoluments of the College, to the detriment of the public; their deeds being dark, they naturally endeavoured to hide them from the public gaze; and to this cause, no doubt, is to be attributed the general ignorance of all in regard to the machinery of the Board of Trinity College. Nobody can form any idea of the emoluments of the Board, save its own members. To these alone the secret is confided; they seem to have been closely connected with each other by the golden links of interest, somewhat resembling Freemasonry, and may be appropriately called "The Brethren of the Mystic Tie;" nobody is disposed to divulge a secret, in the concealment of which his interest is deeply involved; and should any officious *Paul Pry* venture, in the face of an omnipotent Board, to hint at what was passing within the *sanctum sanctorum* of *Alma mater*, woe betide that ill-fated individual! However, the Author of the TUTOR AND STUDENT has at length removed the curtain with a bold hand, and now exhibits to the world the rottenness of the old system, ostensibly established for the public benefit, and endowed with immense revenues, which, however, have been gradually wrested from their original purpose, and converted by the cupidity and corruption of succeeding Boards

into sources of private wealth and individual aggrandizement. Should the effect of the following tale be to direct Public and Parliamentary enquiry, even at the eleventh hour, to this colossus of corruption, we should then say that the Author of THE TUTOR AND STUDENT has done the "state some service," and established for himself a just claim to national gratitude; but the only way by which *we* can mark our appreciation of his service, and make some amends for our own procrastination in his regard, is by sending this manuscript to our own Publisher, with which we take no other liberty save that of making a tale of the TUTOR AND STUDENT, which we do by permission of the writer, and conclude with *macte virtute*—a word of good omen in favor of his undertaking.

Temple Chambers,

September 1857.

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CHAP. XXI. *page 198* .

The contents of this chapter being matters of fact, presented to the readers in their native simplicity; the cause; the Student's arrival in Dublin; not successful in getting literary employment; the reason; and consequence; his Dublin friends, having heard of his difficulties, soon fall off; his former correspondence with his Rev. friend at the Rectory long suspended; the reason explained; the Student, under the circumstances, writes to the Rev. gentleman, requesting a small loan; the Rector's favourable answer; promises the

loan when paid his proportion of the £1,000,000 advanced for the distressed parsons; this letter the Student shows to his landlord, who, under the circumstances, gives him credit for the payment of £10 due for rent; the Student obtains a situation as resident tutor in the family of the Hon. A. S—, county Tyrone; quits the family in four months in consequence of the death of his father; the Student returns to Dublin; joins a literary society; gains the favour of a lady of fortune, who agrees to marry him; the marriage settlement being prepared; a remarkable event at this crisis; his former pupil, the Rector's son arrives in Dublin, stops at the former residence of the Student, where he was still indebted for lodgings; the landlord inquires of the Rector's son for his friend the Student; the young gentleman denies all knowledge of the Student; the landlord believes the Rector's son; advises the young gentleman to advertise him as an impostor; an advertisement headed, "Caution to the Public," in the "Saunders' News Letter," setting forth particulars; the Student never sees it; casually heard of it at the residence of a friend, the evening after its appearance; his consternation on the occasion; buys a copy of the newspaper, containing the "Caution;" seeks for the parson's letter, and finds it; a scene with the Student's attorney, who advises him to consult counsel on the occasion, proceeds to the house of an eminent counsel at 12 o'clock at night; the learned gentlemen pronounce the "Caution" a gross libel; the Student loses no time in contradicting "The Caution;" he next commences an action for libel against the author of it; the Rector appeals to the Student's former friendship, prays him to forego proceedings, offers to make a public apology; the apology being deemed satisfactory is accepted by counsel; the betrothed young lady on seeing the Student advertised in the public papers, declines to fulfil her engagement, but hearing of his vindication, she offers to renew the subject, which is decidedly declined by the Student; his reasons; thus ended the case between the Student and the Rector's son; reflections of the Student on this subject.

CONCLUSION *page 211*

The curious reader naturally interested for the fate of the gallant Captain and his devoted wife; the story told in a few words; Mrs. L. returns alone; her object in doing so; the state of her family residence on her return; cautions the servants against manifesting any sympathy for the Captain for the loss of his daughter; a party of friends to meet him on the day of his arrival; dinner being

ended, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, leaving the Captain and his guests to talk with him as to the state of his tenantry; a long discussion on this subject, in which the Rector of the Parish and the Parish Priest take a leading part; the gallant captain promises to give the suggestions of his friends all due consideration, but politely suggests that that was not the fittest time to speak on the subject; proposes to drink the health of the ladies and joins them in the drawing-room; the ladies congratulate him on his improved appearance; a discussion on the subject of moustachios; the opinion of the priest on the point; appeals to Mrs. L——n. The lady declines to interfere in the matter, leaving it entirely to the Captain's own discretion; the gallant Captain promises to come into the priest's views; the captain then entertains his friends with a glowing account of the Vale of Cashmere; the beauty and fidelity of the Hindoo women; this concluded the evening; Mrs. L——n quite delighted with the result; thus passed the first day of the Captain's return; the following day one of exciting interest; a deputation waits on the Captain at an early hour with an address of congratulation: the Captain's reply; his hospitality, and that of his wife; the Captain's arrival announced by bonfires on all the neighbouring hills; thus closed the second day; the third quite a day of business; the Captain enquires into the circumstances of his tenantry, forgives all back arrears, gives them a reduction in their rent proportioned to the state of the market; this intelligence diffuses universal joy among the tenantry; the rapid improvement in their condition; he regularly communicates with his Dublin friend, the Student always requesting his advice, and adopting his suggestions; the Captain's high-minded wife, assisted by the parson's lady and others, forms a Lady's Committee for the relief of the poor, the eminent success of the Committee; their mode of managing the funds committed to their charge; the consequence of these exertions; the wisdom of the well-known maxim "God helps those who help themselves;" the health of the gallant Captain now begins to decline; his fatal symptoms; his wife's alarm; her manner of acting; the grim King of Terrors at length knocks at his door; the fatal hour at length arrives; of this the Captain seemed to have a clear presentiment; the parting soul under such circumstances often endowed with a prophetic spirit; the Captain's parting address to his wife; bequeaths to her his entire property, amounting to £8,000 per annum: he dies without a groan in the arms of his wife, in his thirty-fifth year; the devoted wife closes his eyes, arranges his bed, sits by it for some time, gazing on his lifeless features; the servants hear the last farewell, but did not think he was dead until

the nurse entered the room, when her mistress pointed to the lifeless corpse without uttering a word; the nurse instantly falls on the neck of her mistress, who offers up a prayer to the Father of Mercies to release her from a world no longer tolerable; the parson's wife now enters the room with other ladies, and vainly tries to console the disconsolate widow; at length, the ladies having prayed with her for some time, took their departure, promising to return the following morning; the widow being left alone again, re-enters the dead room, kisses the cold lips of her husband, and tells her nurse that she felt inclined to take a little rest, that she might leave the room and return again at nine o'clock; the nurse obeys; when the widow having stripped off her clothes, puts on her night-dress, and lying down by the side of her husband, breathes her last; the subsequent consternation; the following morning one of the greatest sorrow; despair depicted on every face; the crowds assembled to attend the remains to their last resting-place; their respect for the memory of a great and good man only equalled by their admiration for his devoted wife; the effect of his death upon all classes; his irretrievable loss to his own tenantry, who return to their homes with downcast hearts, and minds full of ominous forebodings; the cup of hope suddenly dashed from their lips.

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting the present volume to the public notice, we deem it our duty to afford a few introductory observations; firstly, to the critic in particular; but next, to the public in general. To the former we thus address ourselves:—Thou worthy disciple of Julius Scaliger! should you condescend to notice the contents of our humble, unpretending work, the only favour we solicit at your hands is, that you may kindly grant us the merit we deserve—we ask nothing more. We freely confess the numerous errors of our book, in regard to the arrangement of the subject, and the style of the narrative; though, like most parents, we are blind to the many faults of our own offspring; but should you kindly point out to us where our faults lie, we shall then be happy to pay all due respect to your suggestions,—in order, that, should

it be our fate again to appear in print, we may be deemed more worthy the honour of your favourable notice ; but we beg you will bear in mind, that the present Volume is not meant to be a standard for purity of style, or a model for literary composition ;—not a book made up of “ polished periods and studied sentences,” but a simple unvarnished tale, intended to communicate practical truths, which may serve as a useful lesson to the rising generation : in this, the whole merit of the work consists—we pretend to nothing more. Only grant that such a result is likely to follow from our efforts, and we shall then willingly submit to any verbal castigation that you may be pleased to inflict upon us, in regard to the literary defects of our volume. With these few observations, we leave our case in your hands, and next turn to our friend, the public, whom we thus address :—

•

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—we venture to approach you on the present occasion with unfeigned feelings of humility and respect ; we know you to be noble and generous patrons, always ready to bestow ‘ your warmest smiles’ on those who minister to your moral improvement, or contribute to your intellectual gratification. The candidates for your favours are many ; but your

bounty and indulgence are freely extended to all. Emboldened by such generosity, even we, the meanest of your numerous votaries, presume to aspire to the favour of your notice on the present occasion; but we freely confess that we build our hopes of success on grounds wholly different from the great majority of our competitors. We do not profess to entertain you by a geological dissertation on the substrata of the universe, or to account for the causes that led to the superior stature, magnitude, and longevity of our Antedeluvian ancestors; whether they fed on milk, like the *γλακταφαγοι* of the *Iliad*, or fattened, like Esau, on the savoury meat of the chase: these subjects we leave to the learned *avans* of modern times, those peripatetic philosophers who perform their periodical evolutions to astonish you by the depth of their wisdom, and to do ample justice to your hospitality by the keenness of their appetites. The wisest of all men has pronounced such abstract dissertations vain, and we are inclined to coincide in the superior wisdom of his opinions. Nor are we about to present to your notice a work of fiction, from which no moral good can result—much less do we desire to excite your merriment, or cater to your morbid appetite for novelty, in order to catch

at your favours by a common-place essay on the common-place subjects of every-day life: we neither wish to make mountains of molehills, pigmies of giants, or to corrupt the hearts or vitiate the tastes of your children by the tomfooleries of a Christmas pantomime. We have read in olden times of the *beau-ideal* of a gentleman—such a phenomenon as could only exist in ‘the heat-oppressed brain’ of the poet—who can create, contrary to the maxims of the Stoics, something out of nothing, and ‘give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.’ Such things have long since been consigned to the silent tomb; ‘*requiescat in pace, Amen.*’

Having told you what we neither have done or mean to do, we must now acquaint you with what we have done to merit the honour of your patronage. We have told you a simple tale, or rather a series of tales, taken from real life; many, if not all, of which have come under the immediate observation of the writer, and in which he himself has acted a prominent part. From these tales lessons of great practical utility can be drawn, calculated to make you kind husbands, fond wives, dutiful children, useful members of society—to instruct you in what consists your real happiness in this life, and to elevate

your souls to the hope of a better : this is what we have done. Should you think such humble services worthy the favour of your notice, all we ask of you is to extend to us the hand of friendship, and to confer some portion of your patronage on the humble Author of the
‘ TUTOR AND STUDENT.’ ”

THE TUTOR AND STUDENT.

CHAPTER I.

4
OFT in a stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me.—MOORE.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—VIRGIL.

WE believe there is no scene in the great drama of human life, fraught with such a variety of interesting incidents, so blended and mixed up with pleasure and pain, as that arising from the recollection of our school-boy and college days. If we allow our imaginations to wander back over a period of thirty or forty years, and reflect on the many dear friends that have passed off the stage in this brief period—the companions of our youth—the friends of our more mature years—the devoted partners of our tenderest affections,—the retrospect is such as to awaken in the mind the most painful emotions—to convince us of the uncertainty of human life, and the inanity of all earthly objects. Few have felt the severance of those ties more acutely, or retain a more vivid recollection of them, than the student of whose biography we are now about to furnish the reader with a brief sketch. He was the son of a gentleman formerly possessed of considerable landed property in the south of Ireland,

whose family consisted of six sons and two daughters. The subject of the present tale was the third child, and second son,—the second having been a daughter. His father, though nominally a Roman Catholic, was always remarkable for his loyalty to the British Crown ; and though living in perilous times, in Ireland, about the year 1798, when popular discontent and insubordination like a leaven fermented almost the whole mass of the Catholic population, and a considerable proportion of the Protestant ; and when every Roman Catholic taking part with the Government of the day was considered a renegade to his creed and a traitor to his country ;—nevertheless, in spite of all the combined force of these conflicting influences, the gentleman to whom we refer became a member of a yeomanry corps, raised for the defence of the country in a crisis of apprehended invasion, and never for a moment swerved from the strict line of duty and allegiance to his king and country. The consequence was, his life was in constant jeopardy.—He was fired at on several occasions, and, at a subsequent period of his history, between the years 1823 and 1825, during the agrarian disturbances in the south of Ireland, the popular prejudice towards him being still fresh in the minds of the disaffected, he was forced by threats and intimidation to quit his residence in the country, and to take shelter in a neighbouring town, in order to guard against the threatened vengeance of the assassin. The natural effect of this state of things was to involve him in great pecuniary embarrassments, which led to the mortgage of his estate for a considerable sum, to satisfy the pressing demands of a youthful and numerous family, as well as to furnish means for the gratification of his own extravagant propensities.

About this period it was that the Student, after the usual course of preparatory study under a private tutor, determined on

entering the Dublin University,—being urged to this resolution by the prudential consideration, that, owing to the embarrassed state of his father's affairs, he should ultimately have to rely for support wholly on his own individual exertions. He, therefore, set off for the Dublin University in the beginning of October, 1820 ; having procured two letters of introduction, one to his intended tutor, the other from the late Viscount Ennismore to his lordship's brother-in-law, Mr. Mansell, of Granby-Row, Dublin. But unfortunately he presented the letter to his tutor first, and did not call on his other friend for some days after—this proved a fatal mistake. On waiting on the latter gentleman, he received him with great courtesy and kindness, telling him at the same time that his first act should be to get him a good tutor, but on hearing that he had made his own selection, and that Dr. L— was the object of his choice, he seemed much concerned, and expressed his regret in words that made so lasting an impression upon the student's mind, that they are still fresh in his recollection, as if spoken but yesterday. We give them *verbatim*—they are as follows :—“ You have made,” observed this kind friend, “ a fatal mistake *in limine*, on entering college ! Why not leave it to me to get you a tutor ? What could possess you to make choice of Dr. L— ? In all the college you could not possibly have chosen a more unkind man, or a worse tutor ; but what is done can't be undone. You have made your own choice, and must now take him for *better for worse*. I only hope you may never have occasion to ask him for a favor, or to be behindhand in the payment of your quarterly notes, in which case I fear you will not find him a very indulgent creditor.”

Such were the words of this kind friend ;—unfortunately for the Student he did not live to see them realized, having fallen a victim in the autumn of the year following to the typhus fever

—an epidemic which made dreadful havoc that year in Ireland, particularly among the upper classes. In Mr. Mansell the Student lost a kind friend and a generous benefactor; his death seemed a bad omen at the first setting off, and cast a temporary gloom over the Student's future prospects: but being then in the prime of life, and a man of a naturally ardent temperament, he resolved to banish dull care and to fight the battle as well as he was able. The die is now cast—the Rubicon is passed—and he is now regularly matriculated a student of the University, and a pupil of the Rev. Dr. L—. Here it may be matter of some interest to the reader to receive a brief sketch of the manners and personal appearance of this Reverend divine. He was then about thirty-five, perhaps a year or two over, and was a man of about the middle size, of well-proportioned limbs, and an animated and interesting countenance: men, with some exceptions, considered him handsome, and he was universally admired by the fair sex, whose favourable opinions he seemed more solicitous to conciliate; but an untoward accident happened to him about this time, that caused a material alteration in his personal appearance. It is said that in one of his convivial moods—not to call them by a harsher name—whilst in the act of coming down stairs he lost his central gravity, and toppling over the bannisters, the most prominent feature in his face came in collision with some intervening obstacle, by which he was so severely hurt and visibly disfigured, that the effect was nearly to sever his nose in twain, leaving a dinge in the centre that quite metamorphosed the expression of his previously interesting countenance: this proved a “sad blow and great discouragement” to his personal vanity, of which he had no small stock. However from his buoyancy of spirits and the natural vivacity of his manners, he soon recovered from the effects of this personal

disaster, and at the time of which we write he was admitted to be the "*homo factus ad unguem*" of the Fellows;—as regards his habits he was what the French call a "*bon-vivant*," and usually made an autumnal visit to Buxton, a fashionable watering-place in Yorkshire, for the gratification of his Epicurean propensities: whence he acquired for himself in College the *soubriquet* of "Charley over the water;" his gay and luxurious habits recommended him to the favourable notice of a vast number of pupils, chiefly members of the aristocracy, to which class all his pupils belonged, with the exception of the Student and a few others: So extensive was his influence and great his popularity among the upper classes at the time, that when the Student entered the University, his class of junior Freshmen was complete; the Student having filled up his last vacancy.

Having thus given to the reader a brief sketch of the personal accomplishments and luxurious habits of the Reverend Doctor, it now remains for us to add a word as to his character as a tutor. Taking his own account, which he frequently communicated to his pupils, he had laid down a general rule for himself on obtaining fellowship, to which he ever after strictly adhered,—viz., never to interfere in the private concerns of his pupils, and to exact from them the most rigorous punctuality in the payment of their quarterly notes; therefore, should his pupil happen to get into a row over night, to meet with an accident in the street, or to receive a letter by post announcing the death of the nearest relative or friend,—in all human probability, the matter never reached the ears of the Reverend Doctor; it was a private matter, with which it would be inconsistent with his general rule to interfere; but to the liquidation of college fees and quarterly notes he paid the most prompt and ready attention,—the question of pounds, shillings,

and pence was always uppermost in his mind, and was one with which he seemed thoroughly conversant ; no clerk in a counting-house was more capable than he of auditing and balancing a debtor and creditor account : so much for the private character and business-like habits of the Reverend Doctor, to whose tender mercies it was the Student's fate to be committed on first entering the University. Let us now say a few words as to his literary and scientific attainments ; and we freely admit, that the very fact of his being a Fellow of the Dublin University was quite sufficient to raise a well-grounded *prestige* in favour of his mental *calibre* ; and to this opinion the Student was inclined before he entered college ; but on a nearer acquaintance with his tutor,—having attended his private lectures, and applied *line and plummet* to his intellectual depth, he was so struck with the utter absence of anything like mind or genius about the man, that his first opinions as to his mental superiority were considerably modified, if not wholly relinquished ; and he sank down in his estimation to the level of a very ordinary man. Goldsmith's schoolmaster, when contrasted with this fellow of college, must be allowed a decided superiority : the former told his tale, and the pupils laughed—some at him, others with him ; the Reverend Doctor, on the contrary, seldom excited a smile, real or counterfeit ; he had neither the humour of a Democritus, or the pathos of a Heraclitus. Neither was he a cross between the two ; in a word, he seemed wholly incapable of soaring above the dead level of mediocrity, or relieving the dull monotony of a morning lecture by a ray of genius or a flash of intellect. Hauteur, affectation, and reserve seemed the leading traits in this Reverend fellow's character.

Such singular peculiarities were freely canvassed by his pupils ;—some considered them assumed, as a cloak to hide the

natural shallowness of a superficial mind; others, on the contrary, attributed them less to lack of natural ability, than to that mistaken pride which leads to a false inference that freedom *breeds contempt*, and that respect is best created and preserved by cold indifference and studied reserve ;—to the latter opinion the Student inclined, more particularly as, under different circumstances, at the public breakfasts, where he seemed in his natural element, he could not be surpassed in the blandness of his manners, and the indiscriminate politeness of his attentions. With this impartial sketch we take leave of the hero of our tale for the present, but only to renew our acquaintance when we first give to the reader a brief history of the Dublin University—its body corporate and politic, &c., &c., to which interesting subject we mean to devote the two following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

Quorsùm pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro?
 Eupolin Archilochos? comites educere tantos?
 Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ?
 Contemnere, miser.—HORACE.

Why pile up Plato and Menander too,
 Eupolis, Archilocus, and all the learned crew?
 When from the paths of virtue you decline,
 Can musty volumes expiate the crime?
 Despised thou shalt be.

THE University of Dublin, of which we now purpose to give a brief outline, is a College incorporated by Charter or Letters Patent in the 34th of Elizabeth, A.D. 1591, and was founded on the ruins of a monastery, called *All Hallows*, in Hoggins, now College Green,—but then in the eastern suburbs of the City. The site for the building of the College was given by the *Corporation of Dublin*.

In the Charter of Foundation, the Queen nominated the Provost and three Fellows, *nomine plurium*, or in the name of the majority, and three scholars, *nomine plurium*, to constitute with their successors, for ever, a body corporate and politic under the name of the Provost, Fellows, and Scholars of the

holy and undivided Trinity of *Queen Elizabeth, near Dublin*.

The number of the Corporation has been increased from time to time, but at present it consists of a Provost, six Senior Fellows, twenty-eight Junior Fellows, and seventy Scholars. The Senior Fellows constitute *the Board*, and in them is vested all authority, both legislative and executive, so far as the Statute permits, in all matters appertaining to the revenues, a government of the University.

The income of the College is said to amount on an average to no less a sum than £64,000 annually, of which sum about £30,000 arise from the entrance and annual fees paid by the students to the College and their tutors, the fees on degrees, and other incidental services. The fellows hold their situations for life; but the scholars, who are chosen from the Undergraduates, only retain their scholarships until they can obtain the degree of Master of Arts. A vacancy occurring among the Fellows, is filled up by the Provost, and a select number of the Fellows, after a strict public examination, which lasts four days, at which the questions are proposed and answered *vivâ voce* in Latin. All the Fellows are obliged to enter into priests' orders except three, one of whom is elected *Medicus* by the Provost and other senior Fellows;—the other two are elected, *Jurista juris civilis* and *Jurista juris Anglicani* respectively. The examination for Fellowships consists of Metaphysics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Ethics, History, Chronology, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The Fellows, as before observed, hold their situations for life, unless they choose to accept one of the College Livings, of which there are thirty-two in number, at the disposal of the College; but in addition to the College Livings in the gift of the University, the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin are empowered by the Act 3 & 4

William IV. to present a Fellow or ex-Fellow of Trinity College to the following livings, viz. :—

Carrikmacross, in the diocese of Clogher.

Ballymoney, in the diocese of Cork.

St. John Sligo, in the diocese of Elfin.

Screen, in the diocese of Killaloe.

Drumkelner, in the diocese of Raphoe.

Ballymachward, and Clonkeen, in the diocese of Clonfert.

Clonallen, in the diocese of Dromore.

Lee, in the diocese of Kildare.

Kilnavney, in the diocese of Ossory. And

Drumcannon, in the diocese of Waterford.

The perquisites of the scholars are *free commons for five years*—a preference of chambers, for which they pay but half the usual rent, and half the usual fees to their tutors ; they have also a right to vote during their scholarship without payment of the annual fee, and are allowed a certain sum annually—about thirty pounds. There is another class of students, called sizers, limited to thirty, and chosen annually for their superior answering in Greek and Latin: these pay nothing to their tutors, have their commons free, and are partially supported by the College funds ; they do not dine with the other students—an absurd and invidious distinction—but always enter the *dining* hall when the others have done dinner, and usually partake of the fare brought from the table of the fellows and fellow-commoners.

It should seem time that this disgraceful badge of servitude were removed, and that the sizers as scholars and gentlemen be placed on an equal footing with the other students, particularly as from this class have sprung the most distinguished men the University can boast of, including some of the most learned of the fellows themselves. Here, it may be observed, that until the year 1840 the fellows were bound to celibacy, but in this

year (1840) the restriction was removed, and the fellows are now at liberty to marry; but intending to make some further remarks on the Act of parliament to which we refer in the next chapter, we shall postpone until then the further consideration of this subject. From what has been already observed, the reader may form a tolerably correct idea of the constitution and the revenues of the Dublin University; but no one, save the senior Fellows themselves, who share the spoil, can form a correct estimate of its immense wealth; one thing, however, is abundantly clear, viz., that there are no less than between forty and fifty rich incumbencies in the gift and patronage of the Dublin University; but notwithstanding the revenue resulting from these sources, the Board still continues insatiable in its ambition to grasp at more, realizing the maxim of the Roman satirist, that the love of money-getting increases in the same ratio as the money itself. Of this grasping propensity on the part of the Board we shall give but two instances out of many, quite enough however to prove our case; but ere we adduce our proofs, we must beg our readers to bear in mind, that Trinity College, Dublin, in its foundation is a strictly Protestant Institution, from which Roman Catholics are expressly excluded by the *letter* and spirit of the *charter*;—the object of Elizabeth in the foundation of this University being to extend the principles of the Reformation, and thereby to promote, according to her views, the honor and glory of God.

No one can question the perfect right of the Queen to found a college on such principles; on the contrary, all must do justice, even at this remote period, to the Christian zeal by which she was animated on the occasion to which we refer; neither could Catholics themselves reasonably complain of being excluded from a University, where religious principles were taught in direct opposition to their own. What then was the duty of the *Board*

of *Trinity College*? We answer, strictly to enforce the spirit and letter of the Act, and to give full effect to the intentions of the Queen, as expressed in the *Charter* of Foundation. But did they do so? No; but they did quite the reverse; for considering that a lucky moment had arrived for creating another golden horn,—*regardless* of the *Charter* of ELIZABETH, and of her intentions, they availed themselves of the unlimited power vested in them, to pass a law separating collegiate honors from collegiate emoluments; and admitting Roman Catholics to the former *on payment of certain fees*, while they wholly excluded them from all participation in the latter.

In passing such an Act the Board violated, for the sake of “filthy lucre,” the law that they were bound to respect and enforce; neither had the empty honors conferred on the Roman Catholics, “*on payment of fees*,” the effect of conciliating them, when unaccompanied with those solid advantages, usually bestowed as the reward of literary merit; on the contrary, these honors served them as constant themes of invective, against what they called, not without cause, the *injustice* and *bigotry* of the *Board of Trinity College*. By this means they succeeded in raising such a storm of popular prejudice against the principles of the Protestant Reformation among the Catholic party, that the people could never after be persuaded to do justice to these principles, of which they judged, not by their own intrinsic merits, but by the mercenary conduct of the Board of Trinity College, which they were taught to look upon as an embodiment of *Protestantism* and a sink of corruption. But what cared the Board for such popular ebullitions, so long as they secured the main point? The people might hiss, but they had the wherewithal to applaud themselves; the law that they passed proved a master stroke of policy

towards swelling the College funds. 'Tis true that the Catholic gentry generally declined the proffered honors ; numbers, however, accepted of them, and thus was created a golden horn, which contributes up to the present day to convey its tributary streams into the all-absorbing reservoirs of a college consecrated to the worship of the Holy and Undivided Trinity. Such is our first proof of the insatiable and money-grasping character of the Board of Trinity College.

Let us now come to our second proof ; but ere we do so, it may be advisable to make a few preliminary remarks, as in the former case. In the first place, it is to be observed, that James the First, on his accession to the English crown, was no less zealous than his cousin Elizabeth for the success of the infant College in Dublin, and in the 11th year of his reign (1616) granted by Charter to the University of Dublin the right to return two burgesses to represent it in parliament,—a privilege that the College continued to enjoy down to the period of the Union (1820). This was a gloomy era in Ireland's history. The Union being carried, the English Parliament ignored the Charter of James the First in favour of the College, which it virtually robbed of one of its representatives. Sad was the fate of *Alma Mater* at this particular crisis : pecked at on one side by a rapacious and gormandizing Board, at another side plundered of her national and political rights by the English minister, like the queen of "Sheba," there was no more spirit in her ; the vital spark of genius became wholly extinct, and like the former House of Commons at the opposite side of the road, she became a sort of stock-jobbing concern in the hands of an irresponsible and self-worshipping Board. Such was the melancholy condition of the Dublin University up to the year 1832—the date of the Reform Act. At this period the Charter granted by James the First was revived,

and the College is now represented in the British House of Commons by two members. Having made these preliminary observations, we now come to the second count in our indictment against the Board.

It may be remembered, that, at the passing of the Reform Act, this Board manifested some symptoms of a liberal tendency, by enlarging the political franchise of its members, and extending the right of voting to a new class of electors, viz., *Graduates in Arts*, resident or non-resident, of all *religious denominations*. But now comes the dodge—the characteristic dodge: no doubt, the political franchise has been enlarged—but mark! *the privilege is granted* only on the payment of *one pound annually*. Failing in this necessary requisite, the voter becomes, *ipso facto*, disfranchised; nevertheless the Board, always tender-hearted and considerate, allows an alternative in this case to such as may have the command of a little ready cash,—*compounding* with *such* for the right of voting for *life* on payment of *five pounds paid down*. But here the Board acts with strict impartiality, applying the same rule to the Protestant as to the Papist voters,—non-payment of the pound annually becomes fatal in every case to the right of voting. Let us hope that some independent member of Parliament, if such there be, may be induced, though late in the day, to bring this grievance under the immediate consideration of the House of Commons, and cancel for ever an impost so disgraceful to the Board, and so utterly inconsistent with the free exercise of the elective franchise: but this cannot be done without a hard struggle. The Constituency at present numbers about 1,500 electors; consequently the income derived from this little horn, amounts to a pretty round sum annually. We may now see the cause why the Dublin University has produced so few great men since the days of Elizabeth to our own time. The cause of this dearth of genius is obvious: men

cannot serve two masters ; they cannot love God and Mammon ; they cannot preach the word of God and serve tables.

It therefore follows as a necessary sequence, that whilst they devote so much time to the accumulation of wealth, which they guard with the vigilance of sleepless dragons, they must neglect the interests of science, the study of the liberal arts, and what we hold to be of infinitely paramount importance,—the care of the immortal souls committed to their charge ; hence it rarely if ever happens that any work emanates from the College press, stamped with the imagery of a Spencer, the native simplicity of a Burns, or the romantic and descriptive imagination of a *Longfellow*. At algebraic symbols and railway calculations they seem adepts,—to these they apply a willing mind, with the sole view of rendering them subservient to their money-getting propensities ; but to works of *fiction* and *imagination*, they are utter strangers. Neither do they seem to possess a single ray of the “mens divini^{or},” and to the disgrace of *Alma Mater* ; it must be admitted, that for a long and dark period of 250 years she has produced but three or four poets of any note ; ’tis true that Swift, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Moore, and Maginn,—names that reflect honor on the literature of any country,—were members of the Dublin University. But these were merely birds of passage. The dull and frigid atmosphere of that College soon became irksome to them, so they quickly winged their flight to more congenial regions, and have sung some of their sweetest notes at the English side of the Channel. Moore speaks of a lake in the county of Wicklow over which the “*Skylark never warbles* ;” and the Muses may be said to have the same antipathy to Trinity College as the skylark to Glendelough,—so much so that when forced to reside for a short season within its dingy walls, they sink into what physicians

call a *comotose state*. Having no Helicon or Parnassus from which to draw their inspiration, they become tuneless, nay even mute; the consequence is that Trinity College has earned for herself the unenviable *soubriquet* of "*the Silent Sister*" from the English Universities:—how contagious is the influence of locality over the human mind in elevating or depressing it! The Old Abbey, "*the ivy-mantled tower*," the churchyard where repose the remains of the honored dead,—these haunts and scenes of our earlier days still live fresh in our recollections; they seem like *the green spots* of the desert, which we fondly revisit with so solemn a sense of reverential awe, that in walking over such hallowed spots we tread with light and cautious step, fearing to profane the turf that covers the sacred remains of those who, "*lost to sight, are ever dear to memory*;" places such as these—so solemn, so hallowed, give a fixedness to our conduct, and a serious turn to our wandering thoughts, reminding us that "*here we have no abiding city*;" that "*dust we are, and unto dust we shall return*." On the other hand, there are places so abhorrent to our feelings, so associated in our minds with painful recollections, that we can never think of them without sorrow, or approach them without pain;—to this latter class of ill-omened place belongs the Dublin University, where the Student has passed so many unhappy years. Fain would he extract the bitter arrow of remembrance; but, alas! it has entered too deep, and still rankles in the wound, which seems to bleed afresh, even after the lapse of twenty years.

But if the case of the Student is not an isolated one,—if fellow-sufferers can alleviate affliction, he is not without his consolation. Few have quitted that University who have not felt as a prisoner, who has at length escaped from the damp va-

pours of a dungeon, where for years he has been immured ; and as the captive thinks with horror of his solitary cell, which he never wishes to revisit,—so the student who has left the Dublin University never “ *casts one longing, lingering look behind ;*” much less does he wish to return to a spot in after-years, which can only revive in his mind the most painful recollections. We now take leave of the Board of Trinity College, but in doing so feel ourselves in duty bound to devote the following Chapter to a biographical sketch of one *odd fellow* ;—a worthy member of their body, who had been Vice-Provost in our Student’s day, and whose singular eccentricities and ascetic habits have furnished the students with inexhaustible materials for many a practical joke and humorous anecdote, many of which no doubt must be still fresh in the recollection of the members of the University.

CHAPTER III.

THE REV. DR. BARRETT, VICE-PROVOST.

THUS Tophet look'd; so grinn'd the brawling fiend,
 Whilst frighted prelates bow'd, and call'd him friend.
 Our Mother-Church, with half-averted sight,
 Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
 Hosannahs rang thro' Hell's tremendous borders,
 And Satan's self had thoughts of taking Orders.—GRAY.

THE specimen of old mortality, who is the subject of the following memoir, had been Vice-Provost of Trinity in the Student's day; but as he has *fretted his hour* upon the *stage*, and has been long since *gathered to his people*, we are now at liberty to give his name, and to inform the reader that the individual whom we are about to introduce to his notice, was no less a personage than the Rev. Dr. Barrett, F.T.C.D., better known in college by the name of Jacky Barrett, whose strange peculiarities and singular eccentricities must be still fresh in the recollection of many members of the University; at least of such of them as have been the cotemporaries of the Student. Of the parentage of this extraordinary man we profess our total ignorance, not knowing whether he be descended from the ancient kings of Ireland, or sprung from one of the squatters of the Bog of Allen—we rather incline to the latter opinion; but this is a point wholly immaterial: one thing, however, is quite certain, viz., that he held the high rank of Vice-Provost of Trinity College when George IV. paid his first and last visit to

Ireland, in the year 1821; but as the character of this extraordinary man has been already graphically sketched by one of the wittiest popular writers of the day, we feel that we cannot convey to the reader a more correct portrait of the individual, than by giving it to the public in the very words of the gifted writer to whom we refer, and the accuracy of whose sketch we are ready to indorse from our own personal knowledge.

“Dr. Barrett was, at the time I speak of, about sixty years of age, scarcely five feet in height, and of somewhat diminutive stature, lessened by a stoop; his face was thin, pointed, and russet-coloured; his nose so aquiline, as nearly to meet his projecting chin; and his small grey eyes, red and bleary, peered beneath his well-worn cap with a glance of mingled fear and suspicion. His dress was a suit of the rustiest black, threadbare and patched in several places; while a pair of large brown leather slippers, far too big for his feet, imparted a sliding motion to his walk, that added an air of indescribable meanness to his appearance; a gown that had been worn twenty years, browned and coated with the learned dust of the *Fagil*, covered his rusty habiliments. Such were his externals. Within, a greater or more profound scholar never graced the walls of the College: a distinguished Grecian, learned in all the refinements of a hundred dialects; a deep Orientalist, cunning in all the varieties of the Eastern languages, and able to reason with a Moonshee or chat with a Persian Ambassador; with a mind that never ceased inquiring, he possessed a memory ridiculous for its retentiveness even of trifles,—no character in history, no event in chronology was unknown to him; and he was referred to by his cotemporaries, for information in doubtful or disputed cases, as men consulted a lexicon or dictionary. With an intellect thus stored with deep and far-sought knowledge in the affairs of the

world, he was a child. Without the walls of the College, for above forty years, he had never ventured half as many times; his farthest excursion was to the Bank of Ireland, to which he made occasional visits to fund the ample income of his office, and add to the wealth which already had acquired for him a well-merited repute of being the richest man in College.

“His little intercourse with the world had left him, in all his habits and manners, in every respect exactly as when he entered college,—nearly half a century before; and as he had literally risen from the ranks in the University, all the peculiarities of voice, accent, and pronunciation which distinguished him as a youth, adhered to him in old-age: this was singular enough, and formed a very ludicrous contrast with the learned and deep tone of his conversation; but another peculiarity, still more striking, belonged to him. When he became a Fellow he was obliged by the rules of the College to take Holy Orders, as a *sine quâ non* to his holding his Fellowship; this he did, as he would have assumed a red hood, or a blue one, as Bachelor of Laws or Doctor of Medicine, and thought no more of it; but in the moment of passionate excitement, the venerable character with which he was invested was quite forgotten, and he would utter some sudden and terrific oath, more productive of mirth to his auditors than was seemly, and for which, once spoken, the poor Doctor felt the greatest shame and contrition. These oaths were no less singular than forcible, and many a trick was practised and many a plan devised, that the learned Vice-Provost might be entrapped into his favourite exclamation of, “May the *devil admire me*,” which no place or presence could restrain.”

So numerous are the anecdotes told of this singular character, that it is extremely difficult to tell, at this remote period, which are genuine and which not; but we ourselves can bear testimony

to the fidelity and general accuracy of the above sketch, the writer of which adds some humorous tales of the same character, in which Mickey Free has acted a prominent part, and which we should freely transfer to our pages, were we not apprehensive of having already drawn too largely on the learned lore of the facetious novelist, and thereby realized the fable of the *Jackdaw and the Peacock* ; but one tale our cotemporary has omitted, which we take leave to supply. When first the Rev. Dr. Barrett sat for Fellowship, he experienced a disappointment;—few are fortunate enough to bear away the golden prize the first trial ; but the examination being over, the disappointed candidate thus addressed the Rev. Dr. Sandes—“ Do you see me, Sandes ? I have missed fellowship this time ; but do you see me, I shan’t miss it next time.” And the Doctor was resolved to keep his word, for he lost not a moment in resuming his studies for the ensuing examination, which *usually* takes place once a year ; and he commenced in the following peculiar and characteristic manner :—having arranged a certain number of chairs daily in his study, corresponding to the number of fellowship candidates, and he himself personating an examiner, he commenced his self-examination by proposing a question to the first chair ; but the answer not proving satisfactory, he passed it to the next chair, and so on, until he came to the chair which he himself was supposed to occupy, to which he distinctly repeated the question, and the right answer being given, he exultingly exclaimed, *Recte, Dominie Barrett*—“ right, Mr. Barrett.” This form of self-examination he went through daily for the space of twelve months, when he again sat for fellowship, and was eminently successful—thus realizing the promise that he made to his friend Dr. Sandes, twelve months before, that “ *he should not miss fellowship next time.*” His memory, as before observed, was “ ridiculous for his

retentiveness even of trifles ;” nevertheless he was so ignorant of the ways of this world, as not to be able to distinguish the common poultry on which he was in the daily habit of feasting, from foreign birds of passage ; and when puzzled as to the species of this class of birds, he usually referred to his books of ornithology to satisfy his doubts. The singularly eccentric habits of this extraordinary man rendered him a butt of ridicule to all, particularly the junior students ; and the practical jokes played off at his expense, might furnish subject-matter for an interesting octavo, and were the more gratifying to the students, and the more annoying to him, that he was a man of the most violent and irritable temper—his extremely slovenly appearance, as he was hardly ever known to wear a clean shirt,* made him quite contemptible in the eyes of the students, who availed themselves of every opportunity to annoy the Reverend Doctor when they felt themselves safe in doing so. One more anecdote we shall relate as to an insult offered to him, which Charles O’Malley attributes to his servant, Mickey Free—but which we have heard told of a student ; but this discrepancy is not material : the story is substantially true. The tale as we have heard it runs thus:—A student on one occasion seeing the Reverend Doctor crossing the inner court of college on his way to the College library, popped his head out of the window, and shouted “*Sweep,*” *at the top of his voice.* The quick eye of the Doctor instantly enabled him to mark the chamber from which the voice issued ; and he ordered the student to be summoned for contempt before the

* Since the present work has gone to press, we have it on the authority of an eminent physician, who attended this singular man in his last moments, that he went out of this world naked as he entered it—literally without a shirt to his back—a want that the undertaker had to supply by procuring a ready made one from town.

Board on the following Saturday : the case excited considerable interest, and was a source of great amusement to the students, who assembled in groups in front of the Board room to learn the result. The Doctor appeared *in propria personá*, and accused the student of contempt on the grounds already alleged ; the latter being called upon to answer the charge, defended himself with admirable tact and dexterity. " My answer to the charge," said the student, " is this ; that for some days past the smoke issuing from my chimney has proved so intolerable, that I felt my only remedy was to abate the nuisance by a clearance operation. I accordingly raised my window, and called out ' sweep,' thinking that some of the craft might be within hearing ; by a singular coincidence, the Vice-Provost happened to be in the act of crossing the court at that identical moment"—" But," shouted the indignant Doctor, " I was the only one in the court at the time." At this the gravity of the seniors was for the moment overcome, and they became literally convulsed with laughter. The charge could not be sustained, and the arch wag walked off in triumph. But the days of Jackey Barrett were now drawing to a close ;—he had played his part successfully for half a century on the College boards, and now the last scene arrived which was *to end his strange eventful history*. Atropos suddenly appeared—cut the thread of life, and Jackey Barrett was no more. The particulars of his last moments we have not been able to learn—would that we could !—but they may be readily inferred : as a man lives, so shall he die. The Doctor was a man wholly destitute of religion, who lived without God in the world. What, then, must have been his feelings when called suddenly off to appear before that God, whose gifts he had abused, and whose ministry he had desecrated,—to give an account of his stewardship?—We leave to the serious and deep-

thinking portion of our readers to answer this all-absorbing question: and to deduce a useful moral from the melancholy end of this highly gifted but ill-fated man! His immense personal property, exceeding £100,000, he bequeathed by his last will to the Board of Trinity College—to the prejudice of his nieces, his legitimate heirs; but owing to some defect or legal informality in the will, it was subsequently set aside by a decree of the Court of Chancery—a decision that afforded general satisfaction at the time; but despite his immense wealth he died friendless and neglected. It is not to be supposed that the nieces, whom he tried to disinherit, should shed a tear on the bier of their unnatural uncle; even the very Board to whom he bequeathed his immense wealth were glad to be rid of a man whom they must have long considered a perfect bore, and an intolerable nuisance. Nevertheless, he was a man of gigantic mind and superhuman knowledge; but being educated in an University whose motto is, “*pecunia primum querenda est*,” he soon caught the moral contagion, which adhered to him for life, at the close of which he “*went out from their presence a leper as white as snow*.”* Had we known or even heard that this man ever performed a solitary act of kindness to his fellow-man for the sake of humanity, we should be happy to record it; but in the absence of even *hearsay evidence* on this point, we are bound to silence, and must leave him in the hands of a merciful Redeemer, whose all-seeing eye can explore *with a glance* the inmost recesses of the human soul, and may perchance discover some redeeming traits, which the gross eye of sinful man is incapable of discerning, and which the writer of the present sketch has no power to record.

* 2 Kings, v. 27.

CHAPTER IV.

Quod se dolosi spes refulscrit auri,
Corvos poetas et poetrias picas,
Manare credas Pegasæium melos.—PERSIUS.

HAVING in Chapter II. given an abridged history of Trinity College, Dublin, from its foundation,—its body corporate and politic,—its immense revenues, vested in a self-constituted Board,—the principles upon which this Board has governed the University, and disposed of its revenues—the effect of this line of policy upon the moral and religious character of the people of Ireland, we now proceed with a sketch of the Junior Fellows ; but ere we enter upon so delicate a topic, we deem it our duty to promise that our observations are not meant to apply to the present race of Fellows,—of whom we know nothing, but rather to the Fellows of bygone times, many, if not all of whom have gone, long ere this, to their account. We must, therefore, reverse in this case the proverb of “ *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*,” substituting *de vivis* for *de mortuis* ; nevertheless should any of our cotemporaries make a personal application of our observations this we cannot help ; we have only to repeat that these observations are meant to be general, not special, to refer to the past, not to the present ; to the dead rather than the living ; to the men of other days, not to our own cotemporaries. This explanation we give once for all, and now proceed with our narra-

tive, which for the sake of perspicuity we shall consider under the four following heads :—

- 1st. The incomes of the Fellows, and whence derived.
- 2nd. The means used by them to increase these incomes.
- 3rd. The moral effect of these means on the mind, not only of the public in general, but of the Fellows themselves in particular.
- 4th. The laws passed by the College Board to restrain the avaricious propensities of the Junior Fellows ; and the natural effect of these laws, as regards the personal intercourse between tutor and student. And—

1st. As to the incomes of the Fellows on the foundation ; these may be averaged at about £90 a-year, or thereabouts, to each Fellow ; but this of course independent of free commons, chambers, &c. ; in addition to which they generally hold certain sinecure offices in college, by which their incomes are considerably increased ; but their chief income they derive from pupils. We have already described the different classes into which the students are divided, beginning from the lowest up to the highest, viz., *Junior Freshmen and Senior Freshmen, Junior Sophisters and Senior Sophisters*. The students on entering college, and for the first year, are called Junior Freshmen,—*vulgarly, gibs* ; the second year they become Senior Freshmen, and the two last years they are called Junior and Senior Sophisters. In the time of our Student the Junior Fellows were allowed to take a certain number of pupils in each class, the limit being thirty-four. The Senior Fellows do not take pupils ; each student pays to his tutor, or rather to the bursar—whose duty it is to receive such fees—about sixteen guineas a-year ; this sum covers the expense for tuition, and, supposing the tutor to have completed his full number of thirty-four in each class, this multiplied

by sixteen, and the product by four gives about the net income to the tutor from this source. Our Student's tutor was one of the lucky ones, having completed his full number; consequently his income from pupils alone at the period to which we refer could not fall far short of £2,500 per annum, and this exclusive of his income on the foundation, with sundry other pickings; but the incomes of the Junior Fellows, generally, may be set down at an average of about £1,500 a-year, though many of them had completed their full number, as well as our lucky tutor, and, consequently their incomes were equal to his—this produced a spirit of rivalry for pupils among the Fellows—anything but creditable to themselves; each had their connexion and emissaries abroad canvassing and touting for pupils; and the effect of this pupilising mania was considerably to lower the moral influence of the tutor, and even to affect his impartiality in the distribution of prizes, or, as they are called in the Dublin University, *præmiums*. Instances are innumerable of examiners cheating students out of præmiums (we must be pardoned the use of a strong, but usual expression), which were given away by them to their own pupils, from competitors infinitely superior in talent and learning; in fact, the names of the examiners for each division being known, the students could form a tolerably correct opinion as to the præmium men in such divisions—the examiner only requiring some plausible pretext to give the præmium to his own pupils, away from competitors infinitely their superiors in talent and learning.

Thus avarice, like an epidemic, infected the minds of all the Fellows at the time: the rule was general—at least, our Student knew but of very few exceptions;—money, and money alone seemed their only end and aim,—the Polar Star by which they steered their course. Had the University existed in the days of

the immortal bard of Avon, no doubt we should read of Queen Mab paying her nocturnal visits to the Fellows of Queen Elizabeth's College, escorted by a cavalcade of embryo students, and lashing her tiny team o'er the slumbering temples of the Fellows, inspiring them with enchanting visions of bishopries, pluralities, extended college demesnes, irrigated and fertilized by a fabled Lydean river; and being roused in the morning from this delightful reverie by a loud post-knock, the dreamer may find the visions of the night realized by an account of a vacant fat college living quite at his service should he condescend to accept of it, which he did not always deign to do, it being no extraordinary circumstance, at least, in our Student's day, if not at present, to see college livings ranging from £800 to £1,000 a-year going about begging for acceptance at the hands of some charitable Fellow, being rejected by all, as was frequently the case, until they actually fell to the lot of the Junior Fellow, who had obtained his Fellowship only a few days before; in a word, the income derived from the pupilizing system at the time of which we write was such, that no living in the gift of the college could compensate for the loss of it.

Such were the means used by the Junior Fellows to increase their incomes. The Board witnessed, with regret, this rivalry for wealth on the part of the juniors; but they themselves had set the example, and could not now consistently censure the juniors, who were only walking in their own footsteps. The young eagle feeds on the same quarry as the parent bird, nay often soars infinitely beyond him—thus it was with the Junior Fellows. However the Board resolved to give some check to this growing evil, and their first step was to pass a law enjoining celibacy on the Junior Fellows during their residence in College: such a law they hoped might have the effect of inducing such

fellows as might be inclined to matrimony to go out on College livings, in order to make way for more efficient substitutes. No doubt this law did produce the desired effect to a certain extent; some few of the Fellows availed themselves of it, got married, and retired on College livings,—others, on the contrary, tried to evade it by clandestine marriages. It also lay open to some very grave objections of a religious nature, and was repealed, as before observed, by a subsequent Act of the Board in 1840, since the passing of which the Fellows are allowed to marry.

We also learn that by another Act of the Board, a more equitable rule has been applied to the system of pupils, by which they are equally divided among the Fellows generally; it being enacted that no Fellow shall be allowed more than a certain number of pupils until the others have got their full complement; so that, in the event of a student now applying to be admitted a pupil to a favourite tutor who had completed his number, such a pupil according to the present rules would be handed over to the Fellow whose numbers were incomplete or deficient; but these are private arrangements, which entirely concern the Fellows themselves, with which the public have very little to do.

No doubt the two Acts referred to, viz., the removal of the restriction of celibacy, and the equitable distribution of the pupils, have had a concurrent effect in adding to the independence and respectability of the Junior Fellows, by putting a total stop to the rage for pupil-hunting, which prevailed to such an extent in the time of our Student; but on the other hand, such an arrangement must have had the effect of considerably interrupting the personal intercourse that formerly existed between the Tutor and Student; they are no longer bound to one another by the strong ties of mutual interest; the tutor is now quite independent of his pupils, and has

no longer occasion to solicit their influence in advancing his interest : but the converse does not hold good ; the student is not equally independent of his tutor, consequently the benefit of the change is entirely on the side of the tutor, and against the student ; they now stand towards each other in the somewhat analogous relation of an absentee landlord to his tenant ;—"out of sight, out of mind," is a trite but true proverb. The landlord who is no longer an eye-witness to the struggles of his tenant, who can no longer hear the tenant's tale of woe from his own lips, grows insensibly indifferent to his wants, and finally loses all sympathy for his sufferings ; the same reasoning applies *e pari* under the new College régime, to the case of the Tutor and Student. A kind tutor has often the power of being of infinite service to his pupil, not only in his undergraduate course, but even in after-life. Should a case arise—of no rare occurrence—of a student getting into difficulties from unforeseen causes, without any fault of his own, under such circumstances a Reverend tutor, from his high rank and extensive connection, is never at a loss for an opportunity of recommending private pupils to the student, as a means of extricating him from his difficulties ; consequently, the pupil is vitally interested in cultivating the favourable opinion of his tutor, and in drawing the cords of friendship as closely as possible between him and his Reverend patron. Union is strength, approved and sanctioned by God himself, who proves the effect of disunion by the example of a divided house : we, therefore, feel that, in advocating and inculcating this general principle, we only contribute our mite to the common fund of human happiness, and best discharge the duty that we owe to God and our country. Impressed with the truth of this opinion, we fear that the good resulting from the two acts of the Board already referred to, may

be more than counterbalanced by evils springing from the same source ; but we repeat, that these acts of the Board, be they good or bad, only affect the interest of the Fellows themselves, but leave the abuses of the system of which we complain wholly intact. It is true that the Board of Trinity College has of late years granted some scraps of reform, but the obvious tendency of all their acts has been, not to advance the interests of literature or the welfare of the students, but to increase and extend their own wealth and influence : this is instanced in the extension of the elective franchise, in 1832, to a new class of voters, but only on payment of a pound annually, of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter ; in a word, money ever was and still continues to be the Moloch to which the Board of Trinity College bends the pliant knee, realizing by such conduct the maxim of the legacy-hunter in Horace, that “birth and merit unaccompanied with wealth are more contemptible than the sea-weed.”*

Such, alas ! is the character of Alma Mater, consistent throughout the whole of her history in one thing alone, viz., the love of “filthy lucre.” Founded by Queen Elizabeth in order to “throw her bread upon the waters,” and to give effect to the principles of the Reformation, she has wholly frustrated the religious intentions of the royal founder ; turned back in her heart to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and proved herself a complete deadlock to the free circulation of the Scriptures, and to the consequent growth of Protestantism in Ireland. Our blessed Redeemer in the days of his humanity, entered the Temple at Jerusalem, upset the tables of the money changers, and the seats of such as sold pigeons : observing, “My house shall be called a house of prayer ; but ye have made it a den of thieves.” The

* Et genus et virtus nisi cum re vilior alga est.—HORACE.

same language may be addressed with no less truth and force to the Board of the Dublin University in its corporate capacity.

We have now given to the public a bold but impartial account of Trinity College since its foundation, and have removed the mask under the guise of which the Board of that College have long hid their deep, selfish, and political designs; they are now shown up to the world in their true colours—this we believe to be the first time in the history of the University, that any writer has had the moral courage to speak out with so much truth in the face of these Reverend Doctors: no one living within the sphere of their influence could dare to take such a liberty without jeopardising his own interest for life; hence it is that so little is known of the secret springs by which the national machinery of the Board is put in motion; but our Student is free from such influences;—he neither courts the favor of the Board, nor fears its hostility; at the same time he trusts that, in expressing himself with so much freedom, he is wholly uninfluenced by any unworthy motives—his object being to improve, not to vilify; to reform rather than to abuse. Convinced that public good must result from the exposure of acknowledged public abuses—and on the other hand, that the “*suppressio veri*” is the worst line of policy the University could adopt. When abuses grow up in any system by length of time, or that natural tendency to decay inherent in human affairs, the best friend to such a system is he who is ready to inquire into such abuses with a view of applying a timely and effectual remedy. This is the only means left to arrest the progress of the disease, and preserve the vitality of the system. What would be thought of the physician who, knowing the existence of a deep-seated disease, should nevertheless try to cure it by the use of some external applications? Under such treatment the patient may linger for a short season,

but must ultimately fall a victim to the fatal malady, that like a cankerworm secretly feeds upon his vitals, and undermines his constitution. The same reasoning applies by analogy to the political as to the physical constitution. In such cases nostrums avail nothing : the seat of the disease must be probed—the true remedy applied, else the patient must inevitably languish and die ; consequently, those who direct public attention to the diseased state of the Dublin University at the present time, should be considered her best friends,—as a remedy may still be applied even at the eleventh hour, and the life of the patient, to keep up the metaphor, be still prolonged. But in this case, procrastination must prove fatal. Already a rival college has started into life in Ireland, called the “Queen’s College,” having the same power to confer degrees as the Dublin University, and only yielding to the old establishment, not in learning, but in wealth. The members of the latter College are beginning to decrease, whilst their wealth is on the increase : this seems a natural consequence of the present state of things, which, under a free popular constitution, cannot be longer tolerated. Wealth drawn from the people must be ultimately rendered subservient to the public interest. Grasping monopoly may divert the stream for a time from its legitimate course, but it must eventually return into its natural channel. Trinity College now ceases to be a national establishment ; it consequently becomes a proper subject for the consideration of the Legislature what is to be done with the College lands and immense revenues in the gift and patronage of the Dublin University, for it seems a perfect absurdity that a few men should be permitted to monopolise and appropriate such immense wealth to their own use and benefit, without making any adequate public return. The very idea of such a state of things in the present advanced age is truly preposterous.

Corporate reform has already been granted ; collegiate reform is no less necessary, being founded on the same principle, the soundness of which no one can question. Should the author of the "Tutor and the Student" be a humble instrument in directing the purifying streams of reform, though late in the day, into an institution infested with the mould of time and the incrustations of bygone days ; should he be a means of making the College what Queen Elizabeth intended it to be, the cradle of the arts, the home of the muses,—a temple consecrated to the pure worship of the Holy and undivided Trinity—not what worldly-minded men have made it, viz., a sort of banking establishment, where immense sums of public money are deposited on false or uncertain securities for the benefit of the few to the prejudice of the many ;—should the Student's humble efforts have the effect of bringing about this happy anticipated consummation, the object of the writer in the present case would be fully realized ; neither does he seek any higher reward than the consciousness of having aided in the reformation of a University to which he himself belongs, and of rendering it a blessing rather than a curse to a country endeared to him by the strongest ties of natural affection, as being the land of his birth, the home of his earliest days, associated in his mind with all the fondest recollections—the land for which " God has done everything, and man nothing." Of the Fellows who anticipated the act of celibacy above referred to by a prior marriage, was our Reverend Tutor ; but this marriage was of so singular and romantic a character, that we deem it of sufficient interest to devote a chapter to a detail of the particulars, such as they have been related to the Student on first entering the University. The following account may be relied on as substantially true.

CHAPTER V.

THE MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

CATHLEEN Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
 The lark from its light wing the bright dew is shaking;
 Cathleen Mavourneen, why slumbering still?—ΟΡΟΥΩ.

Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι·
 χαλεπὸν δὲ καὶ φιλῆσαι·
 χαλεπώτερο δὲ πάντων
 ἀποτυγχάνειν φιλοῦντα.—ANACREON.

Yes, loving is a painful thrill,
 And not to love, more painful still;
 But surely 'tis the worst of pain
 To love and not be loved again.

'Twas a heavenly night,—the last week of May 1819. The stars with which the blue vault of the firmament was studded, twinkled with more than ordinary brilliancy on that night, and the pale silvery moon, emblem of peace and love, presided o'er the scene, shedding her benign influence on the wondrous works of creation. Such a night was peculiarly suited to the assignations of lovers, who long to "meet by moonlight alone," and to tell their love tales when only the moon and conscious stars can witness

and bear testimony to the sanctity of their vows, and the fervor of their mutually plighted loves. The College clock had just struck half-past one—all the drowsy denizens of the Irish metropolis had retired to rest long before this hour, and not a sound was heard save that of the old watchman, as with heavy footsteps he walked his weary rounds, resembling a somnambulist rather than a warder, and crying out ever and anon, “A fine fair night; all’s well.” In such a night and at such an hour the College gate grated on its hinges, and two gentlemen coming out took the direction of Stephen’s Green, whence they wended their way to the left, passing into Baggot Street. Of these gentlemen, one seemed an elderly man, tall and slight, wearing a white neckcloth, with a cloak thrown carelessly over his person; judging from his costume and appearance, he might pass for a Church of England clergyman: the other was a fashionably dressed man, about thirty-five, apparently excited in his manner, and looking as though he was returning from a dinner party, where he had indulged rather too freely, though not to excess. Both appeared in close and serious conversation. Having come into Baggot Street, they stood for a few minutes, as if engaged in some important consultation, when the elder man walked slowly in advance down Baggot Street, whilst his friend, who lingered behind, approaching a splendid mansion, and pausing for a moment, raised his eyes to the upper story, and then seizing the knocker gave a smart knock at the door; no answer having been given, he repeated the knock, but to no effect; the inmates seemed to be in the act of enjoying that balmy sleep, which the poet tells us makes his ready visits only where Fortune smiles! Here the gentleman, after some hesitation, rejoined his friend, who seemed as if watching the result of his Nicodemus visit; but after a moment’s consultation the

younger man returned again and gave a louder knock, accompanied with a louder ring of the bell : this produced the desired effect—the front window of the second-floor room was raised, and a voice, evidently that of a lady, cried out, “ Who’s there ? ”

“ ’Tis I, love,” was the answer ; “ pray tell your father that I want to see him instantly on most important business.”

Here the window was softly closed, and a servant descending with a lighted candle, opened the front-door, and ushered our Reverend Tutor into the back parlour, telling him on entering, that she had delivered his message to her master, and that he would be down stairs presently. These words were hardly spoken, when a tall, venerable-looking gentleman entered the room, with a dressing-gown wrapped round him, wearing a nightcap, with his feet in slippers. The old gentleman evidently seemed in a state of great alarm,—not an unnatural feeling, considering the hour of the night, and the nature of the message. Fixing his eyes in amazement on the Reverend gentleman, he exclaimed, “ What under Heaven can be the meaning of such a visit as this, at such an hour of the night ?—something alarming and most extraordinary must have occurred—nothing else could justify such an intrusion at the dead of the night. Explain yourself, and that instantly ;—what can you mean ?—what has occurred ? ” To this our Reverend Tutor coolly replied, “ Pray, kind sir, be not alarmed ; an extraordinary circumstance has certainly occurred, though not an alarming one, to justify the present intrusion. Let me, therefore, beseech of you to hear me patiently for a few moments,—and I shall explain all.”

“ Proceed, sir,” said Mr. D. “ You, sir,” continued the Reverend Tutor, “ are no stranger to the long and mutual attachment between your daughter and me ; ’tis true, sir, that you have declined to sanction my addresses, in consequence of my deter-

mination not to retire from the University on a college living ; but I must now come at once to the point, and inform you, that, whilst supping this night with a college friend, I have been informed that the Board of Trinity College intend passing a law to-morrow enjoining celibacy on the Junior Fellows during their residence in college. The effect of this law, if passed, must be to cause a total separation between your daughter and me. This being a case involving our mutual happiness, I felt myself in duty bound not to lose a moment in communicating to you the determination of the Board : this is my apology for the present unseasonable visit.”—“ Sir ! ” answered Mr. D., “ this apology is not sufficient justification for your conduct ; ’tis true, as you observe, I have not sanctioned your addresses to my daughter,—neither do I ever mean to do so—but my objection to you is not alone that you decline to retire on a college living, but that you are a gay man, and no ornament to the sacred profession to which you belong, and which you use only as an engine for extorting money, and a cloak to hide those vicious propensities which are a disgrace to the clerical character, and which are notorious to the public, notwithstanding your efforts to conceal them. As a parent, sir, I feel myself in duty bound to consult the spiritual as well as the temporal interest of my child, and therefore my resolution is fixed, never to consent to her union with any but a christian man,—which you are not. I must therefore request of you to quit my house this instant, and to consider my present negative as final and decisive.” These words were uttered in an audible tone of voice, and with stern determination of manner. The Reverend Doctor calmly replied, “ Very well, sir ; but ere I retire perhaps you may communicate the object of my visit to Mrs. D. and your daughter.” “ Certainly not,” was the reply ; “ I am quite aware of Mrs. D.’s opinion regarding you,

and have no occasion to trouble her at the present time ; she and I are of one mind on this subject."

Here Mrs. D., who had overheard all that had passed, entered the room, and turning to the Reverend Tutor, said, "Sir, you must be altogether deranged to presume to enter the house of any gentleman at such an hour of the night as this, but very probably you have been performing some of your Bacchanalian orgies in the early part of the night ; under the influence of which you have been guilty of this gross and shameless intrusion !" Here the indignant lady was in the act of ringing for her servant, to turn the Reverend Tutor out of the house, when a loud scream was heard, and a female servant, entering the room in the greatest alarm, said, "Oh, dear master, help ! Miss D. has got a fit—" At this the father and mother instantly rushed up stairs, followed by the Reverend Fellow, who seemed to forget the insult offered to himself personally in his anxiety for the safety of the young lady, whom on entering the drawing-room they found lying upon a sofa in a trance. The distracted mother threw her arms around her child—loosed her clothes—sprinkled water upon her face, and had recourse to all manner of stimulants, with that strength of mind and firmness of purpose so peculiar to women under such trying circumstances ; but no effect seemed to be produced,—the trance still continued : here the distracted mother ordered that Dr. Collis be instantly sent for. At this crisis the lady moved, and animation seemed restored ; but gazing wildly around, and seeing her father, mother, and lover standing by her side, she uttered a terrific scream, and instantly relapsed into her former state of insensibility. At this the father and mother now became seriously alarmed for the safety of their child. The cause of her illness was manifest ; that medicine could afford no relief was no less certain ; they felt that the

best doctor under the circumstances was her lover, and that her chances of recovery, under Providence, now rested in his hands. This feeling produced an instant reaction in favor of the Reverend gentleman, and both father and mother informed him, that, in the event of the lady's recovery, they should throw no further impediments in the way of his union with their daughter. The Reverend lover expressed his gratitude by looks rather than words, and seating himself by the side of the young lady, took her hand in his, anxiously watching every symptom of returning consciousness, to be the personal harbinger of the joyous news. The hopes of the ardent lover were realized; the vital spark again revived; the lady recovered her consciousness, found her lover still by her side, and received from his burning lips the happy announcement that she was to become the bride of the man whom she so dearly loved. This news infused new life into her feeble frame: she instantly arose from her couch, and prostrating herself at the feet of her father and mother, burst into a flood of tears, which expressed more painfully than the most eloquent language is capable of doing, her feelings of grateful acknowledgment to the authors of her being. The parents in their turn blessed their child, happy to feel that by consenting to her union with the man of her choice, they had been instrumental in preserving the life of an only daughter. Her day-dreams of happiness now being about to be realized, she fell off into a gentle sleep, caused by mental excitement, as well as the physical exhaustion of the past night. Here let us attempt some description, however feeble, of the personal charms of this sleeping beauty. She was then in her twenty-second year, somewhat above the middle size, and so beautifully proportioned that she may be taken as an exact model of the most perfect symmetry. Her face was of an oval shape, and her features, though

not unexceptionable, if examined separately, were nevertheless, taken as a *tout ensemble*, singularly attractive and interesting. Her forehead was high ; her eyes were dark blue, full of expression, and fringed with long eyelashes ; her nose inclined to an aquiline shape ; her mouth was small, exhibiting, when she smiled, a row of well-set teeth, white as ivory, whilst her arched eyebrows seemed as if pencilled by the hands of an artist ; added to which, she had a profusion of hair black as a raven's plumage, which flowed in dishevelled ringlets over a finely formed neck and shoulders, fair as alabaster ; in a word, taken as she now lay, she may serve as a perfect model of a sleeping Venus. The enraptured but unworthy lover gazed for a few moments in silent admiration on the most perfect of nature's works, as she now lay before him, and of whom he was presently to become the lord and master. But our Tutor was a man of business, not of romance ; he therefore resolved to take time by the forelock, and to accelerate his plans with all possible despatch. It was now three o'clock in the morning ; "the horn of the hunter was heard on the hill ;" the damp shades and mists of night were gradually disappearing, being chased away by the fervid rays of the rising sun, which crimsoned the eastern horizon, exhibiting to view the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Dublin Bay, bounded on one side by the Hill of Houth, Clontarf, &c. ; on the other by the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, and opening to the lovers of scenery an extensive landscape, studded with splendid mansions, and so beautifully diversified for miles around, as to present to the delighted visitor the appearance of one vast and magnificent panorama. This was an auspicious morn for the gay and luxurious Fellow of Trinity College, who resolved not to suffer procrastination to mar his prospects,—the Act regarding the celibacy of

the Fellows was to be passed by the Board of the University in the afternoon of this day ;—of this the Reverend Tutor received intimation, as before explained ; he, therefore, resolved to anticipate the act, and to baffle the Board by a prior marriage. He had previously procured a special license, and secured the services of a clergyman to perform the ceremony—the same that accompanied him from college in the early part of the night, and who had been waiting in the back parlour during the continuance of the scene, of which we have attempted to give a feeble sketch. The rumour of the midnight marriage soon got abroad, and attracted a large concourse of fashionables, even at that early hour, to witness the ceremony, and tender their congratulations. A splendid public breakfast had been prepared for the occasion ; and the novel character of the marriage afforded considerable interest, particularly in the fair circles, and to the lovers of scandal. Immediately after breakfast the bride appeared, accompanied by her maids. Her face seemed deeply crimsoned, as if conscious to herself of some want of delicacy in consenting to a hasty clandestine marriage. The dress of the bride we cannot attempt to describe ; suffice it to say, that it was beautifully suitable to the occasion, though not costly ; she needed not the aid of extrinsic ornaments to exhibit a figure and face to advantage, that nature had cast in her best mould. The bridegroom now entered, and taking his blushing bride by the hand led her to the altar, where his reverend friend quickly performed the solemn ceremony, that bound them to each other for life, for better for worse, for richer for poorer. The ceremony being ended, a carriage and four with outriders, and decked with bridal favors, drove up to the door, into which the bride and bridegroom entered. The carriage then dashed off at a rapid pace in the direction of the county Wicklow, where the

new-married couple resolved to pass the honeymoon. This marriage secured to our Tutor a life-interest in his Fellowship; so he snapped his fingers at the Board of Trinity College, triumphed in his address, and became for a long time after "the observed of all observers" among the fair daughters of the Irish metropolis.

CHAPTER VI.

NATURAM expelles furca tamen usque recurret.—HORACE.

OUR Tutor is now a married man. In the last chapter but one we have seen him posting off at break of dawn, accompanied by his beautiful bride, to pass the honeymoon in one of those secluded romantic spots, so numerous in the county Wicklow. Let us now follow him to his retreat, and consider the effects of matrimony upon his mind, habits, and manners. Our readers will recollect, from our former sketch of this Reverend Divine, that his was not a mind “subdued to the soft melting mood,” that he “was made of sterner stuff;” nevertheless, we were not without hopes that the fascinations of a beautiful woman might have the effect of recalling his wandering fancies, and that, having “sown his wild oats,” he may henceforth turn over a new leaf, and atone for past levities by his exemplary conduct as a husband, and his zeal as a preacher of the Gospel; but, alas! we reckoned without our host. As yet we know not our man; it is true that he presented the golden apple to Venus, who, in gratitude, rewarded him with a beautiful woman; but the object once attained, rapidly sank in his estimation, like one of those numerous attractions in human life, which we eagerly pursue so long, they flee from us; but which, once possessed, are no longer prized.

This change on the part of the Reverend Tutor may be easily accounted for by the fact, that he never loved the lady, save for the charms of her person ;—to the beauties of her mind he felt wholly indifferent, and having tasted the former, they soon palled upon his senses, and he sighed for the possession of something new,—like the *gourmand*, whose morbid appetite can only be appeased by a variety of dishes ; in a word, the Reverend Doctor was one of those general admirers, not uncommon in life, who cannot limit their attentions to one object, however lovely or interesting the object may be ;—he was a hog of the sty of Epicurus,* one of those grovelling voluptuaries, who can “sate themselves in a celestial bed, and feed on garbage.” The lady was quick in feeling, and no less so in resenting this personal indignity on the part of a man, for whom she suffered much and made so many sacrifices. If it be true that love begets love, the converse of the proposition is no less true, viz., that aversion produces a corresponding feeling ; this was realized in the case of the newly married couple, who returned to Dublin after a few short weeks—the Reverend Tutor to resume his collegiate duties, and mingle in his former gay circle ;—the lady to lament her hard lot, in uniting herself to a man, in opposition to the wishes of her fond parents, who seemed to take her up as a plaything, and growing tired of the bauble, to fling it away again with the capriciousness of a child. Such were the fruits of this clandestine marriage and resistance to parental authority. The lady’s parents felt no less hurt and grieved at his indifference to their beloved daughter ; but to their opinions and feelings he paid no regard. They had been always opposed to his addresses, and carried their opposition to the utmost extent ;—this he could not

* Epicuri de grege porcum.—HORACE.

forget or forgive ; and now, that he had carried his point in spite of their efforts to prevent it, he treated them as enemies, whose friendship he did not value, and whose favourable opinions he took no pains to conciliate. His wife and he still continued to live together ; but it was well known that love and friendship were strangers to their dwelling ; he had his private circle with whom he passed his vacant hours, whilst his wedded wife was doomed to a life of single blessedness, which she preferred to the society of a man by whom she was so cruelly deceived. However, the Reverend Doctor, though indifferent to his wife, was indefatigable in the discharge of his collegiate duties, from which he derived an abundant harvest. He also preached occasionally in the College chapel, where, however, his fair auditors were not so numerous as formerly ;—a circumstance not to be wondered at, considering the well-known character of the man ; however, justice obliges us to admit that his sermons, though not of a very Evangelical stamp, were nevertheless marked by delicacy of style, terseness of expression, and elegance of diction ; but “fools who came to laugh did not remain to pray.” The students, to whom his character was well known, made a mockery of his preaching ; consequently, no moral good could result from it—a circumstance which proves that the religious effect of a sermon depends less on the talents and eloquence of a preacher than the soundness of his doctrine and the holiness of his life.

We are now come to an important era in the Student's history. He had now been three years in College, and consequently was in his junior sophister year. Up to the present time he managed to pay his quarterly notes, and to keep clear with his Tutor ; but the increasing embarrassments of his father's affairs, to which we have already referred, rendered it wholly impossible for him to

continue these payments, or to go on with his class. Under these circumstances, some kind friends urged him to try for scholarship, as the experiment, if successful, would result in independence,—“a consummation so devoutly to be wished for” in his present critical position. This was a startling proposition to the Student; he was, as before observed, a member of an ancient Catholic family: two of his sisters-in-law were Nuns; one a Sister of Charity,—and he himself had entered College a Roman Catholic. Were he now to turn Protestant by receiving the Holy Communion in the Church of England, a form required to be observed ere the candidate could be allowed to sit for scholarship, his Roman Catholic friends would be sure to attribute this professed change, less to a conscientious belief in the truth of the Protestant religion, than to a yearning after the loaves and fishes;—in other words, it would be said of him, that he had changed his religion for “filthy lucre,” and “sold his birthright for a mess of pottage,” an imputation not very flattering to self-love or human pride. He felt quite sensible that the voice of conscience, not the opinions of men, was the only true touchstone to which men should refer their actions in matters of such vital importance, involving their own eternal welfare; but the truth was, his mind was not as yet sufficiently matured for so important a change. 'Tis true that of late years he felt much inclined to the principles of the Reformed religion, believing them to be more scriptural, and consistent with the Word of God, than those of his own Church; but he had yet many doubts to satisfy—many arguments founded on Scripture to be clearly answered, ere he could make up his mind on the subject; besides, in comparing the Catholic and Protestant religions he found them to agree in all the fundamental principles of Christianity: both, for instance, believe in justification

by faith, and in the atoning blood of Christ as contained in the Athanasian Creed, which they repeat in their respective Church Services. He therefore came to the conclusion that everything necessary for salvation was to be found in one Church as well as the other: where then was the necessity for change? Nevertheless, there were two important points, upon which he wholly broke off from the Church of Rome, viz., the invocation of Saints, and the supremacy of the Pope as a temporal prince; to these doctrines he found the Scriptures decidedly opposed. The texts that bear upon these points are so many that it would be quite impossible, and no less superfluous to quote them all; we shall therefore limit ourselves to two references, which are quite decisive upon the point, viz., Matthew, chap. xi. ver. 5., and the first Epistle of Paul to Timothy, chap. ii. ver. 5. The former contains an invitation to all to come direct to Christ himself, not to any intermediate agent. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and the latter text emphatically declares, that there is but "one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus:" both these texts must afford conclusive evidence to every unprejudiced mind, as to the fallacy of the Roman Catholic doctrine in respect to the invocation of Saints.

Again, as regards the supremacy of the Pope as a temporal prince, 'tis hardly necessary to say, that this has no foundation whatever in Scripture. Our Blessed Redeemer repeats, over and over again, that his kingdom is not of this world;—the Pope, on the other hand, asserts that his kingdom is of this world—in other words, that we can serve God and Mammon. How are these contradictory statements to be reconciled—or how can his Holiness, professing such principles, arrogate to himself the right of being Christ's Vicar upon earth? The absurdity of

this assumption must appear evident to all whose minds are not clouded with ignorance, or blinded with prejudice ; at all events, be this as it may, it was one of the material points on which the Student broke off from the Communion of the Church of Rome ;—nevertheless, he is bound in justice to admit that the objection applies no less to the Church of England *as by law established* than to that of Rome. Both seem to agree in principle on this point, the only difference being that the former vests this supremacy in the Crown, the latter in the Pope : the fiat of the latter, and the *sic volo sic jubeo* of the former are held to be equally efficacious in deciding questions of faith and points of controversy. In this dilemma, it cannot seem strange that the ill-fated Student should feel puzzled how to act—he could please no party. The Protestant snubbed him for hesitating to join his Communion—the Catholic gave him the cut direct for his well-known approval of the principles of the Reformed Church. In this desperate state of his affairs, he felt that, at all events, his proper course was to acquaint his Tutor with the real circumstances of his case, as well as with his conscientious scruples on the subject of religion, and to ask his advice as to the best course to pursue in the difficulty. 'Tis true that his hopes from the Reverend Doctor were built upon a very slender foundation ; nevertheless, though but a forlorn hope, he thought he might as well try the experiment. He, therefore, lost no time in waiting on him, and telling him the whole truth. The Reverend Doctor listened with cold indifference, and when the Student concluded, he briefly replied as follows :—“ On the subject of religion, I must decline to offer an opinion, this being a matter between you and your God ; your own conscience, not the opinions of others, is the best monitor to consult on such an occasion ; but as regards the payment of

your quarterly notes, you must be already aware of my general rule, to which I cannot make you an exception ; therefore, if you be unable to pay, the only thing that remains for me is to remove your name from the College books." To this the Student merely answered, " This is just as you please, sir. I expected no favour, and consequently do not feel disappointed." He then took leave of his Tutor, and left the room. In a few days, the Reverend gentleman gave effect to his threats, by removing the Student's name from the books, and consigning him to his fate. The Student being thus left friendless and penniless in the city of Dublin, had no alternative left him but to live for some time on credit, which is seldom prolonged to any extent to a man known to be in difficulties, without any visible means of extricating himself from them. However, some few of the tradespeople with whom he formerly dealt, expressed themselves still willing to extend their credit ; but the Student felt restrained by feelings of pride and principle from availing himself of an indulgence, which would only have the effect of involving him in debt, without any means of meeting the demand. What steps he took to anticipate and shield himself from the impending storm, the reader may learn by reference to the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head ;
And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.—

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE clouds so long gathering were now ready to burst in thunder and lightning upon the devoted head of the ill-fated Student. He now, for the first time, felt himself solitary, friendless, and truly miserable ; but this was but a transitory feeling. A ray of hope darted through the surrounding gloom, to cheer him on his way, and to whisper to him that these troubles were only for a season,—sent by the Almighty Disposer of human events, not as a curse, but a blessing, and therefore should be a source of joy and gladness, rather than of murmuring and discontent ; they moreover taught him, that, though man was false, God was true, and would never abandon those who place their whole trust and confidence in Him,—nay more, that when troubles accumulate to such a degree, that to the short-seeing eye of man there seems no possibility of escape, the mercy of Omnipotence delights to interpose on such occasions, to manifest the excess of His love, and to convince His unbelieving creature

that "with God all things are possible." In the present critical position of the Student, he had not the means of existing in Dublin, not even for a single day; but under the circumstances a thought flashed across his mind, to wait upon the Rev. Henry H—, one of the Junior Fellows, and to consult him as to what was best to be done in the present dilemma. He had no claim whatever on the Reverend gentleman, save that of being a Student of College; but knowing him to be a gentleman not less distinguished for his high literary and scientific attainments, than for natural kindness of his heart, he felt that perhaps the generous sympathies of such a man might be extended to himself under the peculiar circumstances of his case;—and the result proved that in this case he formed a correct estimate of human character, as on learning the desperate state of the Student's affairs the Reverend gentleman instantly advanced him a sum of money, advising him at the same time to accept a situation as resident Tutor in some family in the country, until the storm should blow over. At first, the Student refused to listen to anything of the sort, having always had the utmost horror, even of the *name of a Tutor*; but his increasing embarrassments leaving him no alternative, he at length embraced the kind offer of his Reverend friend, on whose recommendation he obtained a situation as private Tutor in the family of Mr. B. P—, a Magistrate and ex-High Sheriff of the county of Limerick, at whose residence he arrived one fine afternoon in the beginning of June, 1833.

The gentleman to whose notice he was now presented, received him with great cordiality and kindness, and introduced him to his domestic circle, telling him, at the same time, that he was quite aware of the circumstances of his case; and that, during his residence at Mount P. he was to consider himself a visitor

and a friend, rather than a private tutor. Upon the whole, his reception of the Student was extremely kind and flattering; but ere we sketch the character of this extraordinary man, it might be expected of us to give a brief account of Mount P., his residence, particularly as it only requires a brief and simple description. Mount P. House was rather a cottage than a mansion, being but one story high, built upon the slope of a hill, embosomed in trees about seven miles from the town of Newcastle, and one mile from Springfield Castle, the residence of the Dowager Countess of M—. The house presented a double front, one to the east, the other to the north, or public road; the front entrance was by an iron gate; but there being no porter's lodge, visitors were obliged to let themselves in, and ride or walk, as the case may be, to the front of the house, the approach to which was by a gravelled walk, neatly bordered with box, and winding through a velvet lawn, diversified with flower-knots of various kinds, viz., beds of pinks, tulips, and chinasters, tastefully arranged; these being mingled with the climatus and sweet-briar, diffused a fragrance quite reviving to inhale at that season of the year. The side of the house fronting the east was about thirty yards in length, in the centre of which was the hall door, with half a dozen windows at either side, which seemed almost concealed from view by woodbines, jasmines, and monthly roses, so artificially trained and interlaced round the windows, and peering out in clusters beneath the thatch, as to convince the visitor that the owner of this house, though not a man of wealth, must be a man of taste and a gentleman. The side of the house fronting the public road was of an oval shape, having two large bay windows, which commanded an extensive view of a flat but well-cultivated tract of country in a northern direction, to an extent of at least twenty miles:

Yoh...

to this we have only to add, that to the back or south of the house was a mountainous range covered with thick heather, which was separated from the house by a dense plantation.

Thus much for the exterior; but the interior seemed of singular construction, consisting of a large parlour or dining-room, about thirty feet square, a drawing-room, and about six or eight bedrooms; between the parlour and drawing-room was a long passage or corridor; the approach to the bed-rooms was through this passage, but it was so well ventilated, and commanded so extensive a view of the surrounding country, that the family were frequently in the habit of using it as a dining-room, when the heat of the summer's sun was most intense and oppressive; but the drawing-room at the lower extremity of this passage was a splendid room, magnificently furnished, having four windows, two looking to the east, and two bay windows fronting the north, or entrance gate, as already described. This outline of Mount P. we give from memory, after a lapse of twenty-two years;—judging from its external appearance, it may be considered the “safe retreat of health and peace;” but whether it really deserved this name the reader can best judge, when he learns the sequel of our tale. The ladies of the establishment were only two, viz., Mrs. P—, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. P—. The former was daughter of the late, and aunt to the present Knight of Glyn—proud and haughty only in appearance, but in reality kind-hearted and amiable; her daughter-in-law, though somewhat capricious in manners, was a lady of great talent and elegance. The Rev. R. P—, the eldest son of the host, and the husband of the latter lady, was a Clergyman of the Established Church, a good-natured, rollicking parson, who read a printed sermon every Sunday to about half a dozen individuals, at the little hamlet of Kilmeedy, of which he was curate,—a distance of

about seven miles from Mount P. The rest of the week he devoted to farming, coursing, and the sports of the field. He was a fine, handsome fellow, who might shine in his own peculiar sphere. At clearing a sunk fence or jumping a five-foot wall he had few rivals; but his knowledge of literature was so superficial, that the wonder was how such a man could get ordained, a Clergyman particularly. As to the Bible he was a total stranger: in a word, he was a gay man, of luxurious and carnal habits, who made religion a profession, only as a means of advancing his own worldly interest, not of promoting the honour and glory of God.

The junior members of the family consisted of a young man of about twenty-one, quite an *original character*, of whom we shall have occasion to say more in a subsequent part of our work; also three boys, of the respective ages of ten, twelve, and fourteen, about to be committed as pupils to the care of the Student; but the head of the family was of all men the most extraordinary. We, therefore, deem it our duty to give a more minute account of this singular individual. The Student had read of a few such characters, but was quite sceptical as to their existence, until he found the account realized at Mount P.

Mr. P— was a prototype of an Irish gentleman in the feudal times;—at the period to which we refer he was turned seventy, but still retained the peculiar costume of his youthful days, consisting of a blue dress coat, white cravat, buff vest, light casimere knee breeches, and top boots; in stature he was above six feet, well proportioned, upright as a dart, and so slight that he was nicknamed “the thread-paper.” He always wore powder, with a long cue extending to the middle of his back; his head was quite bald, but his high forehead and sparkling blue eyes bore evidence that in his younger days he must have been a very

handsome man ; added to which he possessed all that ease of manner and readiness of expression only to be acquired in the school of the world. He had a most retentive memory, and an extraordinary fund of anecdote, on which he could draw *ad infinitum*, without any exhaustion or diminution of the original stock ; neither did he avail himself of the prerogative of old age to claim a monopoly of that conversation—that he considered to be common property to which, in his opinion, every man in company had an equal right, and was equally bound to pay his contribution ; therefore, at his table, every guest was not only allowed “to have his say,” but was expected to take part in the conversation,—in a word, society was the element in which he seemed to exist—hospitality the brightest trait in his character ; neither was he indifferent to the welfare of the poor, whom he frequently served, but whether from principle or policy, we shall leave our readers to judge when we finish our sketch of this extraordinary character. One general rule he laid down for himself, viz., never to refuse a letter of recommendation to a poor man—on this principle, that such a letter may serve a fellow man, and would only cost him one half-penny,—the price of a sheet of letter paper.

Having thus given the fair side of his character, we must now reverse the picture, on the counterpart of which the reader cannot fail to discern the black lines deeply and indelibly engraved. In the first place, he was a man of the most arbitrary conduct and insufferable pride. No poor man dared to approach him even out of doors, unless uncovered, though in the depth of winter ; an unfortunate wight had the temerity to take such a liberty on one occasion, but not with impunity, as the indignant magistrate seized on his hat and flung it away with such force that it dropped into a pump in a back yard, so that a considerable time must

have elapsed ere the astounded individual could recover his hat. On another occasion, a gentleman paid a morning visit at the Mount, accompanied by a young farmer. The former being a friend to the magistrate, Mrs. P— invited him to breakfast, and he thought he might take the liberty of introducing his friend. Both gentlemen seated themselves at the breakfast table, one at either side of the hostess; whereupon Mr. P— entered the room, and seeing the young farmer sitting near his lady, indignantly ordered him out of his house, demanding how he could have the audacity to sit down to breakfast side by side with the daughter of the Knight of Glyn! On receiving this order, the young man, as may be imagined, lost no time in making his exit, and mounting his horse, which a servant was holding in front of the house, was out of sight in an instant. But the magistrate's pride was only equalled by his meanness. His jobbing propensities were disgraceful to him as a gentleman, and fatal to his character as a magistrate of the county and a moral member of society. When placed upon the grand jury for the county, he never failed to convert this honour into a source of private traffic, by using his influence to obtain presentments for making roads and bridges for his own private convenience, at the public expense; an exact *fac-simile* of Dean Swift's magistrate, "who out of his great bounty built a bridge at the expense of the county." It was calculated that by such jobbings, this honourable magistrate realized, at an average, from three to four hundred per annum, though he himself did not possess a single rood of property in the county. How, then, it may be asked, did he contrive to get himself appointed High Sheriff of the county? This question admits of an easy solution. He had been agent to his brother-in-law, the Knight of Glyn, before the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders, by which agency,

considering the extent of the knight's property, he was enabled to influence a sufficient number of voters to return the county member, who in gratitude nominated him high sheriff for the county,—the power of nominating the high sheriff being then vested in the county member;—this was the secret of his appointment. As regarded honesty and dishonesty, his notions were unique. His policy consisted in oppressing the poor, honest man, and patronizing the rogue, on the Catilinarian principle, that from the former he had nothing to fear, but the latter was formidable, and might retaliate. It is a well-known fact, that a man accused of an atrocious murder lay concealed for a considerable time in this worthy magistrate's neighbourhood, who, though cognizant of the fact, made no effort to arrest the felon, but connived at his concealment, thereby allowing him an opportunity of effecting his escape. But his utter disregard of all moral and religious duties was quite notorious. His opinions he took no pains to conceal, as he was in the constant habit of boasting of his gallantries and immoral conduct, even in the presence of his own sons. Fortunately he had no daughter. One anecdote connected with his conduct when High Sheriff seems particularly deserving of notice. Whilst entertaining, according to custom, the judges, the first day of the assizes, a man confined on a charge of felony broke jail, and took shelter in the High Sheriff's kitchen, whilst the judges were actually at dinner.

The charge against the prisoner was that of having offered violence to a female servant of Lord Gort; the High Sheriff being informed that the prisoner was in his kitchen instantly ordered him back to prison, observing that "he had rushed into the lion's mouth." The man was tried on the charge a few days after, and being found guilty, sentence of death was passed on him by the late Baron Smith. On the last day of the assizes

the High Sheriff again entertained the judges, who after dinner highly complimented him for the efficient and dignified manner that he had discharged his duty during his year of office ; at the same time expressing their wish to mark their appreciation of his services by something more than mere words. To this the High Sheriff modestly replied, " that for himself, personally, he had no favour to ask—that a self-approving conscience, and the approbation of their lordships, would serve as an ample reward for his humble services. However, that he availed himself of that opportunity to call the attention of their lordships to the case of the man under sentence of death, who sought shelter in his house the first day of the assizes. He could not help observing, that, in his humble opinion, the evidence against the prisoner was not sufficiently conclusive to warrant a conviction ; and, my lord"—continued the High Sheriff, particularly addressing himself to the humane and learned Baron Smith—"I think that even your lordship, when pronouncing sentence of death on the unfortunate man, seemed to have some doubt as to his moral guilt." To this the learned Baron assented. " Then, my lords," added the High Sheriff, " I humbly think the case of the convict particularly deserving the merciful interposition of the Crown. Should your lordships be of the same opinion, I shall instantly get my sub-Sheriff to draw up a memorial to this effect, and forward it without delay to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

Baron Smith, who always leant to the side of mercy, and only sought a plausible pretext to save the life of a fellow man, unhesitatingly signed a memorial, which was only the work of a few minutes ; the other judges followed the learned Baron's example ; the document was despatched that very night by a special messenger to the Dublin Castle, and the return of post brought the reprieve of the convict ; but no language is

sufficiently strong to brand the gross hypocrisy of the High Sheriff on this occasion. The prosecutrix, as before observed, was servant to Lord Gort, who, knowing the convict to be guilty of the imputed crime, was desirous to let the law take its course in his case; neither had his Lordship the remotest idea that the High Sheriff felt any particular interest in saving the life of the individual, more especially as the latter gentleman declared to his Lordship, the "very morning that he forwarded the merciful recommendation of the judges," that "if the man had a thousand lives he deserved to lose every one of them. Lord Gort having heard of the convict's respite, instantly called on the High Sheriff to express his indignation at its injustice, whereupon the latter reiterated his former asseveration—"that if the man had a thousand lives he deserved to lose every one of them."

Such deception and falsehood on the part of a high public functionary must cover with lasting infamy the memory of the individual who was the author of it, as the effect of such conduct must have been to make falsehood fashionable, to bring the laws of the country into contempt, and to open a wide door for the moral degradation of the people. This patriotic High Sheriff has been dead for the last twenty years—peace to his ashes! We trust he has left few like himself behind; this hope we fervently breathe for the honor of human nature, as well as for the benefit of the country that had the misfortune to produce this incarnate monster.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUND went the glass—the jest—the glee,
Whilst tender wishes filled each fancy;
And when in turn it came to me,
I heaved a sigh and toasted Nancy.—DIBDIN.

THE Student had now been six months at Mount P.; his pupils were making rapid progress, and he was becoming an especial favourite with the family ;—this is evident from a letter written about this time by Mr. P— to the Rev. H. H—, in which he observes, in reference to the social qualities of the Student,—“ Were my circumstances equal to my disposition, I should willingly pay your friend the salary I have agreed on, for the pleasure of his company alone, without requiring him to give my boys a single lesson.” This is abundant proof of the high estimation in which he was held at that particular time by the family at Mount P.; but the Student did not feel himself equally happy. His moral principles were not much improved by his residence at the Mount ;—this he felt, and breathed some secret sighs of regret at the dire necessity that urged him to quit Dublin. But it was now useless to indulge in vain complaints, so he made up his mind to be content, under the circumstances, and not to aggravate his troubles by unavailing grief. The class of gentry that frequented Mount P. was not that from whose society a literary man could derive pleasure or improvement, being chiefly

composed of fox-hunters, and sporting characters,—all, however, members of the aristocracy, which was a *sine qua non* to their admission to the society of the Mount, from which the *parvenu* was wholly excluded—save when the Lord of the Manor felt himself interested in paying him a compliment,—in which case he sometimes deviated from his general rule, and honored him with an invitation to dinner, which he considered an act of great condescension on his part.

This, however, was a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that the Student can recollect but one instance of it during his own sojourn at the Mount. The conversation of sportsmen is generally of one common-place character, and turns upon the same stale theme, viz., the length of the run—the merits of the quadruped—the hair-breadth scapes by flood and field—who was first in at the death, &c., &c. Such conversation is not without interest and excitement to such as can enjoy it, but to the literary man it is a subject “weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable.” However there was this peculiarity about the dinner parties at the Mount, that every guest was expected to cater in the course of the day for the after-dinner amusement of the company, and to come prepared either with a comic song, a humorous anecdote, or some tale, either fictitious or genuine, to promote mirth, and “set the table in a roar.” On such occasions the glass, the jest, the glee went freely round, and all seemed to enjoy a short-lived happiness, generally succeeded by head-ache, stomach-ache, and all the usual concomitants of excess, “that flesh is heir to.”

Scenes such as these may not be without excitement; but we can hardly call that happiness, which is usually followed by the qualms of sickness and the stings of remorse. It is truly said that example is more efficacious than precept in leading

people out of the right road ;—this was realized in the case of the Student. His mind, as before observed, had, of late years, taken a serious turn ; the time was when he would turn with disgust from the scenes that were nightly performed at the Mount ; but the frequent repetition of the scenes, in which the host, his son—a clergyman of the Church of England,—and the other guests took a part, gradually removed the religious scruples of the Student, and so reconciled him to these performances, that in a little time he himself became one of the chief actors in such scenes. But the society of the Mount was not always limited to fox-hunters and sportsmen, but often included men of the most polished manners, and the highest order of intellect ; to the latter class belonged many of the officers of the rifle brigade, then quartered near Mount P. ; among these we may name Major F—, the Honourable Captain B—, and Captain F— ; the first an author and a poet, who had published a History of Cairo, and Travels in Egypt, with other interesting works. The other named gentlemen were no less distinguished for their literary and scientific attainments ; these were frequent visitors and guests at Mount P., and contributed not a little by their wit and talents to the intellectual pleasure and refined amusements of the Mount. An incident, however, occurred at this time which, though apparently of a trivial nature, nevertheless had the effect of depriving the Mount of the agreeable society of the witty and gallant major. We shall briefly relate the story.

The second son of the host, already alluded to, was a CHARACTER, who to his other singular traits added that of a ventriloquist ; his talents for mimicry were so extraordinary, that he could give a perfect impersonation, not alone of the different peculiarities and shades of the human character, from the “ infant muling and puling in his nurse’s arms,” up to the nonagenarian

that "shifts into the lean and slipper pantaloons;" nay, he was possessed of the extraordinary faculty of imitating all the cries and sounds even of the brute creation, not excepting the feathered tribe. A fond mother felt not a little vain of the talents of her favourite son, and often entertained her company by expatiating on the versatility of his genius, and the precocity of his intellect. This prodigy of parts was then in his twenty-first year, and was over six feet high; but his figure was peculiar, being remarkable for the extraordinary circumference of the lower part of his person, which, to avoid an indelicate expression, we forbear to call by its right English name, but which is expressed in the Irish language by the appropriate epithet of "Thone." This furnished the witty major with a subject for a poem in three cantos, which he called the "Thonaid," in imitation of Pope's Dunciad, in which he gave such a poetic and graphic sketch of the genius and adventures of the hero of his poem, as furnished an infinite fund of mirth to all save the hero himself and his parents, who so keenly felt the ridicule cast upon their pet son, that the major was instantly obliged to make the *amende honorable* by a palinode to satisfy the wounded feelings of his parents, as well as to guard against an appeal to arms, which was actually threatened at the time. The gallant major was clearly in the wrong, in making the son of his host and friend a butt of public ridicule and contempt; nobody knew better than he that wit and genius are the peculiar gifts of God, which, if turned to good account, become powerful instruments in the improvement, reformation, and consequent happiness of the great human family; but if abused by being employed in the perversion of truth, the indulgence of sarcasm, or the vindication of falsehood, these gifts become a curse rather than a blessing; and they to whom such talents are intrusted have a sad account to render to their Lord, when the great day of reckoning arrives.

It has been said of the celebrated Sheridan, that his wit in the combat, however bright, “ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;”—would it were in our power to pay the same compliment to the gallant major. But should the offence of the latter admit of any extenuation, it consists in this, that the hero of the Thonaid had himself set the example, by a prior attack on himself personally, and that none of his acquaintance had escaped unscathed from the shafts of his malice or the powers of his mimicry; consequently the publication of the Thonaid may be regarded as a just retribution to offended society. However, the Student was of the number of those who exceedingly regretted the Thonaid, first, because he considered it wrong in principle;—secondly, that it deprived the Mount of the society of the talented and accomplished major, which to himself, personally, was the greatest deprivation under the peculiar circumstances of his case. Having now given to the reader a general account of the class of gentry that frequented the Mount, we shall add a word in regard to the lady visitors, pre-eminent among whom was the late Countess Dowager of M—. But ere we sketch this highly gifted lady, we deem it our duty to say a few words as to the character of her late lord, whose singular eccentricities were become proverbial in his day, in the south of Ireland. Sir M. D— (his original title) had been created Baron M— in the reign of George III., and was formerly possessed of such large estates and extensive influence in the counties of Cork and Limerick, as to be enabled to return the members for the two counties, as well as the city members. He was Colonel of the Limerick Militia, but owing to his profligate habits, he lived in difficulties, and died overwhelmed with debt, leaving his widow but a comparatively small dower, and the inheritor of his title nothing more than

a pauper lord. This will not be considered strange, when we inform the reader that he lost £40,000 on one occasion by a single cast of the die. A story is told of this lord, when in his embarrassed state, the authenticity of which admits of no doubt: we give the tale as communicated to us on the credit of one of his Lordship's most intimate friends.

It seems that in his Lordship's time, two spinster ladies residing in Dublin had taken up the idea that the noble Baron had got a pew in a Dissenting Church in Dublin, called the Bethesda; and these ladies, considering that they might be able to purchase this pew a bargain from his Lordship, knowing him not to be a church-going man, and in want of money, waited on him to make an offer for the pew; but his Lordship told them they were quite mistaken in supposing that he had got a pew in the Bethesda, assuring them that "he had got no pew *dere*." His pronounciation of the letter T was peculiar; he always pronounced it as the dental D. The ladies, however, persisted in assuring him that he had such a pew, though perhaps his Lordship may not be aware of it. "Very well, den," said his Lordship, "if I have got a pew *dere*, how much will you give me for it?" The ladies informed him that they considered £300 a fair compensation. "Give me *de* money, and you may have it." The ladies accordingly paid down the cash, and went away, well pleased with their bargain.

On the following Sunday they went to Bethesda, intending to take possession of their newly purchased pew, but on approaching it they were stopped by the sexton, who informed them that Lord M— had got no pew in Bethesda: the ladies felt astonished at this information, and waited on his Lordship to acknowledge their mistake in supposing that his Lordship had a pew at the Bethesda. "Did I not tell you so," answered

the lord. To this the ladies assented, at the same time asking him for their money; but his Lordship's laconic answer was, "Oh! de money is gone." "But, my Lord," rejoined the ladies, "we appeal to your Lordship's honor." "Oh, dat's gone too," was the reply, and thus the simple-minded ladies were relieved of their £300. Such characters as his Lordship were not very uncommon in Ireland in his day; but we trust that this class is now wholly extinct, and that a better and more moral race have risen on their ruins. Certainly, a worse is not easily found, so that any change in the system must be one for the better. Having given this brief sketch of the eccentric Baron, we now feel ourselves in duty bound to devote a short space to his accomplished widow, the late Countess Dowager of M—. Of the personal appearance of this lady, we have little to say. She was short in stature, being considerably under the middle size, with plump round face, florid complexion, blue prominent eyes, and brown hair. At the time of which we write she must have been between sixty and seventy; but she wore her age well, and might pass for fifty, as her forehead was not furrowed by a single wrinkle; neither could the closest observer detect a straggling grey hair in her head. She was, however, nothing to look at; but in grace and natural dignity she had few equals,—no superior. This was evident from the universal homage paid her, as well by her own as the opposite sex. Whenever she appeared in public or private, she instantly became the centre of attraction, being surrounded by groups of admirers no less emulous to attract her notice, and win her smile, than if she sat enthroned, the queen of beauty, to award the fairest prize to the most worthy competitor.

Her Ladyship's superiority did not consist in the learned tone of her conversation, or the depth or extent of her literary

attainments. She did not aspire to the character of what is called a Blue ; neither was she a great talker, though well acquainted with the ordinary literature of the day ; but she was chiefly distinguished by her sound common sense, suavity of manner, and readiness of reply, by which she could instantly check a rude advance or control the morbidness of impertinent curiosity. She also possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the talent of giving a lively turn to a dull conversation, or of wholly changing the subject when not agreeable to herself or any of her friends, and this without personal offence to any of the company. It has been said that some have made themselves great, some have had greatness forced on them, and some have been born great. To the latter class her Ladyship belonged. A title may add dignity to others,—her Ladyship imparted dignity to the title, and had she been born in humble life, she could have raised herself to the first rank by her own innate powers, and reigned queen of the learned *côterie*, in whatever station in life her lot might have been cast. But the accomplished Countess was not all perfection ; this is not the prerogative of the fallen daughters of Eve : on the contrary, she, like others, had her faults and her follies ; one of which was her unaccountable antipathy to her own sex, and her partiality for the society of gentlemen, even in her advanced years. This was evident from the fact, that her parties chiefly consisted of officers and men of the world ;—the proportion of ladies invited on such occasions being in the ratio of one to three. This led to some severe, perhaps not wholly unfounded imputations, as to the purity of her Ladyship's motives, for if it be true, as observed by Shakespcare, that virtue, though “ chaste as ice and pure as snow, cannot avoid calumny,” how could a lady well stricken in years, whose delight was with the sons of men, expect to escape that moral

blight that sometimes blasts the fairest fame, the brightest honor, and the most spotless reputation? The officers of the Rifle Brigade were her especial favorites and constant guests. And the Student was one of the favored few honored with a *carte blanche* to her Ladyship's *soirées*. This may be flattering to self-love under the circumstances of his case, but did not contribute much to his real interest, and less to his true happiness. Her Ladyship kept late hours, seldom permitting her company to retire before two in the morning. The Student recollects with regret having frequently returned to the Mount at that hour from her Ladyship's parties; and this in the depth of winter, when the drifting snow lay upon the ground, sometimes to the depth of three feet. A life such as this at length became irksome, nay, absolutely intolerable to the Student, who frequently asked himself the question, "What can be its end and aim?"—the internal response to which was, "Vanity and vexation of spirit." This roused him from his lethargy, and he resolved to break the chain by which he was bound, and to quit a scene from which consequences the most fatal were likely to result.

This was no vain resolution, but one which he was determined to carry into immediate effect. He accordingly lost no time in waiting on her Ladyship, to thank her for all her kindness and condescension to so humble a person as himself, and to acquaint her with the resolution he had formed, and the motives that led to it. Her Ladyship, as before observed, was a woman of great kindness and common sense, who could appreciate in her friends that candour and sincerity which were not leading traits in her own character: she felt pleased with the Student's candour and confidence, and seeing that he had made up his mind, she had too much good sense to attempt to dissuade him from his resolution.

Her answer on the occasion was so very flattering, that we cannot record it in an autobiography without subjecting the Student to the imputation of personal vanity. Suffice to say, that to the Student her Ladyship was always kind, courteous, and consistent in her manner; and that she sustained this character to the close of her acquaintance with him. One trivial circumstance we shall only name as an instance of her Ladyship's natural politeness.

In playing rubbers of whist, and pools of backgammon, games to which she was particularly partial, she sometimes lost money to her guests, and they to her; but these being debts of honor, were always paid with the utmost punctuality. The Student, therefore, feeling himself somewhat in arrears to her Ladyship, said, "Lady M—, I feel anxious, ere I wish your Ladyship farewell, to prove myself a gentleman by paying my debts of honor,"—at the same time laying the money on the table; but this her Ladyship declined to accept, adding, with a good-humoured smile, "I make you a present of the money, provided you promise to preserve it as a memento of the many happy evenings that you have passed in the agreeable society of the Countess Dowager of M—." This closed the interview, which lasted nearly an hour. The Student felt himself moved, but suppressing his feelings, and summoning up the man within him, he bowed to her Ladyship, and quickly returned to the Mount.

CHAPTER IX.

I DARE do all that may become a man,—
Who dares do more is none.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day that our Student took his final leave of the Countess of M— was, to him, one of gloom and despondence. He now felt that a longer residence at the Mount was not possible, under the circumstances of his case; he therefore made up his mind to quit, as soon as he could do so without inconvenience to his pupils, and to return again to Dublin; but an unforeseen accident hastened his departure much sooner than he could anticipate: this we shall briefly relate:—On the day before named a select dinner party was given at the Mount; this party consisted of Lord M—, and about half a dozen other gentlemen, including a Mr. K—, otherwise called *the London Leg*. From the singularity of his character, we feel bound to give our readers a short sketch of him: in stature he was below the middle size, exceedingly slight—his age was about thirty-five. He had black hair, dark penetrating eyes, and his features were as regular as if chiselled by the hands of an artist; the idea conveyed by the expression of his countenance and his compressed lips, was that of a man whose mind was brooding over some internal corroding cares, which he was most studious to conceal. His gait was peculiar; he usually

walked, or rather crept about so softly, and with so much caution, that few could hear him entering or leaving a room,—in a word, he seemed an exact counterpart of Oliver le Diable in “Quentin Derwood,” who is represented as moving about with “the stealthy pace of a cat.” His manners were those of a gentleman, easy and communicative, and he seemed well versed in the mysteries of London, where we understood him to have pursued his avocation as a *roué* for many years with considerable *eclat* and success. Such was the new importation lately added to the domestic circle at the Mount. Among the ladies invited were the Countess of M—, always first on such occasions, with a few others. Dinner being ended, the Student could not help remarking the unusual abstemiousness and reserve of the gentlemen, which appeared to him the more extraordinary, from his previous knowledge of the character and habits of these individuals; neither did their taciturnity escape the notice of the shrewd Countess of M—, who, in an under-voice, remarked to the lady sitting next to her, that “there must be something in the wind, that such appearances of calm always foreboded stormy weather.”

Shortly after this her Ladyship arose, and retired to the drawing-room, followed by the other ladies, and accompanied by the Student, who, nevertheless, returned to the dining-room immediately after, and resumed his place at the table, where he found the company engaged in close and confidential conversation. At first he felt puzzled, not knowing how to account for such mysterious conduct; but at length the secret was out,—though, perhaps, it was not a secret to the Countess of M—, who was no stranger to such scenes. However, he solution of the puzzle was, that the gentlemen had previously resolved upon a game of hazard after dinner, by which their

minds were so wholly engrossed and absorbed in the early part of the evening, as to feel almost unconscious of the presence of the ladies. All doubts being removed as to the proposed object, "the London Leg" arose, and addressed the company in an under-voice as follows:—"Gentlemen,—now that the ladies have left us free men, a fresh difficulty presents itself, viz.,—where we can conveniently enjoy a quiet game;—this parlour is, I think, wholly unsuited; here everything can be distinctly seen and heard; the rattling of the dice is sure to bring the servants about the door; but there is a snug, private corner at the upper end of the drawing-room, which is quite the thing; there we may enjoy the fun without any interruption, provided the consent of the ladies be obtained. What say you, gentlemen?—is there any young gallant present possessed of sufficient influence to forward our views?" To this our host replied, "Mr. K—, I know of no one more competent than yourself to carry a point with the ladies; what think you of trying your own hand on the present occasion?"—"With all my heart," was the laconic answer. These words were no sooner spoken than the wily diplomatist entered the drawing-room, and approaching the Countess of M—, bowed gracefully to her Ladyship, and solicited the favour already named as the deputed organ of the gentlemen in the parlour. "Oh!" exclaimed the countess, "is that all? I thought by your long preamble, and all this ceremony, that you were going to make some particular request—of course, you can tell your friends in the parlour that the prayer of their petition is complied with, and that I wish them a very pleasant evening." Mr. K— expressed his gratitude by a graceful inclination of his diminutive person, and returning to the parlour, said, "Hush!—silence!—All right—hold as you are for a moment, until I complete my arrangements."

Having thus spoken he took up a light card-table between both hands, and moving softly on tiptoe, he entered the drawing-room, and set it down in the recess already named ; he then returned to the parlour, and counting heads, took a corresponding number of chairs, two at a time, one in each hand, which he placed round the table : all seemed like magic—done in an instant ; the ladies could neither see nor hear what occurred, their faces being turned in an opposite direction. “ Now, gentlemen,” whispered the functionary, “ come on ; but be sure you move softly.” So saying, he led the way, followed by the party consecutively in single file, until they reached the fatal spot, and took their seats round the card-table. And now commenced a terrific scene. All was silent as the grave, save when silence was occasionally broken by the rattling of dice and the announcement of the cast. In less than one hour £600 changed hands—those lost most who could least afford it. Lord M—was fleeced to the extent of £80 ; he then gambled a clock of the value of £50, which he also lost. Another venerable gentleman was relieved of £182, which proved the ruin of his family. His usual good luck did not attend even “ the London Leg,” who acknowledged that he was regularly done, and that by “ a country bumpkin,” as if in aggravation of his misfortune. The extent of his loss we have not been able to ascertain, but we were told that he suffered severely ; however, he was of all the lot the individual for whom we felt least sympathy.

The closing scene was one worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. The contrast between winners and losers was never more visible : the latter gazed on their more fortunate rivals with the most vindictive and fiendish expression of countenance ; they then left the room, not in the order in which they entered, nor with the same feeling. A few of the lucky ones joined

the ladies in the drawing-room ; the others left the house in despair,—perhaps to commit suicide ; the lights were extinguished in the recess, and the curtain dropped on this, the most hellish scene we ever witnessed.

It being now one o'clock—the dead of the night, and all the company having departed for their respective homes, the Student retired to his bedroom, to meditate on the awful events of the past day. He threw himself on his bed, where he passed a sleepless night of misery. The conviction now rushed into his mind that he could not remain a moment longer at Mount P— without utter ruin of body and soul. He felt as if the words of the Prophet had been directly and specially addressed to himself, “ Arise you, and depart, for this is not your rest ; because it is polluted ; it will destroy you, even with a sore destruction.”* These words conveyed an indescribable sensation of horror to his inmost soul : he resolved instantly to obey the call, and to seek some pretext for quitting the scene as soon as possible ; perhaps the loss of the society of the Countess of M— may have also had some effect in imparting strength to his resolution. He rose early the following morning, hesitating and perplexed as to how he should break the matter to the family of Mount P—, and acquaint them with his resolve ; but whilst wavering in this state of doubt and uncertainty, a sad event opened to him a way of escape. He received a letter by the early post to apprise him that his mother was laid up, so dangerously ill of dysentery that no hopes were entertained of her recovery, and that she expressed a wish to see the Student without a moment's delay. This was a fatal blow : he had not seen his mother for two years, though her favorite son, and the thought of now

* Micah, chap. ii., v. 10.

returning home only to see her die, was too much for him to reflect on, much less to bear up under. All the follies and levities of the past year now arose like phantoms to scare his bewildered imagination ; these added a sting to his sufferings that no words can express.

He now felt as if God ordered this heavy affliction as a punishment for the sins of his life. He instantly waited on Mrs. P—, handed her the letter, and acquainted her with his resolution to set off without a moment's delay ; but the difficulty was as to the mode of conveyance, there being then no railways, or no public vehicles between the Mount and the family residence of the Student ; however the kind Mrs. P— soon obviated the difficulty by getting her son to lend him one of his best horses, and the Student being an expert horseman, sprang into the saddle—was off in an instant, and reached home in little more than two hours,—a distance of thirty-two miles. On entering his mother's room he found her lying upon her bed, in a doze evidently the effects of opium. Her cheek was highly flushed, and she had all the accompanying symptoms of high fever. Taking and pressing her hand gently between his, she opened her eyes, and instantly recognising the Student, she made an effort to sit up in her bed, and then extending her burning hand, exclaimed, " Welcome my boy, my dearest child. I thank you for coming to receive the last blessing of your dear mother before she dies. I am now content. Thank God, I die happy, having seen all my children—but you in particular, my dearest son, around my death-bed."

Her last words were, " Good by, God bless you all." She then sank back upon her pillow, exhausted by the effort. The last tear—that inevitable forerunner of speedy dissolution,

hung upon her eyelash: with a bursting heart too full for utterance, our Student wiped it away. For a few minutes she breathed heavily, then ceased—the expiring taper flickered for a moment in the socket, and then—the blessed spirit winged its flight to the mansions of “glory everlasting.”

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.—YOUNG.

FROM the melancholy conclusion of the preceding chapter we are led to pause for a moment, and make a few passing remarks arising from the nature of the subject, on the mysterious agency of Divine Providence, and the variety of instruments and means that the Almighty uses to reclaim sinful man, and to bring back His stray sheep to the fold of the Good Shepherd; but in every case the love of the Almighty is manifest, and His finger, though invisible, may be clearly traced in ordering all things for the future happiness of the fallen posterity of Adam, in whose welfare He is so deeply interested,—for whose eternal salvation He has paid so stupendous, so incomprehensible a ransom. The wisdom of Omnipotence draws us, by a variety of means—sometimes by bodily afflictions, at other times by the loss of friends, or by plunging us into the abyss of utter destitution: of the former we have a striking illustration in the Book of Job; the Prodigal Son affords an impressive example of the latter. It therefore becomes our duty, not arrogantly to question the means, but humbly to acknowledge the wisdom of the end,

and to rest satisfied that all things work together for the temporal and eternal welfare of the great human family.

Such are the considerations that reconciled the Student to his late domestic bereavement, which, however afflicting in the beginning, he was now determined to bear with the firmness of a man and the fortitude of a Christian. He, therefore, received the bitter cup from the hands of his Redeemer, not as a punishment, but as a test of his faith, resolving within himself to grow wise by experience, and to stop his ears against the seductive influences of those syren songs that hitherto had drawn him from the path of duty, and from the narrow road that leads to eternal life. The late death-bed scene of his beloved mother sank deep into his soul, and he now, for the first time, felt a solemn sense of the duty which he owed to God and his country. Full of these sentiments, and having assisted in paying the last sad tribute to the remains of a beloved parent, his first care was to consult his father as to the present circumstances and future prospects of his family. His father, as before observed, was a man remarkable for great common sense and knowledge of the world, and his *considered opinions* were always highly valued; but his good qualities, though not few, were marred by excesses, into which his vicious propensities frequently led him. His disposition to serve his children was sincere; but his extravagant habits deprived him of the means of giving effect to his kind intentions. To his deceased wife, who was a pattern of amiability and every virtue, he proved himself an unfaithful husband, and his licentious habits, which were not checked but rather increased by his recent bereavement, plunged him headlong into such embarrassments, that he was forced to raise

a considerable sum of money on property already too heavily mortgaged, in order to supply his urgent exigencies.

His difficulties at this critical time were considerably aggravated by the fact of his having been arrested for the sum of £75, being originally the debt of his eldest son ;—for the payment of which he had rendered himself personally answerable, by joining his son in a bond to the creditor for this sum ; but the latter individual accepted the personal security of the Student for the amount of the bond, payable in twelve months, in consideration of which his father got discharged ere he was committed to prison,—a subject which we beg the reader to bear in mind, as we shall have occasion again to refer to it in the course of our work. But in the present desperate state of his father's affairs, the Student saw no alternative left him, but to get his name replaced on the College books, and to read for his degree in the Dublin University. He, therefore, felt it necessary to renew his correspondence with his Reverend Tutor, of whom we have already given a particular account. As before stated, the Student had reached his junior sophister year, and it then being about the middle of May, he made up his mind to set off for Dublin, as soon as possible, to resume his collegiate studies, and save the June examination. He had lately become entitled to some personal property, by which he was enabled to raise a sum sufficient to pay his College expenses. He, therefore, addressed a letter to his Tutor, to acquaint him with his determination ; at the same time requesting information on the three following points :—

Firstly, the exact sum required to be paid on getting his name replaced on the College books.

Secondly, when the examinations were to take place.

Thirdly, the books necessary to be read for examination.

The Tutor wrote an answer by return of post to the Student's inquiries, on receipt of which the latter enclosed half-notes for the amount of his demand, at the same time stating that on the receipt of his acknowledgment of the half-notes, he should send him the corresponding halves. The return of post brought the Tutor's acknowledgment of the money, with a postscript, stating that he had replaced the Student's name on the books, and at the same time informing him of the books,—classic and scientific, necessary to be read for examination,—when the examination was to take place, and the necessary parts of the books to be read for examination, to which he should direct his particular attention in order to save his examination, &c. This letter being full and satisfactory, the Student instantly enclosed the corresponding half-notes. But on receipt of these the Tutor wrote again to inform him, that, by a late law of the Board, it was enacted that the students should pay their college fees a certain number of days prior to the examination, and that the Student's non-conformity to this law precluded him from going in the next examination. On receipt of this letter, the Student felt indignant, and instantly wrote to his Tutor to complain of the deception practised on him. He accused him of neglect of duty in not acquainting him, in the first instance, with the recent enactment of the Board. He next reminded him, that he never said a word on the subject until he secured the second half-notes; not only this, but that he gave him all the information required as to when the examination was to take place, the books to be read, &c.; and concluded his letter by calling on the Tutor to return his money *instantly*, otherwise that he should bring the whole case under the consideration of the Board. To this letter the Tutor returned no

answer ; whereupon the Student was resolved to prove that he was not a man to be trifled with, and accordingly addressed a letter to the Board, to acquaint them with all the circumstances of the case, at the same time enclosing the correspondence already referred to between the Tutor and himself.

The following is a copy of his letter to the Board :—

“ Mr. Provost and Reverend Sirs,—I respectfully submit that it was the duty of my Tutor to acquaint me with the late act of the Board in regard to the payment of college fees. Nobody can be expected to keep a law unless he knows it ; but not only has my Tutor not given me the necessary information, as in duty bound, but he has actually and wilfully deceived me upon this point, as you may see by the enclosed correspondence between the Reverend gentleman and me. I therefore humbly hope you may consider me entitled to an exemption from the operation of the late act, under the peculiar circumstances of my case, and grant me permission to go in the next examination. I have the honor to remain, Mr. Provost and Reverend Sirs, your most obedient, humble servant,

“ P. T. N.”

To the above letter the Board did not condescend to reply, but ordered the Tutor to settle the difference between him and the Student. This we infer from the fact that the Reverend Tutor addressed a letter to the Student a few days after in reference to his letter to the Board. The Tutor's letter was partly apologetic for his own remissness in not giving the Student more timely notice of the late law of the Board ; but he did not return the money. The Student was now puzzled how to act. That the Tutor felt himself in a fix admitted of no doubt ; but the Student being wholly incapable of vindictive feel-

ings, had no wish to press matters to extremities ; he therefore laid the whole case before his father, and asked his advice as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances, who, having heard all the particulars, addressed the Student as follows:—" My dear boy, what can be the meaning of these everlasting altercations between you and your Tutor ? What on earth do you expect to gain by going to loggerheads with such a man ? Consider, that you have now to fight your own battle in life, and that your duty and interest are equally involved in making as many friends and as few enemies as you can in this world. Recollect that your Tutor has power to serve or injure you ; but independent of every selfish consideration, you are bound to give way to him, even though he may be in the wrong ! Besides, it is always the best policy of the weak to go to the wall ; therefore do take my advice, and write him a conciliatory letter in your best style, again offering to extend to him the hand of friendship ;—possibly he may refuse to accept of it ; but even so, your letter must have the effect of, at least, extracting the sting of his malevolence, and will show a forgiving disposition on your part, which must rather raise than lower you in the estimation of every good man. 'Tis true that, owing to his evident want of principle, you have been thrown back an examination, but what of that ? You will have the more time to read for the October examination, when you can go up to Dublin and save your year. Your society at home will be no small acquisition to me, and your brothers and sister, for the next three months, therefore pray do make yourself content for the present, and let your Tutor alone ; only write to him the style of letter that I suggest by this evening's post, and depend upon it you will never have cause to regret the act."

The reasoning was unanswerable; the Student promised instant compliance with his father's request, and having penned a letter to his Tutor full of courtesy and kindness, he handed it to his father, saying, "There, Sir, will that do for you? but 'tis no use,—only the fable of the wolf and the lamb realized. I merely write to please you, but I know my man too well to expect any good result from such a letter." His father took the letter, and glancing it over, said, "That's the very thing; possibly the letter may do no good, as you say, but certainly it can do no harm. Now post it, and rest upon your oars until October; the intermediate time you can employ in reading for the October Præmium."

The Student complied with his father's request, and having posted his letter, made up his mind to submit with impunity to the late act of his Tutor, and to remain with his own family for the ensuing three months.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN I remember all the friends so linked together;
That I have seen around me, fall like leaves in wintry weather,
I seem like one that treads alone some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are dead, whose garlands sped, and all but I departed.—
MOORE.

THE Student found his father's house no longer the happy home that it had been in the days of his boyhood;—he could no longer hear the fond “welcome home” of a beloved mother after a long absence. His father's property was heavily mortgaged,—his family circle quite broken up; and nothing to be seen on the way-side but gathering clouds and gloomy prospects. As yet there seemed no material alteration in his father's mode of living; the same table as formerly was still kept up, and his establishment, though limited, seemed that of an independent gentleman. But it was evident that these appearances were all deceptive, and could be only supported by raising additional sums of money upon a property already too heavily encumbered; neither did it contribute much to the happiness of a family who felt that such a state of things could not last long, and that inevitable ruin must follow so headlong a career as a necessary consequence. The Student had two surviving sisters, the elder of whom had gone with her husband and family some time before this to Australia; the younger—a

child—had been sent to a public school before her mother's death, where she still continued. His eldest brother, who was a professional man, married a lady of great beauty and high respectability in the city of Cork. He had two other brothers, very wild young men, who got married, and seldom visited at their father's house : so that the Student and his father were at present the only inmates of the establishment ; but circumstances of a nature too delicate to be publicly mentioned, rendered a residence in his father's house extremely painful to the Student at the present time ; however he had no alternative left him but to continue there, at least until October, and to render his father every assistance in his power both by word and deed. Such were the present circumstances of the Student's case. We trust the reader may now excuse a slight digression from our autobiography while we give a brief sketch of the distressed state of the South of Ireland at this particular crisis, and of the causes that led to its embarrassments and moral degradation. It will be admitted that a residence of three months at this time in the very *focus* of insurrection, added to the fact of his being the son of a resident landed proprietor, gives the Student some right to be considered good authority on the subject on which he writes. Of the ruined state of his father's affairs we have already given a short account : but his embarrassments at the time were nothing singular ;—distress was so general that in a circuit of thirty miles from his father's residence, not more than half a dozen gentlemen of independent property could be found ; in fact, the country at the time seemed a perfect wilderness. Not a human being was to be met with either on the public roads, or engaged in agricultural pursuits ; no voice

was heard save that of despondence, and all seemed involved in one common ruin.

The causes that led to this deplorable state of affairs were many, but may be all reduced to two heads: Firstly, the radical defects of the landlord and tenant laws; secondly, the heartless and arbitrary conduct of the Irish landlords at that crisis. These two heads we propose to consider separately; and as to the first, we lay it down as a general principle, that every system of law is radically bad that gives all power to the landlord and none to the tenant;—that enables the former to do as he likes with the land without being in any way answerable to the latter—at least, in no material point—whom he can discharge as a servant on a short notice, only paying up to the day.

Let us suppose, for instance, the case of a tenant who takes a farm, say for twenty-one, sixty-one, or any term of years, or a freehold interest for three lives, and that during his tenancy he reclaims his farm by draining, ditching, fencing, &c. Let us moreover suppose that he lays out all the hard-earned fruits of his industry in building a farm-house, out-offices, &c.; or improves his tenement by extensive plantations. When the term of his tenancy expires, the landlord has the power to turn him adrift on the world, and this without giving him any compensation whatever for the money that he may have expended. He can enter, like Ahab of old, into seisin, or possession of the chattel or freehold interest of Naboth, and sometimes punish him with death should he offer any opposition. Not only had the landlord the legal right to do this, but he frequently and unscrupulously had exercised this right, of which we have innumerable instances on record. There is one case in particular, of a gentleman who took a farm in the

county of Limerick as tenant from year to year, on which he built a house at an expense of £600, under a promise, expressed or implied, of a lease from his landlord ; but the house having been built, the landlord found it his interest to possess himself of the farm, but more so of the mansion, and accordingly gave his tenant notice to quit, whereupon the latter feeling aggrieved that the house on the building of which he had expended so much money should become the property of a heartless and avaricious landlord, without making any compensation to his tenant for the expense of building, had recourse to the desperate alternative of getting his servant to set fire to the house, which was effected by smearing the rafters with pitch, to which a match being applied, the mansion soon became one heap of ruins ; but the man employed to do the act turned King's evidence, and informed against his master, who was tried for the crime at the Limerick assizes, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged, the crime being then in the category of hanging offences.

The Judge, in passing sentence on the convict, dwelt particularly on the bad effect that any mitigation of his sentence would have upon society at that particular time. The convict being a gentleman and a man of rank, the case at the time excited universal sympathy, and a memorial was got up to the Crown for a commutation of the sentence, signed by almost all the magistrates and gentry of the county. A similar petition was numerously signed by the people, pledging themselves that no bad consequences should result, so far as they themselves were concerned, from the extension of the clemency of the Crown to the unhappy convict ; but all was vain : the ears of mercy were stopped ; the law was allowed to take its course, and the gentleman paid the penalty on the gibbet.

We repeat, that a system that gives such unlimited power to the landlord over his tenant is radically bad, and savours of despotism ; and that a Government that turns a deaf ear to an appeal for mercy under the circumstances to which we have referred, may harmonize with the meridian of Russia, but is utterly inconsistent with the mild spirit of the British constitution.

Thus much for the landlord and tenant law.

Secondly, we shall say a few words as to the heartless and arbitrary conduct of the Irish landlords themselves at this particular crisis, than which nothing can be more cruel, or more deserving of public reprobation. In the first place, they let their farms at a rack rent,—by which is meant the full value of the land,—and put their peasant tenants on the potato, the cheapest vegetable diet, so as to enable them to pay this rack rent; they even expected them to pay *war prices in times of peace*; but finding the tenant unable to pay, and unwilling to quit, they served ejectments on the defaulters, whom they sent adrift upon the world. This proved one prolific source of disaffection.

Another arose from the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. It will be remembered that this class of electors were deprived of the right of voting on the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, before which time it was the policy of the landlords to multiply their numbers, and many landlords of limited incomes, not exceeding £500 a year, had frequently no less than one hundred freeholders squatting upon their estates, with a view of increasing this parliamentary influence ; but the forty-shilling freeholders being now extinct, the landlords were no longer interested in their preservation, and betook themselves to what is called the consolidation system, by throwing four or five farms into one, consequently this class were sent to shift for them-

selves. Being thus left destitute and houseless, they joined the tenant farmers above referred to, and combining with them against the landlords, enacted a code of laws as "between landlord and tenant," the infraction of which they punished with the utmost rigor, frequently with the loss of life. The Student recollects seeing, during his three months' sojourn in the country, no less than six hearses a day, bearing the murdered corpses of those victims who had offended against the laws of Captain Rock,—the assumed name of the ringleader of this desperate band of conspirators; whilst the destruction of property by fire—including corn, hay, and dwelling-houses,—was terrific to behold; the country seemed frequently in a blaze at night, for miles on every side, arising from these conflagrations; and to this is to be attributed the universal desolation and solitude, of which we have already made mention. The barony was proclaimed, the Insurrection Act introduced, and the South of Ireland at the time had all the appearance of an invaded country in possession of the enemy. But to what is to be imputed this reign of terror, this wholesale destruction of property and human life? We answer, that the guilt of all lies at the doors of the Irish landlords;—they "sowed the seed, but Death has reaped the fruits."

The human heart sickens, and starts back horror-stricken, even at the recollection of such scenes of bloodshed and murder; but again we repeat, all the guilt rests upon the heads of the Irish landlords, who robbed the poor of the fruits of their hard-earned labor, and corrupted them by the contagion of their evil example; but the day of retribution has at length reached them with a vengeance;—the guilty do not escape punishment even in this life. How awful the account they have to render when the Great Day of reckoning arrives! But ere we conclude this painful subject, we are

tempted to relate two anecdotes of two worthy resident landlords—*par nobile fratrum*—known to ourselves, and with whom the Student's family had been on habits of close intimacy.

One was a gentleman named S—; the other a Mr. S—; both magistrates, and men of large fortune in the county, the former of whom usually cultivated an extensive breadth of potatoes every year, with a view of selling them to the poor “on credit,” at an exorbitant price, on “getting good solvent security.” At the time to which our statement refers, this worthy had some thousand barrels of potatoes to dispose of, on the usual credit terms, namely, *one pound per barrel*—the ready money price of the potatoes at the time being *ten shillings per barrel*; but the cash price not being in strict accordance with the worthy gentleman's notions, he ordered a crier to publish, *vivâ voce*, in the next market town the quantity of potatoes he had for sale, and the terms on which they were to be sold “on credit.” The poor being at the time pinched by want, had no alternative but to take the proffered credit; the three months being expired, the security was usually obliged to pay the debt with costs. This is a specimen of one Irish landlord: to this we shall add one more anecdote of another worthy of the same stamp, who was a magistrate residing near Doneraile, a small town in the south of Ireland. This man, like the character in “*Gil Blas*,” who by attending to the affairs of the poor made himself rich, kept a mill, where he usually sold large quantities of flour to the poor in seasons of great dearth.

The worthy magistrate had a faithful steward, called Lawrence, who acted as his almoner in distributing corn to the poor on these occasions. It so happened that one morning in particular an unusual number of poor creatures, pinched by want, assembled in front of the mill, waiting to get served; the magistrate

seemed much affected by the sad spectacle, and moved with sympathy, thus addressed them :—" My poor people, I pity you from my soul.—May the Lord help you. I know not how you can exist in such a season as this." Having spoken these words audibly, he then turned to his Steward, and whispered into his ear, " Larry, great call this morning ; raise another penny."

This worthy was only one of a class whose name was Legion. *Ex uno disce omnes* was a Roman proverb, which may be appropriately applied to the Irish landlords as a body. We fear that the reader is sick to nausea long ere this at our tales of the Irish landlords ; but as the facts that we record are authentic, many of them having come under the immediate observation of the Student, we feel ourselves in duty bound to communicate them to the public,—convinced that when the reasonable and thinking portion of the community reflect upon the conduct of these landlords towards their helpless and dependent serfs, they will be moved with feelings of sympathy towards the latter, and attribute their crimes less to natural depravity of heart, than to a mercurial sensitiveness of character, goaded to the commission of crime by the cruelty and tyranny of a class of men whose duty it should be to guide and instruct, not to mislead or enslave—to elevate them in the moral scale, rather than sink them to the level of the brute creation. But subsequent events have taught the Irish landlords a sad lesson, convincing them of the ruinous impolicy of imposing rack rents on their tenants. A little reflection should have proved to them that, had they let their grounds on moderate terms, so as to allow the tenant-farmer a reasonable profit on his holding, the latter feeling that he had an interest in his tenement, would cultivate it with greater care, so as to make it more valuable ;—the consequence would be punctuality in the payment of his rents : but a rack-rent left the tenant no interest whatever in his holding, and

therefore, in assuming such rent the tenant did so for the most part with a predetermination to get what he could out of the ground, and pay no rent at all, in furtherance of which determination he generally ran off with his crops, leaving his farm for a considerable time a perfect waste; thus the landlord, in his cupidity to grasp all, like the dog in the fable, gave up the substance for the shadow, and became involved in the same ruin with his tenant. We have no doubt that this short sketch will be admitted by every rational and impartial individual acquainted with the subject, to be a fair account of the landlord and tenant system, and of the relative position of those parties respectively at the period to which we refer.

CHAPTER XII.

O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt :
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HORACE.

THE Student having resided three months in the country, as stated in the last chapter, where he witnessed the horrid scenes which we have attempted to describe, set off for Dublin College the last week in September, in order to go in the October examination, and save his year; the College rules requiring that students intending to graduate in June should put in four examinations in their senior sophister year; but he was no longer the man that he had been two years before: the death of his mother,—the embarrassed state of his father's property,—the shocking scenes of bloodshed of which the South of Ireland was the national Aceldama at that particular crisis—these preyed upon his mind, entered deep into his heart, and imparted a serious and gloomy color to his thoughts.

Having arrived in Dublin, he lost no time in calling on his Tutor, to have a distinct understanding with him as to the payment of his quarterly notes. The first interview between him and the Reverend Doctor was, as may well be supposed, one of a painful character. We have seen, in a former chapter, that he had removed the Student's name from the College books two years before, owing to his inability to pay his pecuniary demands; and

not content with this, that he had recently defrauded him of his money in a way so glaring and unjustifiable, as rendered it necessary for him to appeal against such injustice to the Board of Trinity College. It is true that the Board did not pay much attention to his appeal, nevertheless this appeal is on record.

All these circumstances were still fresh in the recollection of the Student; nevertheless, as he had written a conciliatory letter to his Tutor at his father's request, freely offering to forgive and forget the past, he was resolved to prove by his acts, as well as by his personal demeanor, that the tender of his friendship was *bonâ fide* and sincere, not a hypocritical subterfuge to forward his own selfish views:—at all events, it was one point gained that he now knew his man well, and that he knew him to be a character wholly indifferent to the feelings or opinions of any pupils, so long as he could possess himself of their money; “*Rem, quocunque modo rem,*” being his motto.

This knowledge served as a buckler to the Student against the danger of being again victimized by the Reverend gentleman; he therefore, as already observed, waited on him at chambers, the morning of his arrival in Dublin, and found him, as formerly, “flourishing like the green bay tree.” The Student felt the necessity of great caution and reserve in his first interview with the Reverend gentleman, and that his best line of policy consisted in, at least, assuming an air of independence, without o’erdoing his part, or exceeding the proper limits of becoming decorum. He was well aware that any symptom of weakness or want of independence on his part, could not serve his purpose, and would only have the effect of lowering him in the opinion of his Tutor, who would conclude with Dr. Primrose that the Student was poor, “should he take too much pains to make himself pleasing.” He was, therefore, resolved

to obviate such an inference, and with a degree of *nonchalance* less real than affected, thus addressed the Tutor at his first interview,—“Doctor, quite happy to see you—how do you do—you see I am still alive—this proves that the days of miracle-working have not yet passed by.” The Reverend gentleman having reciprocated the compliments of the Student, the latter continued,—“Let me now first of all come to the point, and settle the old *quæstio vexata*, the money matter, as soon as possible—how much is it?—being at present in cash, the sooner I settle this knotty question the better.” He found that this speech, particularly the latter part of it, produced a favourable impression on the Tutor, who requested the Student to take a seat for a moment, and that he would satisfy his inquiries. He accordingly referred to his books, and having made a memorandum of his claim, handed it to the Student, who instantly paid the amount. “All right,” observed the Tutor; “this pays your way up to the present time—I shall have no further claim on you until January—I suppose we may expect your company to breakfast on examination morning.” To this the Student answered, “If possible, I shall do myself the honor.” He then arose, bowed to his Tutor, and took his departure.

The entire scene did not last longer than five or six minutes. This important point being arranged, the Student next turned his thoughts towards his former College friends, the dearest of whom was the Reverend W. Q—, at present the Rector of D—, in the North of Ireland. An intimacy of several years’ standing had subsisted between this Reverend gentleman and the Student, which was strengthened by a strong religious tie, arising from the consideration that he was indebted, under Providence, to the society and conversation of his Reverend friend, for the change which had taken place of late years in his religious opinions; he was also one of the

few with whom the Student kept up a regular correspondence during his residence in the county, and consequently was no stranger to the history of his sufferings and domestic afflictions. On calling at his chambers in College, fortunately the Student found him at home. The meeting of these two devoted friends after a long absence, was one of the utmost cordiality and delight, and the Student instantly accepted his friend's invitation to pass the entire day with him. "I must have you this day altogether to myself, and shall not allow any one to intrude upon us. Your career has been a singular one since we parted; neither is my own wholly void of interest—let us only compare notes,—the result must be productive of mutual pleasure, edification, and improvement." Such were the words of the Reverend gentleman; he then gave orders for dinner at five o'clock, it being then eleven, and the two friends agreed to take a country walk before dinner in the direction of Clontarf, the scene of their former rambles. In going along the Student gave his friend an abridged history of "all he read, and all he saw," since they last parted. His friend listened with intense interest, and in his turn gave a sketch of his personal history, which, however, was not crowded with many striking incidents. He was a fellowship man, wholly immersed in study,—and the lives of such men are, in general, tame, monotonous, and uninteresting; but the Student's friend, though a man of science, was nevertheless a perfect gentleman, of polished manners, and the most kind and amiable disposition, qualities which recommended him to the notice of some of the first men in the University, by whom his society was courted; this gave him access to sources of private information in respect to the University, to which other students were strangers; he was well acquainted with the public and private characters, not only of the Senior and Junior Fellows, but of every man of any note in College; consequently

to a man like the Student, long absent from the University, such a friend must have proved a delightful and interesting companion on his return, being a standard authority in all matters appertaining to College.

The Student's first inquiries referred to his old Class-fellows, some of whom he learnt had taken their degrees and left the University; others, on whose devoted heads the daughter of Jove had laid her "iron scourge," were forced to go to the wall, or bend beneath the storm; some few still lingered behind;—of the latter class was the Student's friend, who was reading for fellowship; and a few "went the way of all flesh." "What about our former friend F—," said the Student, "is he still in College?" "Oh, don't ask about him," was the answer. "Pray do not ask particulars; the case is too harrowing; suffice it to say, *Vixit*." "You don't mean to say he is dead!" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "he has fallen a victim to the most foul and formidable of all antagonists—famine." "Merciful God! can it be true?" "I thought," answered the Student's friend, "that you must have heard all about it. Have you not seen the last number of the 'University?' It contained an awful tale, entitled the 'Murdered Student,' which referred to the sad fate of our poor friend. Is it possible you have not seen or heard of this article?" "Never a syllable," answered the Student. "I feel sick at heart—the case is too shocking, more than I can bear." Here a pause ensued. The Student passed his handkerchief over his face, overpowered by his feelings. "Come, come," observed his friend, "no more of this weakness; let us act like men, and not imitate women or children." "My dear friend," answered the Student, "pray excuse—I cannot well help myself; there are times when the heart is so full that it requires vent. I cannot all at once check my feelings; by degrees I may;—

recollect that Jesus ‘ wept for Lazarus dead ! ’ ” “ I know, and feel it,” answered the Reverend gentleman ; “ at all events, let us drop this subject for the present. This evening I shall resume the sad story, and acquaint you with all particulars, when you may be better prepared to hear them.” He then changed the conversation by inquiring into the pecuniary circumstances of the Student, and expressed great pleasure on hearing that he had arranged his Tutor’s claim. He also felt much amused at the Student’s account of the late interview between him and his Tutor. Evening being come, the Reverend gentleman resumed the story of the “ murdered student ” as follows :—“ The history of poor F— is, indeed, a shocking affair. Here it has caused the deepest sensation, and the most intense interest ; it has been for some time the all-engrossing topic of the day, and furnished subject-matter for the late article in the ‘ University Magazine,’ entitled the ‘ Murdered Student,’ to which I have already referred. The article does not go the length of stating that his tutor actually laid violent hands on our poor friend—not quite so bad as this ; but you recollect the old proverb, ‘ many ways of killing a dog without hanging him ;’ and he who refuses a helping hand to a sinking man does in effect the same as the man that administers to him a fatal draught, or strikes the vital blow : ” to this the Student assented.

“ Now,” continued his friend, “ I shall give you the history of the ill-fated young man, just as I myself have heard it, on the authority of his nearest friends. You knew him—he was under the same tutor as yourself ; his social qualities endeared him to all ; his genius reflected honor on human nature, but disgrace on the University to which he belonged ;—do not imagine that I am so hardened as to be indifferent to his fate ; if so, I should be what I hope you do not think me—a man without a heart,

and unworthy of your friendship;—but let me proceed: the father of this ill-fated young man was a gentleman formerly possessed of very considerable property in the county of Dublin; but at the death of a brother, lately returned from abroad, where he realized a large fortune, he unfortunately had been appointed guardian and sole executor to his nephew, the son of his deceased brother, then a minor in his eighteenth year. The guardian, like most country gentlemen of his class, was a man of dissipated habits and fond of expensive amusements. He was also a racing man, and consequently a betting man. For a short time he had a run of luck; but the cards took a turn that involved him in great difficulties. In order to retrieve his loss, he appropriated a considerable portion of his nephew's property to the payment of his own debts; but the nephew having attained his majority, called upon the uncle to account for his stewardship, and in default a Chancery suit was the consequence, which, however, was compromised—the executor undertaking to effect an insurance on his own life for the benefit of the nephew to the amount of the uncle's defalcations, and appropriating an annuity of four hundred pounds a-year towards the payment of the policy of insurance. Some time after this the uncle died, when the nephew received the benefit of the insurance; but the family of the deceased was reduced to utter destitution. The murdered student—I cannot help calling him so,—entered Trinity College as a pensioner about two years before his father's death, and from his distinguished abilities was likely to carry every thing before him; but the sudden death of his father proved a sad blow, and deprived him of the means of going on with his class, particularly as he had committed the same fatal mistake as the Student in the selection of a tutor. This was the rock on which he too suffered shipwreck—this the Charybdis

that swallowed him up. The 'murdered student' being now pressed by want, had recourse to a common expedient, that of accepting an engagement as private tutor in a family of rank in Dublin, as a temporary means of support. The gentleman by whom he was engaged had an only daughter, an heiress, a young lady of great personal attractions, as well as mental accomplishments. The suitors for the hand of the lady were many, and of high degree; but to all she seemed perfectly indifferent, and a report went abroad that she had decided on leading a life of celibacy; but this, however, was a mistake;—there was a cause; the cause she candidly told to her mother, viz., that she had fixed her affections on her brother's tutor, and could think of nobody else, though she declared at the same time that the young gentleman was wholly unconscious of her attachment. The family on hearing this felt quite indignant,—the tutor was instantly dismissed the house, though guilty of no offence, save that of writing a birth-day ode on the young heiress, which he did at the mother's request. Being thus disgracefully discharged, he instantly called on his College Tutor, to acquaint him with the circumstance, and complain of the treatment he received; but the Reverend gentleman assuming his guilt, severely reprimanded him for his folly and presumption in tampering with the feelings of a young lady so much above him in life. It was in vain that the young gentleman indignantly denied the charge; the tutor would not listen to a word of explanation, but told him that he could never again think of introducing him to another family, so that in future he should do as others do, and fight his own battles, single-handed, as well as he was able.

“The gentleman's situation was now desperate in the extreme. He had made no reserve to meet the evil day;—the few months

that he held his situation did not admit of it, and he had been arbitrarily dismissed, being only paid up to the day,—consequently he had scarcely a sixpence to exist upon; it is true he had college friends, who would have assisted him had they known the real state of his affairs; but his youthful pride spurned the idea of appealing to the bounty of friends. Under the circumstances he rather chose to sell his library, and try to live on the profits of the sale until something might turn up; but the small sum that his books fetched did not last long, and this being spent, his next desperate alternative was to raise money on his wearing apparel.

“At this crisis some kind friend sent him an anonymous contribution, but of a small amount; and the same individual wrote to his tutor, to acquaint him with the extremities to which his pupil was reduced, but nothing resulted from the letter;—the tutor took no notice. Destitution now stared the wretched man in the face: his nakedness prevented him from appearing in public, his pride from appealing to public sympathy. At length his constitution began to give way: his landlord, a kind-hearted man, would have helped him had he known the extent of his distress, but this the unhappy man industriously concealed, and for several days could only be prevailed upon to take a little tea and dry toast.

“At length the good-natured landlord, at the sick man’s request, acquainted a Reverend friend with his illness. Having heard the melancholy intelligence, the gentleman called instantly to see him. On entering the sick man’s room, the latter fixed his eyes stedfastly upon him without uttering a single word, whereupon the Clergyman, having pressed the burning hand of his friend, said, ‘My dear fellow, what can be the meaning of this? How is it you have not sent for me sooner? How

could you act thus towards your friend?' 'You are my friend indeed—my dear friend—I knew you to be so—you have ever been dear to me; therefore I now answer your question in all humility—with the utmost candour I answer it. Pride, false pride! the besetting sin of my life, has brought me to this,—has stopped my mouth,—sealed my lips, and prevented me from communicating my sufferings and privations to those friends who were able and willing to serve me. My proud nature spurned the idea of receiving charity from the hands of my fellow-man, however dear to me; to me death seemed preferable to such a humiliating alternative, and death is now come to the rescue. I now repent my false pride; but repentance ever comes too late for this life,—never too late for the next. My pride was founded on a wrong principle, this I now admit. What, my dear friend, has poor vain man to be proud of in this life? He has nothing that he can call his own, nothing that he has not received from the bounteous hand of the Giver of "every good and perfect gift," who has so constituted human society that all its members should be mutually dependent one upon the other; therefore, from the cradle to the grave—from the helpless babe, "mewling and puking in its nurse's arms," to the nonagenarian who "shifts into the lean and slipper pantaloons," no one is independent of his fellow-man; every created being requires a helping hand from his neighbour; and all look up to and are dependent on the Author of life, and the eternal fountain of love and charity. On Him my heart is now fixed—immovably fixed—no earthly consideration could urge me to forego this heavenly consolation, or turn my heart back to the perishable things of this life. In sending for you, my dear friend, on the present solemn occasion, I am influenced by a double motive; first, to receive your last blessing, and say farewell to one of my best earthly

friends ; secondly, to solicit a favor at your hands, which I am sure you will not deny to your dying friend. You know Mr. T—; he is your friend ; he was mine. See him when I am no more, and assure him on the faith of a dying Christian man that I never tampered with feelings of his daughter ; neither did I imagine that she ever bestowed a serious thought upon one so insignificant as myself ; and even though I should be aware of this, no human consideration could induce me to encourage a clandestine attachment, without the sanction of her parents. This would be a breach of honor and confidence, as repugnant to my feelings as it is inconsistent with the whole tenor of my life.”

These words were uttered with a firm and unfaltering tone of voice ; but they were the last words of the “murdered student”—the final effort of expiring nature. His Reverend friend being greatly moved, promised to give effect to his request, whereupon the dying man fixed his eyes for a moment on his friend’s face. The expression of his countenance was calm, resigned, and heavenly ; he then fell off into a gentle sleep—it was “the iron sleep of Death”—the precursor of eternal glory. The College clock had just tolled a quarter to twelve ; the outer gate was about to close ; so the Student, who had to sleep in town, arose much affected by the sad tale—wished his friend an affectionate good night, and having promised to come to breakfast the following morning, took his departure.

CHAPTER XIII.

LET Fate do its worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which it cannot destroy ;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back those traces that joy used to wear.—MOORE.

THE society of the Reverend W. Q— was to our Student a source of the most unmixed gratification on his return to the Dublin University. This, in some measure, served to reconcile him to past sorrows, and inspired him with fresh hopes that better and happier days might be still in reserve for him. He had saved his year by going in the October examination ; after which, he and his friend arranged to breakfast and dine together every day for the ensuing half-year. To these times the Student will ever look back with the purest pleasure, as some of the best-spent and happiest days of his life. Their private walks, their country excursions, the variety of topics, literary, religious, and philosophical, that occupied the attention of these devoted friends in the times to which we refer, are among the happiest reminiscences of the Student's bygone days, and can never be thought of without mixed feelings of the most painful and pleasurable nature,—the former arising from the shortness of their duration ; the latter from the improvement and edification which they were so well calculated to impart,—feelings that were considerably enhanced by the flattering

consideration, that his Reverend friend shared his sentiments, and claimed an equal participation in the benefits resulting from their mutual intercourse. The discussions referred to between the Student and his Reverend friend at this time, might, if published, furnish subject-matter for several volumes, which would be read with interest and advantage even at this remote period ; but as the present volume is only intended as a history of the Tutor and Student, from the time that the latter entered the University up to the period of his taking his degree, we deem it more consistent with our original intention to limit ourselves, for the remainder of this work, to a simple statement of facts that have come under the immediate observation of the Student, and in which he himself has been a principal actor, rather than to deviate from our rule, by the introduction of any new matter, which, however useful and interesting in the abstract, is not so well calculated to impart practical knowledge—to arrest public attention, and to fix itself in the minds of our readers, as those facts of which our Student has had personal cognizance, and the truth of which can be attested by the most unquestionable evidence. We have already stated that the Student saved his year in October. We now pass by the two succeeding examinations of January and April, in which nothing material occurred between the Tutor and Student, save that the latter kept the examinations, and paid his Tutor's quarterly notes ;—and bring our history down to the June examination, when the Student was about to become a candidate Bachelor, and to answer for his degree. At this period, a remarkable event took place, which, though but an episode in the history of the Student, we nevertheless deem of sufficient interest to introduce into our narrative—the reader may see by reference to a former chapter that the Student's father had been

arrested about a year and a half before this time for £75, a security debt, for which he had become personally answerable, and that the Student, to save the father from prison, became party to a bond for the above amount, payable in twelve months. Of the said bond the Student paid £70 before the expiration of a year, leaving a balance of £5 due on foot of judgment. He could never imagine, that, having paid £70 out of £75, the amount of the judgment debt, any harsh proceedings would be resorted to for the £5 remaining over. But in this the Student proved his innocence of the ways of the world, in which there exists a race of men "yclept attorney," whose grasping propensities seem to render them so callous to the sufferings of the great human family, as almost wholly to extinguish in their hearts every latent spark of human kindness. In this numerous class, it is possible there may be one or two good ones. It has been our lot to have met with two or three in our day, whose redeeming qualities rendered them ornaments to society, and an honor to human nature herself. We are also informed there has been another exception to the general rule, whose honored remains are interred in the old church of St. Pancras, and on whose tomb is engraved the following epitaph,—

"Here lies B—, deny it who can,
Tho' an attorney, he was an honest man—
For him the gates of Heaven will open wide,
When they 'll be shut 'gainst all the tribe beside."

These were bright but rare exceptions to the general rule,—we wish we could name another, but our experience does not enable us to go to that extent; certainly, Mr. H. K—, the Cork attorney, is not of the number;—of this the reader must feel convinced when we inform him that this was the veritable individual that sued out execution against our ill-fated Student for the five

pounds balance of the above-named bond, which this charitable attorney swelled by law expenses up to twenty-five pounds, for which sum he arrested the ill-starred Student, and had him securely lodged in the Sheriffs' prison in Dublin, about a fortnight before the June examination, when he was about to answer for his degree. This blow seemed for the moment almost to extinguish every ray of hope in the heart of the Student. He now felt as if he were of the number of the doomed, fated to perish, and that any further effort on his part would be wholly unavailing; but a moment's reflection dissipated these despondent murmurs, and brought him to a more rational view of his own case, which, after all, was nothing more than a natural consequence of the position in which he had placed himself, and for which nobody but himself ought reasonably to be blamed. Impressed with the rationality and soundness of his altered opinions, he instantly set his wits to work as to the best means of extricating himself from his present dilemma. Having been captured about 9 o'clock, P.M., he had no alternative left him but to content himself for the night where he was; he therefore took up his abode in what is called the hotel of the prison.

The night, as may well be imagined, was a restless one, and the plans various that entered the Student's head for his personal liberation. His first impulse was to communicate the state of his case to his only friend in College; and had the debt for which he was arrested been a small sum—anything under five pounds, he should not hesitate for a moment to draw upon his friend for that amount; but twenty-five pounds was rather a serious affair, and his fear was lest his friend, had he heard of it, might put himself to personal inconvenience in endeavouring to make up this sum, owing to his great anxiety for the safety of his friend; besides, the Student's own circumstances were far from being

desperate at the time. He had deposited £300 about three months before in the hands of his attorney, towards the payment of his debts ; but the evil was that this attorney was then at his country residence, a distance of 120 miles from Dublin ; and there was no possibility of getting a remittance from him in less than four days, there being then neither railways nor electric wires ; but taking all things into consideration, he felt that his only alternative consisted in writing instantly to his attorney. He accordingly called for ink and paper, and having penned a short letter, despatched it by that night's post ; his next act was to write a few lines to his friend in College, with whom he was engaged to breakfast the following morning. This letter he sent by a special messenger, with orders not to go to the chambers of his friend, but to deliver it to the gate porter at the College-gate ;—on the cover was the word “ Immediate.”

The following is a copy :—

“ *Saturday, 10 o'clock, P.M.*

“ MY DEAR Q—,

“ Will you kindly excuse my not going to breakfast to-morrow morning ?—I even fear I must forego the pleasure of seeing you for four days to come ; circumstances, over which I can have no control, leave me no alternative in this case ; the nature of these circumstances you shall hear when we meet. All I can say at present, is, that I am quite well, and shall see you the instant I find myself DISENGAGED ; but I am just now in the same predicament as Sterne's starling, ‘ I can't go out.’—Ever yours truly,

“ N.”

“ To the Reverend W. Q—,

“ 33, *Trinity College.*”

“ The receipt of the above letter filled the friend to whom it was addressed with the utmost astonishment ; but he felt

wholly incapable of unravelling the mystery, and had no alternative left him but to wait the result with as much patience as the intensity of his interest in favor of the Student could admit of. The circumstances of the Student at the present time were critical in the extreme ; he had to answer for his degree in less than a fortnight, and felt himself but very inadequately made up to undergo the examination. To remedy this evil, he procured the necessary books, and having shut himself up in his room for four days, read up the most essential portions of his examination with the closest attention ; but in the afternoon of the fourth day, he received a letter from his attorney, inclosing him a cheque for £25, the exact sum for which he had been arrested, which he immediately paid in, but still found himself without means to pay gaol fees, amounting to one pound, for the non-payment of which he was still detained a prisoner.

It was then five o'clock p.m., and the Student began to feel quite fidgetty at the thought of being obliged to spend another night in prison. He also heard it whispered about that the prisoners, with whom he had not associated, or to whom he had not spoken since his committal to prison, had entered into a conspiracy to cool the Student's pride as they termed it, by drawing him under the pump, and treating him to a shower bath, it being their usual mode of punishing such fellow-prisoners as did not conform to their rules. The Student feeling alarmed at the idea of such rough usage, took a seat in the hatchway for protection, whilst waiting an answer to a letter that he had written to his attorney's clerk for one pound to pay his gaol fees ; but the messenger not returning, the Student saw no other alternative left him than to throw himself on the generosity of his fellow-prisoners. He accordingly entered the public room, where all were assembled,—some at dinner, others having already dined. On

seeing him the company rose to a man, to welcome their fellow-prisoner; and having given him a seat the Student again arose, and addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen, and fellow-prisoners—ere I quit this prison, where I have been detained for the last four days, I deem it my duty to account to you for my seeming inattention to your rules since I came amongst you. I am the more anxious to satisfy you on this point, that I am given to understand that my conduct has been erroneously attributed to pride, which I consider an unbecoming feeling on the part of any individual, but particularly of men in our situation."—Here one of the prisoners interrupting, said, "Mr. Collegian, I wish to know if you have had any dinner this day?"—to this interrogatory the Student candidly answered in the negative—"Then," said the interrogator, "be it known to you that it is quite contrary to our rules to hear any man on an empty stomach; therefore, ere you proceed with your speech we require of you to comply with one of our rules, by taking part of our fare, after which we shall hear what you have to say for yourself—not before."

These words were no sooner spoken than one of the gentlemen helped the Student most abundantly to part of a shoulder of mutton, whilst another mixed him some hot whisky punch, which he insisted upon his drinking. During this scene hardly a word was spoken;—the Student never ate a dinner with a better relish. But, dinner being over, the captain of the mess again rose, and addressing the Student, said, "Now, Mr. Collegian, that you have complied with one of our rules, by taking part of our fare, we wish you to conform to another rule, by acquainting us with the circumstances to which we are indebted for the honor of your company in the Sheriffs' prison." The Student instantly obeyed the call, by

rising and stating the facts as before narrated. The recital produced a thrilling effect on his auditory. Having concluded his speech, a simultaneous burst of indignation arose, followed by a call for "three groans for the rogue, H. K—!"—which was loudly responded to. Another offered up a fervent ejaculation, which, if granted, would have the effect of consigning the unfortunate attorney, not only for life, but eternity, to a hot corner, out of which egress is not very practicable. The effect produced by the Student's statement may be inferred from the fact, that when he had concluded, one of the prisoners drew near him, and slipping a sovereign into his hand, said, in an under-voice, "This will pay your gaol fees—you can pay me again when convenient—you know where to find me; but say nothing of this to the other prisoners." Such an act as this proves that, even amongst the most reckless and profligate of the human race, some "flowerets of Eden" may still be gathered, some noble and generous spirits found, whose practical benevolence and unostentatious generosity put to shame the sentimentality of the Churchman, and the boasted liberality of the self-styled philanthropist.

The Student accepted with gratitude the loan so generously tendered; and having taken leave of his fellow prisoners, and pressed the hand of his generous friend, entered the hatchway, where he paid the gaol fees, and quitted the prison. His way lay over Carlisle Bridge, in crossing which he met his attorney's clerk, who handed him £10, on receipt of which he retraced his steps to the gaol,—repaid his friend with repeated acknowledgments; immediately after which, he proceeded in haste to the chambers of his friend in College, but not finding him at home, he left word he should be with him to breakfast the following morning. He then returned direct to his lodgings—went instantly to bed, and had a few hours' refreshing sleep—a luxury

that he did not enjoy since his committal to prison. The Student rose early the following morning, and went to breakfast with his Reverend friend, whose curiosity was on the *qui vive* to learn the cause of the Student's long absence ; but having heard all, curiosity was turned into utter astonishment. The hospitality of the prisoners in the Sheriffs' prison, and particularly the generosity of an individual prisoner, in lending the Student money to pay his gaol fees, called forth the warmest expression of his approbation. The Reverend gentleman concluded his moral remarks on this subject in the following words : " What a contrast does the conduct of the poor inmates of the Sheriffs' prison present to that of the proud Fellows of Trinity College ! The former are ever ready to sympathize with and relieve the wants of their fellow-men ; the latter, on the contrary, seem wholly callous and insensible to his sufferings : of both these classes, you yourself have had practical personal experience ;—your late residence in the Sheriffs' prison has furnished you with an example of the former ; your own Tutor is a living instance of the latter. Oh ! then, my dear friend, let me exhort you never to covet wealth, which is the root of all evil ; independence is a legitimate object of pursuit, but beyond this, let no ambition lead you, as you value the salvation of your immortal soul. " Woe to you that are rich, for you have your consolation," was the denunciation of our Lord himself ;—may we never be in the number of those to whom such awful words are addressed, but rather seek that wealth which neither " moth nor rust doth consume." The Reverend gentleman concluded an impressive lecture founded on the late prison scene ; after which, the friends took their usual country excursion, but returned about twelve o'clock, the Student having

to settle an account with his Tutor before answering for his degree, which he intended to do the day following.

Having paid his quarterly note, which he considered to be his last payment, he lost no time in acquainting his friend with the happy circumstance, thanking God that he was then quite free from any further demands on the part of his Tutor. The following two days were occupied with the examinations, when the Student was successful in answering for his degree, notwithstanding the short time left him to prepare for it. This matter being off his mind, he and his Reverend friend passed the remainder of that day mutually happy in each other's society.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Student had now passed his final examination, as stated in our last chapter, and had answered for his degree, which he was about to take at the Commencements next following the June examination. But now, hear the sequel ;—hear it, you, reader, whoever you are ; wherever you may be,—hear it, both Jew and Gentile, bond and free—hear it all, and then—hold down your heads, and blush with shame at the baseness of the human heart, and the depravity of the human character. A few days before the Commencements, the Student met his Tutor casually in the courts of College, when the latter, first recognising him, said, “ N—, I want to speak to you particularly ; will you give me a call to-morrow morning, at chambers, about ten o’clock ? I should have written to you, had I known your address.” The Student promised to call at his Tutor’s request, and went his way, wondering what could be the nature of his business—is it possible he may have another fatal shaft remaining in his quiver, which he was anxious to discharge at his pupil ere they took a final leave of one another ? At all events, the Student knew there must be something particular in the case ; but what

that was he could not imagine. However, he was punctual to his appointment the following morning, and knocked at the Tutor's door as the college clock was in the act of striking ten.

On entering his Tutor's study he said, "Well, Dr. L—, the ides of March are at length come, and I am on the eve of taking this fugitive degree, that has so long eluded my grasp." "Yes, N—," was the reply; "but you may remember my having told you some years ago, that you owed me a balance in account, which I should require of you to pay if it ever came to the taking of your degree." "Merciful God!" exclaimed the Student, "do you mean to conjure up a fresh phantom to scare me? I owe you nothing—not a single fraction—I have already paid all; you yourself have repeatedly told me so;—your receipts prove it—you, sir, are in my debt, not I in yours: but let this pass; what fresh item this, that you are about to trump up against me?—what is the amount?" "*Fifteen guineas*," was the reply. "*Fifteen guineas!*" ejaculated the horror-stricken Student; "assuredly it must be all a hoax; you cannot mean what you say!" "A little time will prove to you whether I am in jest or earnest," said the Tutor. Having spoken these words, he "grinned a ghastly smile," quite ominous of his determination. The alarmed Student instantly left the room, and going straight to the chambers of his Reverend friend, told him all. "Impossible!" said his friend—"quite impossible; he *will not*, he *cannot*—he *dare not* do what he says; it is nothing but an empty, impotent threat to frighten you;—pray do not fidget yourself for nothing at all." "My dear friend," answered the Student, "I know something of human nature; I have bought my knowledge at a high price. I believe with Burns that—

"Where self the wavering balance shakes, 'tis rarely right adjusted."

You will therefore permit me to know my own Tutor better than you can ; he is a man that will stop at nothing where his interest is involved ; you know he has already swindled me. I now tell you, he will serve me the same trick again, should he have the power to do so. All that now remains for me is, to take his words in their strictly literal sense, to believe that he means what he says, and to take the necessary steps to anticipate the consequences. This, at all events, is the safest course to pursue. I go this moment to my attorney's office, and shall get the fifteen guineas ; should he then forego his unfounded claim, well and good. I shall then have the money in my pocket, and shall be happy to acknowledge that you know my Tutor better than I do myself ; but on the other hand, should my fears be realized, consider what a fix I must be in, if unprovided with means to meet his demand ! In this case I could never take my degree, and my prospects for life must be utterly blasted. I must, therefore, try to raise the wind in some way as soon as possible ; you may expect me back to dinner, which I shall eat with the greater *goût*, when I feel myself rescued from the fangs of this carnivorous shark." Without waiting for a reply, the Student hastily rushed out of the chambers of his friend, repeating his promise to return to dinner ; but here fortune seemed for once propitious. The Student found, on calling at the office of his attorney, that he had arrived that very morning in Dublin, and was then at breakfast, so he walked into the breakfast-room, *sans cérémonie*, told him the state of his case, received the fifteen guineas, and returned without a moment's delay to acquaint his Reverend friend in College with the glad tidings.

The prospects of our Student now seemed to look up. His Reverend friend had asked a party of gentlemen to dine with him that day as a mark of respect to the romantic Student.

The company consisted chiefly of young men, like himself, about to graduate the day following. The day was one of great joy and gladness. The dinner was excellent—the conversation witty and animated—the guests happy,—happy in the society of their fellow-students, happy at the idea of being relieved on the following day from the incubus of the University. The extraordinary tale of the Tutor and the Student was freely discussed; and the opinions conflicting, as to whether the former would urge or forego his claim on the day following to the fifteen guineas. The Reverend host maintained the negative of the question; but the majority coincided in the views of the Student; the betting was as ten to one that he (the Student) was again doomed to be victimized; but a short time decided the knotty question. The Student had to call on the proctor, the Rev. Mr. M—, on the morning of the Commencements, to pay his fees, amounting to about £8 10s. On entering his chambers Mr. M— received him with marked courtesy; but there was a something in his manner which clearly indicated to the Student that the Proctor had had some previous communication with the Tutor regarding himself personally. This was soon realized by the fact, that, on tendering to the Reverend gentleman the amount of his fees, he politely said, “N— there is some little matter of dispute as between your Tutor and you, which I wish you to settle, for until you do so I am not at liberty to return your name on the list of gentlemen about to graduate this day.” The Student declared that his Tutor had no pecuniary claim on him, and offered to produce all the Tutor’s receipts in proof of his allegation; but these the Proctor declined to look at, adding, “Your Tutor tells me that you owe him the money, and I am bound by the College rules to take his word in preference to yours. You must be aware that no student can take his degree

in this College, so long as he owes a sixpence to any one connected with College—even to a college porter. I am only acting in my official capacity, so I hope you will excuse.” Such were the words of Mr. M—. The Student now feeling that he had no alternative left him, handed the fifteen guineas to the Proctor, in addition to his own fees—then entered the Examination Hall in company with his friends, knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, and having sworn allegiance to the Sovereign and conformity to the College statutes, he hastily quitted the hall—doffed the bear-skin—shook the dust from his feet, and wished a long farewell to the Dublin University and his Reverend Tutor.



CHAPTER XV.

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep; thou art a breath
(Serve to all the skiey influences);
That does this habitation, where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict.—SHAKESPEARE.

The miserable have no other medicine;
But only hope.—*Idem.*

THE Student having taken his degree, is no longer to be considered a Student, but a member of the University; however, we still call him by his former name, *the Student*, a designation that we mean to retain for consistency to the end of our tale. The reader must be aware that the constant drain on the Student's private purse for the last twelve months, added to the repeated extortions of his Tutor, must have reduced his finances to a very low ebb, and that his difficulties were much aggravated by the fact that the private circle of his friends was considerably narrowed, if not wholly broken up by the well-known change in his religious opinions, which so alienated the feelings of the Roman Catholic without conciliating those of the Protestant, that he became equally obnoxious to both. The embarrassed state of his father's property was also a source of the most painful anxiety, for though his father reserved

to himself an equity of redemption on payment of half-yearly instalments, nevertheless he felt wholly unable to keep up those payments, and lived in constant apprehension of having the mortgage foreclosed, and seeing his property brought to the hammer. Under these circumstances the Student could see but one "forlorn hope" of averting the impending storm. This we shall briefly relate: in his junior freshman year he had made the acquaintance of Miss McC—, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, formerly residing in the county of Longford, but recently deceased. Previous to the death of this gentleman, he bequeathed his property share and share alike to his four daughters, the offspring of a prior marriage, whom he left under the care of a stepmother, allowing £80 a year for the maintenance and education of each; however, the acting executor being an attorney, and the paternal uncle of the young ladies, demurred to the annual payment of £320, alleging that £200 per annum would be quite adequate to the purpose; to this the stepmother objected, and placed her youthful charge under the guardianship of the Lord Chancellor.

The consequence of this proceeding was a Chancery suit by the stepmother against the executors, for the recovery of her right. This suit lasted three years, when it was finally arranged by a compromise between the belligerent parties, tho' at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice to the young ladies, who were left to pay all the costs of the suit, and were thus fleeced to a considerable extent by the rapacity of the attorney executor, their kind-hearted uncle. At the close of this suit it was that the Student was introduced to Miss McC—, the second daughter, then in her twenty-second year, a young lady no less distinguished for her personal charms than her intel-

lectual endowments. A mutual attachment gradually grew up between the Student and the young lady, which in the beginning was countenanced by the friends on either side ; but the embarrassed state of the Student's affairs having become generally known, he soon received a gentle hint that his addresses were no longer desirable, and that his future visits would be dispensed with. In this case the young lady herself was wholly passive, the friends having taken this step without consulting her feelings, or even acquainting her with the circumstance ; however, the Student acquiesced in their views, and discontinued his visits, having too much spirit to obtrude his attentions when no longer agreeable. But a year having elapsed, and the lady still continuing unmarried, vanity and self-love, those prominent traits in the human character, led the Student to an inference that the lady's well-known unwillingness to change her condition in life was attributable to some lingering regard for himself personally ; he therefore resolved to test her sincerity by writing to acquaint her with his present difficulties, at the same time candidly avowing the sincerity of his attachment, and adding, that, in the event of a favourable change in his circumstances, or of his obtaining a public appointment, of which he then entertained some well-grounded hopes, he should be happy, if mutually agreeable, to unite his destiny with hers. To this letter the lady returned a favourable answer,—though her friends still continued their most decided opposition to the projected union. The interests, prejudices, and passions, usually called forth upon occasions of this nature, though of intense interest to the parties concerned, are seldom equally so to the reader ; we therefore forbear to enter into particulars further than by stating that the lady manifested so decided a preference for the Student, as induced her friends eventually to give way,

and the Student was accordingly united to the object of his choice by special license, in Rock Brook House, county Westmeath, on the 4th of August, 1830.

The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, by the Rev. Mr. M—, a Catholic clergyman, the guardian and domestic chaplain to the young ladies. And here let us pay a passing but sincere tribute of respect to the many virtues of this benevolent and truly Christian man. The Student had known him well and long as a private friend and fellow-guest in Rock Brook house. On religious questions he was opposed to the Reverend gentleman; nevertheless a sense of truth and justice obliges us to admit that a more enlightened and perfect gentleman was not to be met in any society—a more Christian man in any Church; he was an ornament to the Church to which he himself belonged—a blessing to the flock over which he was appointed a pastor: in public and private he was equally estimable, being universally loved and respected by persons of all religious persuasions, who had the happiness of being known to him. Never can we think of this good man but with affection, or speak of him without the sincerest respect. As to us, he always appeared an intrinsically good man, and a model of a truly Christian minister.

The marriage ceremony being performed, the Student and his wife set off for Dublin, where they remained but a few days, whence they proceeded to their residence in the South of Ireland. The Student's first act on returning home was to pay off a part of the mortgage debt due on his father's property, in consideration of which this property was limited to himself personally and his heirs, subject to a jointure to his wife on the death of his father, and also subject to certain stipulated limitations in reference to his brothers and sisters;

the Student having further agreed to hold the ground, to become his own at his father's death, at a rack rent of £3 per acre during his father's lifetime,—an exorbitant rent, considerably exceeding the intrinsic value of the ground, impoverished as it was by long neglect and want of proper cultivation ; however, the Student resolved to put his shoulder to the wheel, and to reclaim the ground, so as to make it remunerative ; but a little time convinced him that this was a vain resolve, and would require more capital to accomplish it than he could command, particularly as he had to pay away a great portion of his wife's fortune towards the liquidation of the mortgage debt, and could not afford to part with more consistently with the duty that he owed to himself, to his wife, and his domestic establishment. Besides, being educated in college, where he spent the greater part of his time, he felt quite unequal to the management of an extensive farm, being liable to daily impositions from his agricultural labourers. Under these circumstances he felt that his only remedy consisted in procuring a solvent tenant for the ground, and returning to the county Westmeath with his wife, who being now on the eve of becoming a mother, was the more anxious for the society of her sisters on that interesting occasion. The Student accordingly let his ground to Mr. A. C—, a gentleman of fortune in his immediate neighbourhood, whom his father accepted as a tenant in his own room ; and having resided eight months in the country, gave up farming, and returned with his wife to Rock Brook House, where, a few weeks after his arrival, she gave birth to a still-born child. The case being one of extreme difficulty, requiring all the skill of surgery, so exhausted a constitution naturally delicate, that for some time but very slight hopes were entertained of the lady's recovery ;

however, owing to the great kindness of friends, but more so to the mercy of God, she gradually recovered health and strength, to the great delight of all who knew her, but particularly her devoted husband and beloved sisters. For the ensuing six months the Student and his wife lived happily with their friends in Rock Brook, visiting and visited by all the families of distinction in their neighbourhood, and luxuriating in all the enchanting scenery of that romantic country. Belvidere Lake, Lake Donore, and Lake Ule were the scenes of their frequent visits; sometimes they extended their excursion to "Auburn," Goldsmith's "loveliest village of the plain," where not only "the village preacher's modest mansion" rose, and was still visible, but also to the alehouse, the Three Jolly Pigeons; and all those scenes so beautifully recorded in the poet's "Deserted Village," and in his inimitable play of "She stoops to Conquer," are still pointed to by the coachman with mingled feelings of pleasure and pride, as he whips his team through the "deserted village." In visiting such scenes as these the Student and his wife passed some happy hours, which they might have continued to enjoy, had not the delicate state of his wife's health and her approaching *accouchement* required his immediate return to Dublin, for the convenience of the best medical advice. Accordingly, after the lapse of a few days he was again located in a small but quiet house in George's Place, Rutland Square, Dublin, where his wife was safely delivered of a daughter; however, owing to the previously enfeebled state of her constitution, her eminent physicians held out very slight or no hopes of her recovery. For an entire month the distracted Student watched by her bed-side day and night to minister to her wants, and try to

catch some ray of hope, but, alas ! not one penetrated the surrounding gloom.

At length the fatal hour arrived. Of this the dear lady seemed perfectly conscious, as must appear evident from the following singular incident : about half an hour before her final dissolution, she asked the Student to procure a pair of scissors, and *clip the nails of her hands and feet* ; having complied with her wishes in this respect, she then took the scissors into her own hands, and cutting off her hair, of which she had a great profusion, close to her head, she handed it to the Student with these words : “ Take this as a relic of one whom you dearly loved, and who returned your love with the tenderest affection ; but I have given you a dearer pledge than this—I leave you a dear daughter :—be a kind parent to my child—I know you will. Train her up in the way she should go, and when she is old she will not depart from it.”

These were her last words ;—the Student could only answer by tears and sobs, which he had no power to suppress. At length the clammy forehead, the heavy breathing, the flushed cheek, and the crystal drop that hung upon the eyelash, gave unerring signs of immediate dissolution. For a moment the dear soul seemed to struggle ; she then dropped off into a gentle sleep, from which she awoke in the world of spirits. This closed the saddest chapter in the Student’s eventful career.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME natural tears they shed, but wiped them soon :
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence his guide.—PARADISE LOST.

THE Student's present situation may be conceived, but words are inadequate to express it. Deprived of the partner of his tenderest affections—his companion in weal and woe—all his former sufferings were now as nothing, being merged or forgotten in the accumulation of his present afflictions,—afflictions rendered almost insupportable by the reproaches of a self-accusing conscience. 'Tis true he had always acted towards his wife the part of a kind husband ;—of this all her friends were quite sensible ; nevertheless, he now felt realized in his own case the truth of the well-known maxim, that “ we never know the real value of a friend until such friend be lost to us for ever ; ” then it is that we feel the intensity of our deprivation, and call to mind all her redeeming traits and numerous virtues. Even our own good qualities, should we possess any, are quite forgotten in such case ; should we ever have done an unkind act, or given utterance to a word of annoyance to our lost friend, such deeds and words are then magnified, even into crimes, by our imaginations ; we would give worlds, when too late, to undo or unsay them, as they constantly present

themselves like hideous phantoms to the bewildered imagination, to torment the mind and banish internal repose.

Such were the feelings of the Student at this critical time in regard to his lost wife. He even reproached himself for having ever paid his addresses to the deceased lady in the embarrassed state of his father's affairs, considering that such embarrassments might have brought on the illness that resulted in her death; he therefore felt himself like a criminal at the bar of conscience, charged as being an accessory to the fatal deed.

For some time such reflections continued "to prick and sting him;" but again, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he felt that though he might have done wrong by his marriage, nevertheless, there was still room to hope;—he had still a power left him of atoning in some degree for his past error by love and kindness to the only surviving pledge of his affection;—this feeling now engrossed all his thoughts: the infant became his present consolation, his future hope, the only tie that bound him to life. He remembered the dying words of his wife, and resolved to give full effect to her wishes in regard to her beloved child. One source of consolation still remained, viz., that the child had been left amply provided for. A few days subsequent to the Student's marriage, his wife's sister changed her condition, and got married to a merchant of considerable wealth; but the other two sisters were so afflicted by the death of the Student's wife, that they resolved to retire from the world, and devote the remainder of their days to the service of God. In furtherance of this pious resolution, one entered a Convent, and the other became a Sister of Mercy, having previously bequeathed property at their death to their infant niece. The grand aunt, also a lady

of wealth, settled property on her grand niece to a considerable amount ; added to which the child became entitled at the Student's death to the property limited to his wife and her heirs under her marriage settlement ; consequently, as regarded pecuniary considerations, the child might be considered wealthy ; but not so the Student. His situation at the time was painfully critical ; 'tis true he was legitimate guardian to his child, and as such legally entitled to any property limited to her use during her minority ; therefore his first determination was to keep the child in his own house in Dublin, under his own immediate tutelage. The aunts, on the other hand, maintained that Rock Brook was the fittest residence, and themselves the most suitable guardians, at least for the present. Under these circumstances the case was referred to the eminent attending physician of the deceased lady, who advised the immediate removal of the child to the country, as being most conducive to her health, and to this opinion the Student yielded an unwilling assent : the child was accordingly removed to Rock Brook.

The Student being now left quite solitary, had to struggle against appalling difficulties : the expenses attending the illness and death of his wife left him in very straitened circumstances, which he was precluded by feelings of delicacy from communicating to his sisters-in-law,—the more so that they had undertaken the present expenses attending the support of his child.

Under these circumstances he availed himself of the only alternative left him by accepting a situation as law reporter upon a paper about this time published in Dublin, at a small stipend to be paid weekly ; but anything was a Godsend to the Student in his then critical position ; he, therefore, not only furnished the paper with reports of the most important cases

in Court, but wrote an occasional leading article, which met the approbation of the editor. However, a month having elapsed without receiving any compensation for his services, he at length felt obliged to apply to the editor for payment, to which, however, the worthy gentleman demurred, alleging that the Student was never engaged as one of the staff of the newspaper; the impression on his own mind being that he made a gratuitous tender of his services, in order to have free access to the columns of the newspaper for his own gratification and improvement; this the paltry editor must have known to be false, particularly as he had been introduced to him by a learned friend with the sole view of getting paid for his services. However, shame at length so far operated on the feelings of the party, as to induce him to tender to the Student the sum of five pounds for his services; this, however, the latter accepted: and thus ended his connexion with these patrons of literature.

The Student now felt that his only chance consisted in falling back upon his literary attainments, and trying to form a class of pupils at his residence in George's Place, to prepare for the University or the public schools. At first, through the influence of a literary friend, he got a few pupils, of no great account, who paid little, read but for short periods, and then gradually dropped off, leaving the Student again wholly unemployed.

Under these circumstances, a kind friend, the Rev. S. S—, F.T.C., sent him a student of College, a pupil of his own, as a resident pupil, to prepare for his quarterly examination. This young gentleman had been “plucked,” or rather cautioned, according to the technical phraseology of the Dublin University, at the previous examination; and therefore, in venturing to

prepare him for the succeeding one the Student assumed an arduous duty, rendered more onerous by the fact that the pupil was a young man of idle and dissipated habits, though ungifted with any natural abilities to compensate for such depraved propensities; these were sad drawbacks: but difficult though the case evidently was, the Student resolved to try the experiment, being assured that should he succeed in getting his pupil respectably through his examination, he would thereby secure the friendship of the young man's father—a Rector of the Established Church, resident in the north of Ireland—whose solicitude for the moral and literary improvement of his son was the greater, that he intended him for the ministry. In the face of these difficulties, the Student undertook the task, and received this young man into his house as a pupil. His establishment at the time was a very limited one, consisting but of three individuals—himself, his pupil, and one domestic servant of all-work; but being resolved to unite study to domestic economy, his first act was to fit up a bed for his pupil in the same room with himself, by which he hoped to effect a double object,—first, to have the pupil constantly under his own eye, so as to regulate his hours of retiring to rest at night, and rising in the morning—a rule that he rigorously enforced, convinced from experience that without early rising there can be no improvement, either physical or intellectual; the second object was, that it enabled him to give effect to another rule that he laid down for himself, viz., to refresh the memory of his pupil every night before going to rest, by questioning him on the business of the past day; this he found to be a most useful plan towards reviving fading ideas, and fixing them more deeply in the mind of his pupil. By closely adhering to this system, he managed to take his pupil through a great portion of his

quarterly examination in the brief space of one month; but here a sad event occurred, that proved a no small drawback to the progress of his pupil, and served to cast a deep and lasting gloom over the future of the Student.

This ill-fated individual received a letter from his sister-in-law in the country announcing the death of his child. Had this event been sudden or unexpected, the shock to the Student's feelings would exceed all powers of endurance; but the accounts that he had received for some time as to the state of the child's health, convinced him that her case was hopeless, and fully prepared him for the sad intelligence, which he endeavoured to bear with the firmness of a man and the resignation of a Christian; however, it now appeared evident that the removal of the child from a warm house in Dublin, to a large mansion in the country in the depth of winter, was a fatal mistake, and that the physician who advised it, however eminent in his profession, must possess but a very limited knowledge of the physical constitution of infants: the Student at the time pointed out the dangerous consequences of the removal, but the doctor overruled his objections, and his own opinions prevailed; however, the result proved that the Student was right, and the doctor wrong.

The child's natural tendency to consumption should have convinced an eminent medical practitioner that exposure to the damp air of the country in the month of February must have the effect of increasing the child's illness, and that the biting frosts and piercing March winds were no less dangerous to the delicate and tender frame of an infant child. This was evident from the result: the child struggled through the month of March, then drooped like a delicate flower, and quitted a troubled world in the first week of April, to join her

sainted mother in the mansions of everlasting rest. To the infant seraph we may truly address the following stanza :—

“ Happy infant, early blest,
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescued from the cares
Which increase with growing years,
No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they fall.”

On the death of his beloved child the property limited to her use by the mother's friends reverted to the original donors, and the Student took nothing ;—but this he recked not. Having lost his wife and child he no longer valued their money :—the loss of the former was indelibly engraved on his heart ; to the latter he was wholly indifferent. The poet has justly observed, that—

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

For this little the Student was now resolved to work like one of the sons of Adam, by the sweat of his own brow, and to seek no other reward in his short journey through human life, than the bright ray that springs from the pure source of a self-approving conscience. On receiving an account of the death of his child he found it necessary to set off without delay for the county Westmeath, to pay a last sad tribute of respect to the deceased child of her whom he so dearly loved ; but his chief difficulty now arose from the circumstances of his pupil, in whom he lost all confidence, from the knowledge of his vicious propensities, and therefore feared the consequence of leaving him alone for one week in such a place as Dublin ;

but feeling he had no other alternative, he thought his best policy consisted in professing confidence, though he did not feel it, and candidly to acquaint the pupil with the circumstances of his case; he therefore told him the pressing necessity that urged him to leave town for a week, and of committing him to the care of a faithful servant, who would pay him every attention, and furnish all things necessary until the Student's return. He then appealed to his sense of moral duty as a Christian and a gentleman, not to take an ungenerous advantage of the circumstances of his case by neglecting his studies in his absence, or mixing with his former dissipated associates. The pupil expressed deep sympathy for the afflictions of the Student, promising religiously to obey any rules laid down for him in his absence; the latter assured him that in the event of his doing so he would be most happy to make a favourable report of him to his father on his return to town.

Thus a covenant of mutual confidence was entered into between the Student and his pupil, to which both agreed strictly to adhere; but, alas! the promises of the depraved however solemn, are seldom carried into effect; even when made *bonâ fide* they have no firmness of purpose, no moral controlling power to fulfil their engagements, or to resist the allurements of those depraved appetites and passions by which they suffer themselves to be wholly governed and enslaved;—of this the conduct of the pupil in the present case furnished a painful illustration. The Student having made the necessary arrangements for his accommodation during his own absence in the country, committed him to the care of Providence, and set off for the county Westmeath, where he passed a serious and retired week in the society of his rela-

tives,—'twas a season full of sad trouble and bitter recollections to the Student and his friends,—former sorrows were revived, and domestic wounds being opened bled afresh ;—his sisters-in-law wished him to prolong his visit,—a request with which he felt much inclined to comply, but having formed an engagement in Dublin, he sacrificed inclination to duty, and having assisted in consigning his child to kindred dust, took leave of his friends, promising soon to revisit them, and quickly left for Dublin, where he arrived in the afternoon of the seventh day after his departure. On entering his house, his first inquiry referred to his pupil, and as to how he conducted himself in his absence ; but without hearing the answer of his servant, he could easily infer from her serious looks and hesitating manner that all was wrong—that the pupil broke his solemn word of honor, and violated the confidence reposed in him. The Student ordered the servant to tell the whole truth, particularly whether the gentleman had kept late hours in his absence, to which she answered in the affirmative ; adding that he was constantly surrounded by his dissipated companions since the Student left town ;—here the pupil entered the room like a criminal. His confused and embarrassed manner afforded the clearest evidence of his guilt ; however, the Student made no direct charge against him, but having briefly responded to his complimentary “ welcome home—hope you're well,” ordered him into the study, telling the servant that the pupil was not to be seen by any one that might call that afternoon. He then commenced his examination of the young gentleman in the portions of work that he had marked out for him on leaving town, and found him unable to answer a question,—all which proved that he did not open a book in his absence : not only this, but he quite forgot the answers to many important

questions which the Student had previously taken no small pains to impress upon his mind. Then it was that the Student coolly but bitterly upbraided him with breach of confidence and wilful falsehood, at the same time telling him that should he ever repeat the offence, that very instant he must cease to be his pupil. The young gentleman attempted no vindication of his conduct,—it was too glaring to admit of any ;—on the contrary, he seemed all repentance,—ready to repeat his former promises of amendment and reformation. To this the Student paid no attention ; he had no longer any confidence in the pupil ;—this he candidly told him, coolly adding, that one great evil attending falsehood was, that “ the liar was not believed, even when he spoke the truth.” The pupil evidently felt the sting of this reproach, but continued silent ; this, however, closed the conversation on this subject for the present between the Student and pupil, after which the former took his pupil for a short walk into the country, returning home to dinner about six o’clock. Dinner being ended, the pupil said, “ I have now to solicit the favour of your permission to take tea with a friend in town this evening ; this invitation I got two days ago, and promised with your leave to accept it ; should you kindly comply with this request, I promise not to repeat it until after my examination.” The Student felt such distrust in the veracity of the pupil, that his first determination was to refuse his consent ; however, fearing lest the effect of his non-compliance with a request so seemingly reasonable might be to afford the pupil a pretext for disobedience, and tempt him to take *French leave*, he replied, “ Well, suppose I consent to your going out to tea, at what hour do you mean to return ?” “ Any hour you may please to name.” “ Oh ! you are marvellously obedient. I shall then take you

on your own word, and name nine; will this hour suit you?" The pupil acquiesced. "Well, then, I give you until half-past eleven; but mark me, you must be punctual, and not make it a moment later than the hour I name, if you value me as a tutor and a host." The pupil seemed grateful for the indulgence, promised to keep his word, and having completed his toilette with all despatch, quickly disappeared.

It was then that the Student for the first time heard from the servant the full particulars of his conduct during his own absence in the country; and so shocked and disgusted was he with the detail as to feel convinced that the pupil's case was hopeless, and that he had no alternative but to dismiss him from his house as soon as possible, which he determined to do the following day.

'Twas now half-past eleven o'clock, the time appointed for the pupil's return, but the gentleman was not forthcoming. At this the Student felt no surprise—considering the report that he heard, it was no more than he expected. He accordingly sent the servant to bed, telling her he should ring for her on the return of the pupil. He then paced his room with no small anxiety until four o'clock the following morning, when a gentle knock at the front-door announced the gentleman's return. The servant, who had waited up all night, instantly opened the door and conducted him to the Student's bedroom, who was still up, and addressed him on coming in with great self-control, telling him that "he must instantly provide another residence for himself; that he did not keep a night house for the accommodation of gay young men, and would not suffer him to convert his house into one; consequently that he must quit that very instant, and might send for his luggage in the course of the day," adding that, "he

would write to his father by the first post a full account of all particulars, which, in self-justification, he felt himself in duty bound to do."

He then ordered the servant to show the gentleman out; but observing him to grow deadly pale, and to be evidently ill, he postponed his determination, and sent to fetch a doctor, but ere the messenger returned the pupil was seized with an alarming attack of English cholera; and in the absence of the servant the duty of nurse-tender devolved upon the Student himself. At length the servant returned, accompanied by the doctor, who, on examining the patient, pronounced his illness to be no way dangerous, but merely the effects of intemperance and excess, which required but a simple composing draught, which he administered, ordering him to be kept quiet for a few hours, that he would be soon to-rights again. The doctor's orders were strictly obeyed, and the pupil being relieved by the draught, soon dropped off into a sound sleep, from which he awoke in a few hours, perfectly recovered; he then asked if he might have some coffee and toast, which being brought to him, he ate a hearty breakfast, after which he quickly dressed himself, and asked the servant if he could see her master. The Student at first declined the interview, considering that no good could result from it; but the request being repeated, he changed his previous resolution, and told him he might come in. On entering the room, the pupil extended his hand to the Student, saying, "I know and feel that I am a disreputable and degraded character; but ere I quit your house, I think it my duty to thank you for all your kindness and attention to so unworthy a person as myself. I have now but one favour to ask of you, viz., to give me one trial more: grant me this request, and you will never have cause to regret it, or

to charge me with again breaking my word ; but under any circumstances, I am sure you are too kind to write to my poor father about me ; he is not in good health, and it would add greatly to his illness and unhappiness, as well as to that of my mother and family, should they hear of the rig that I am running in Dublin ; but if you give me one more chance of retrieving my character, this is all I ask."

The Student was not the man to turn a deaf ear to an appeal which seemed dictated by sincerity ; the pupil was again freely forgiven on his own terms, viz., that he should confine himself exclusively to his studies for the ensuing fortnight, and cut all his loose companions. The preliminaries being thus arranged, the pupil resumed his studies, which he prosecuted with such assiduity both day and night for a fortnight, that he passed his examination with great credit, or, to use his own words, "he came off with flying colours," an unexpected result, so flattering and gratifying to his father, that he gave the Student a most pressing invitation to pass the ensuing vacation at his Rectory in the county of Donegal. "Here," observed the Reverend gentleman, "we lead a sober and secluded life ; our circumstances are limited, and our circle equally so ; the only inducements we can offer you are good fish, good bathing, pure air, and a hearty welcome. Should you think these advantages deserving of your consideration, they are quite at your service."

The Student's mind had been for some time so weighed down with worldly troubles and domestic afflictions, that his constitution, though naturally robust, was evidently giving way ; and the doctor advised change of air and scene as the only remedy for his complaint. To this the Student replied that if his complaint were mental, change of scene, according to

the opinion of the poet, could be of no avail, "*Cælum non annum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," was a well known maxim. However, as the doctor was of a contrary opinion, and that the Student inclined to the superior practical wisdom of his views, he gratefully accepted the invitation of his Reverend friend so frankly tendered, and set off for the Rectory, county Donegal, at nine o'clock, A.M., the first week in August, by a stage coach, which brought him to his destination on the evening of the same day, just as the Rector and his family were in the act of sitting down to dinner. Their reception of the Student was most cordial and flattering ; but ere we sketch the Reverend gentleman and the family at the Rectory, it may be advisable to give some account of the physical and demoralized state of this part of the county of Donegal at the period of which we write, and of the causes that naturally led to this deplorable state of things, a subject to which we purpose to devote the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHERE rose the mountain, these to him were friends,
Where roared the ocean, therein was his home.—BYRON.

THE Student is now safely located at M— Rectory, county Donegal, the residence of his Reverend friend ; but ere we describe the Rectory and its happy inmates, the reader may pardon a short digression, whilst we briefly glance at the moral and physical condition of the particular district of Donegal visited by the Student, at the period to which we refer. Donegal Bay, as the reader may see by reference to the map of Ireland, washes a part of the north-western coast of Ireland, and is an arm of the Atlantic Ocean, about four miles in diameter, bounded on the north and south by steep and precipitous mountains ; *Slieve Alt*, to the rear of the Rectory, being considered one of the highest mountains in the north of Ireland. Here we may mention, *en passant*, that there is a singular lake, called Lake Salt, within three miles of the Rectory, about three quarters of a mile in length, and not more than 150 yards in diameter. This lake seems to undulate like the sea, though it neither ebbs nor flows, and is enclosed on the south and east by two hills more than 150 feet high, nearly perpendicular, and running parallel with the entire length of the lake. Some derive the name of the lake from the salt flavor

of its waters, but the Student having tasted them did not find such to be the case, the water not differing, in his opinion, from river water. The lake, however, is well deserving the notice of the curious traveller, and is the direct line of communication for horse and foot passengers (not for carriages) between the Rectory and the public road, by a broad pathway that runs along the border of the lake, until it meets the main road.

The beach, washed by the waves of the Atlantic, is about three miles in length, and the accumulating sands, drifted by the high winds and constant influx of the tide, had risen to such a height as to form clusters of hills in many places along the strand, which afforded a scanty pasture to goats, sheep, and sometimes to cows. The general appearance of the country seemed barren, and wholly destitute of plantations or any sort of improvement; nevertheless the ground in many places produces good crops of oats and barley.

A great majority of the population in the North of Ireland are Protestant, the proportion of Protestant to Catholic being in the ratio of six to one; but as regarded moral and religious improvement, the Protestant Church at this time did not seem to possess any decided superiority; the people in general, with few exceptions, whether Protestant or Catholic, seemed alike sunk in the darkest ignorance and the grossest superstition. The causes that led to this almost general demoralization of the peasantry of the country were many. We shall recount only a few of the most prominent sources of evil.

The country, as before observed, produced good crops of oats and barley; but these crops were cultivated, not for market overt, but with a view of converting them into what was called "potteen whisky." Should the smuggler be successful in

disposing of the produce of his farm, thus converted—a contingency which sometimes, though very rarely, occurred—he was sure to realize a profit infinitely beyond what such crops would fetch in the public market; but success in such cases was an event of such rare occurrence, that the instances of it were “few and far between;” failures were, on the other hand, all but universal, and ruinous to the speculators in this contraband trade; nevertheless, so great was the mania of the people for this illicit traffic, that we have heard of cases where the produce of a farm had been seized by the gauger four consecutive years, notwithstanding which the adventuresome smuggler tried it on a fifth time, when he succeeded in baffling the gauger, and disposing of the produce of his farm converted into whisky; but the gauger was generally successful in seizing in the stills, either by his own vigilance, or by keeping up a bribed corps of spies and informers, who first managed to ingratiate themselves into the confidence of the smugglers, and afterwards sold them; but even the gentry of the country, not excepting the magistrates, were not wholly free from the contaminating influence of the “mountain dew.” We have heard of many instances where casks of “Queen’s own” were presented to and received by these individuals, and we believe the cases to be few where the proffered gift was refused: * it cannot be denied that the necessary consequence of this

* It is even said that when George IV. visited Ireland, in the year 1821, he accepted a present of a cask of “potteen whisky,” to the peculiar flavor of which he seems to have been no stranger,—if it be true, as reported, that on tasting the beverage, he remarked to one of his courtiers, “This is real Queen’s.” We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this story, but that his Majesty was not a teetotaler admits, we believe, of no doubt.

state of things was drunkenness, perjury, and profligacy. This we consider the primary cause of the universal ignorance and demoralization of the people at the period referred to.

We may mention another prolific source of crime, not unfrequently resulting in murder—we refer to the perpetual strife between the gentry and the peasantry, owing to the exclusive right of fishing claimed by the former within particular arms of the bay, defined by buoys upon the water; those who had the audacity to transgress the prescribed imaginary line, had often to pay the penalty by having their nets seized, torn to atoms, and cast into the sea; and in the event of the fish poachers offering any resistance, bloodshed and homicide were sure to follow as a necessary consequence; no marvel, then, that demoralization and crime—the latter being a necessary consequence of the former—should be widely extended along the coast of Donegal at the time. That these evils have resulted from the sources to which we have traced them, no intelligent or impartial man can attempt to deny.

Having thus given to the reader a general account of the causes that led to the demoralized condition of the inhabitants of Donegal twenty-two years ago, we now propose to give a short sketch,—first of the Rectory of M—; secondly, of the Reverend occupant and his family; and in reference to the former it may be truly observed, that its unostentatious structure may be taken as a reflex of the economical character of the Reverend incumbent. It was but one story high, with, however, a single flight of stairs, that led to two comfortable back bedrooms, and was built upon a hill at the foot of the lofty mountain *Slieve Alt*, before named,—overlooking the Bay of Donegal. The house was but of small dimensions, consisting of a parlour, about twenty

feet square, and half a dozen bedrooms, exclusive of the two up-stair rooms before referred to. It presented a front to the bay; and the high spring tides sometimes rose to within fifty yards of the hall-door. Connected with the house was an office, where the Rector, who was a magistrate of the county, dispensed justice *solo*, before the institution of the *petty sessions*; and in a right line with the house, though nearer to the sea, was a good kitchen garden, well supplied with all manner of vegetables, and intersected with neat gravelled walks. From the relative position of the house and garden, as the latter sloped down towards the sea, persons might be seen walking in the garden from the parlour windows. The house, as may be supposed, was not very expensively furnished; nevertheless, the furniture, though plain, was good and substantial, being kept in excellent order, chiefly owing to the regular and industrious habits of the parson's wife, a lady about fifty years of age, who seemed well versed in domestic economy, and limited her whole care to the comforts of her own fireside, seldom receiving or returning the ceremonious visits of her neighbours, which she felt would be inconsistent with her limited circumstances, and interfere with the prior duty that she owed to her own domestic establishment. She was a kind-hearted, good-natured woman, whose whole thoughts seemed engrossed and absorbed in attending to the comforts of her husband and family, in whose company she usually walked to church every dry Sunday, a distance of a mile and a half from the Rectory; but in wet weather she read her Bible at home. In her person she was tall, plain, and homely; her age was about fifty, as before stated. The Rector was a man about the same age with his wife, not possessed of very shining talents, or much book learning; but the absence of these high

qualities was amply compensated for by sound common sense and natural kindness of heart ;—he was a fond husband, an affectionate father, and a sincere friend, admired and respected by all for the solidity of his judgment and the amiability of his character ; but when surrounded by his own family circle, then it was that his social qualities fully developed themselves. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, which he had the happiest mode of communicating to his friends ; and his natural good humour was so genuine that it was often received as a substitute for want of learning and the lack of wit. His musical talents also were far from contemptible ;—he played on the flute with so much taste and pathos, that many preferred his notes to those of scientific players. But the kind-hearted Rector had his weak points—who has not ? In religion he was a bigot ;—in politics a high tory of the old school. In his convivial moments the party tunes of “ Croppies, lie down,” “ the Protestant Boys,” and the “ Boyne water ” usually kindled in his mind an extasy of delight, and no after-dinner toast could atone for the omission of the old conventional one of the “ glorious, pious, and immortal memory.”

With such principles and prepossessions, it cannot be matter of surprise that the Rector did not hold frequent intercourse with his Roman Catholic parishioners, clergy or laity ; yet, though naturally averse to the Catholic creed, to his credit it must be admitted that in his magisterial capacity he never suffered prejudice to warp his judgment or party feeling to counteract the impartiality of his decisions ; even when annoyed or calumniated by his Roman Catholic neighbours, he chose rather to forgive than retaliate. Of this we shall give but one instance, though in a position to produce many. Owing to some political difference, the parish priest and the rector had not

been for some time on speaking terms ; during this suspension of friendly intercourse, the priest imposed a particular penance on one of his flock, viz., that he should perform certain rounds at stated periods at a holy well, which being some distance from the poor sinner's residence, he neglected to perform. The Sunday next succeeding the imposition of the penance, the priest saw the man at chapel, kneeling, as is frequently the case, outside the chapel door, in accordance with a superstitious persuasion, that a man obtained the full benefit of the mass, provided he knelt down in sight of his church during the performance of divine service, and *à fortiori*, when kneeling immediately outside the chapel door : in this attitude was the penitent when the priest, coming up, demanded if he had performed his rounds, to which the man answered in the negative, whereupon this meek minister of the Gospel dealt the unfortunate individual so severe a blow with the end of his whip across the temples, that the blood gushed out in torrents, and the man had instantly to be conveyed to a surgeon to dress his wound. The following morning, whilst smarting with pain, the assaulted man went direct to the Rectory, to apply for a summons against the priest. The magistrate, having heard his story, refused to grant him the summons, but thus addressed him : " You come to me for a summons against your priest, now you still feel the smart of your wound ; but as soon as your head gets well, you will repent the steps you had taken, and not follow them up ; besides, you know that your priest and I are not on the best terms, and should I now comply with your request, such an act on my part would be imputed to vindictive feelings rather than to a sense of strict and impartial justice. I must therefore decline your application, at least for the present ; but if you come to me again

when your head is well, and that you are then of your present way of thinking, I shall receive your information, and grant you all the redress to which you are entitled. All I can do at present is to give you a letter to your priest, expressive of my opinion as to his cruel and unchristian conduct."

The kind-hearted parson accordingly wrote the proposed letter, which he handed to the man to deliver to his priest; whereupon the complainant departed. But the Rector did not see him again. This story redounds as much to the honor of the Christian parson, as to the disgrace of the violent and arbitrary priest. Having thus spoken of the Rector, and his impartiality as a magistrate, it now remains for us to say a few words as to his zeal in the discharge of his clerical duties, in which capacity we find him but one of a numerous class, who fancy they do quite enough for the interests of religion by attending church every Sunday, and reading, not preaching, perhaps, a printed sermon for the benefit of their hearers; in fact, the worthy Rector may be compared not inaptly to the Chaplain of Sir Roger De Coverley. He seldom, if ever, took the trouble to write his own sermon, but generally borrowed from Bishop Burnett, Paley, or some other eminent divine, whose compositions he considered more capable of imparting Scriptural knowledge and spiritual edification to his hearers than anything he could preach out of his own head. The sermon being ended, the Rector and his family returned from church, and his congregation did not see him again until the following Sunday; the intermediate time of the Reverend gentleman was chiefly engrossed by his magisterial and secular duties, and his flock were left to wander about like sheep without a shepherd; whilst his wife, being wholly engaged in the management of her domestic concerns, could spare little

time for attendance at Sunday-schools, or imparting Scriptural knowledge to the poor children of the parish. As to his sons they were only intent on the sports of the field, and passed their time in following their favorite amusements—to them the subject of religion seemed quite a secondary consideration, and so long as they could shoot a few brace of partridges or grouse in the season, to send as a present to the bishop of the diocese, they considered they had done their own part, and that such little favors might serve as a memento to refresh the mind of the bishop, in the event of his Lordship having got a vacant benefice or any lucrative windfal at his disposal ; whether such trifles could have any effect in influencing his Lordship in the dispensation of his patronage, we cannot take upon ourselves to say ; but human life is made up of trifles, and we may daily see important results arising from the most trivial causes ; but whatever may have been the conduct of the Rector's son, the Reverend gentleman himself was an intrinsically good man, who wished well to the interests of religion in general, and to the Church Establishment in particular ; and had his means corresponded to his inclinations, he would make sacrifices of time and money to promote the interests of both ; but his domestic establishment being large—consisting of a wife, two sons, and three daughters—and the income of his rectory not exceeding £350 per annum, the pressing exigencies of his family left him neither time nor means to give effect to his religious intentions. This was his apology : These muling things called “wives and wains would move the very heart o’ stanes.” The Student had already passed five weeks at the Rectory, conforming in all respects to the rules of his kind and hospitable host ; he felt his general health somewhat benefited by sea-bathing and sea air ; but his spirits were

not much improved, and his thoughts would often revert, in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, to sorrows past—a retrospect well calculated to give a melancholy tinge to his ideas, and to fill his mind with the most gloomy visions ;—this state of feeling rendered him unfit for any society, and frequently induced him to shun it. He would often walk alone for whole hours together along the sea-coast, gazing on the magnificent Atlantic, and wondering at the daring genius of the immortal man who first ventured “in a frail bark” to cross that mighty ocean, and to explore a new world beyond its incomprehensible limits. At another time he would take his seat on the summit of a lofty cliff, watching the heaving billows, and listening to their echoes as they “lashed the sounding shore.” All this filled his mind with wonder and admiration ; but what excited his liveliest interest was, to observe the sea-tossed bark, as she neared the shore, shattered by a long voyage, and making signals of distress. On such occasions, not unfrequent in the Bay of Donegal, the dauntless intrepidity with which the fisherman in his little craft ventured to the rescue of his perishing fellow-man at the imminent peril of his own life, excited in his mind the utmost wonder and admiration.

Gazing on scenes like this, time fled insensibly by, and the Student was often an hour too late for dinner ; nevertheless, when he did return, the kind-hearted Rector always gave him a hearty welcome, though the ladies, who often delayed dinner, contrary to the wishes of the Student, were not quite so complaisant ; but the cause of the delay being explained, his apology was received by all, at least with apparent, if not real satisfaction. But the truth is, the society at the Rectory was no longer agreeable to the Student ; the conversation there had nothing calculated to elevate the mind

or strike the imagination; he, therefore, preferred to hold communion with the wonders of Creation, and in exploring the heavenly volume, to seek that pleasure and improvement that the society of the Rectory was no longer capable of imparting.

His imagination had been for some time brooding over the past, and the thoughts of years gone by again rushed into his mind like a flood, depriving him of all power to resist their overwhelming force. The kind-hearted Rector, who was a close observer of the human character, saw with unfeigned regret the manifest change in the manner of his guest; but he had still six weeks to pass at the Rectory, and his host was resolved that this time should pass as agreeably as he himself and his family were capable of making it. Pursuant to this resolution the Rector himself and his family frequently accompanied the Student in his excursions—took him to see all places of any interest along the coast, particularly the caves and grottoes—scenes of exceeding interest. In some places several caves were found to run parallel a distance of several hundred yards, at the extremities of which private doors of communication were found, evidently the work of human hands; the roofs of these caves were curiously vaulted, and in several parts of the interior stone benches were to be seen, from which a reasonable inference may be drawn, that in the olden times these caves had afforded an occasional asylum, not only to the hermit and recluse, but also to the lawless chieftain and his predatory band. The marvellous legends related of these caves and their mysterious inhabitants may furnish abundant materials for an interesting romance or a fairy tale, but would be inconsistent with a work which purports to relate matters of fact, such as have come under the immediate observation of the writer: suffice it to

say that these caves were among the places of interest through which the Reverend Rector frequently conducted his guest—and that he and his family left nothing undone to reconcile him to his afflictions, and contribute to his health and happiness; and though these acts of kindness did not produce the desired effect, owing to the diseased state of the Student's mind, nevertheless he could not help feeling a deep debt of gratitude to the friends who gave such practical proofs of their kindness, and patiently submitted to eccentricities on the part of the Student, which must have often considerably interfered with their domestic arrangements and personal comforts. The Student was neither ungrateful nor insensible to such acts, and resolved to repay them in the only way at present in his power;—by devoting an hour daily to the tuition of the Rector's son, whom he had taken through the previous June examination, and who was now reading up for October. The former conduct of this young man must be fresh in the recollection of the reader,—but out of respect to the feelings of the father, the Student never acquainted him with his immorality, and lent him a helping hand on the present occasion entirely out of gratitude to the Reverend gentleman, whose kindness to the Student was such that he could not think of accepting any remuneration for his services; in short, a real friendship now began to grow up between the Rector and the Student, to such an extent that the Reverend gentleman communicated confidentially to his friend all his private circumstances, and consulted him in all matters where the interest of his family was involved. The Student now accompanied the Reverend gentleman to church regularly on Sundays—frequently read the Bible for the family at the request of the Rector, occasionally digressing to expound the meaning of the text, and availing himself of every

favourable opportunity to expatiate on what he considered the duty of a Christian clergyman, and the awful responsibility incurred by him on entering upon holy orders: the family listened with attention, and the Rector bore repeated testimony to the orthodoxy of the Student's theological opinions and the soundness of his religious principles; but the time for parting began at length to draw near;—this the Rector and his family seemed much to regret: the former had formed a sincere friendship for his visitor, and frequently said, “We never know the value of a friend till we lose him; but I trust I am an exception to the general rule, as I can now duly appreciate yours, and never can look back but with feelings of pleasure to the scenes of the last two months.”

The Reverend gentleman's heart seemed to expand, and a tear of pleasure to glisten in his eyes, as he uttered these words. The Student was no less affected; he felt himself wholly unworthy of so much confidence,—that he had done nothing to deserve it, at least in his own opinion, and considered himself but an unprofitable servant. A few evenings subsequent to this conversation a confidential communication took place between the Rector and the Student, to the following effect: the Reverend gentleman and his friend were sitting together after dinner, the family having gone for a long walk, when the following dialogue took place between them:—

“You,” observed the Reverend gentleman, “are my kind friend, and the friend of my family;—you have proved it more by deed than words. I, therefore, feel convinced you will candidly answer me two questions that I am about to propose to you. They refer to my son. First, do you think he possesses sufficient ability to be a useful preacher of the Gospel? Secondly, is his conduct such as, in your opinion, to reflect credit on the

sacred profession for which I intend him?" The Reverend gentleman paused for a reply, which the Student, after some hesitation, thus returned:

"In answer to your first question: I have no hesitation in saying 'yes;' I do think he possesses sufficient ability to be an efficient preacher of the Gospel; but as to your second, *quære*. I should rather decline to answer it, as I think that you yourself and his family, who know him best, must be the most competent judges on this point." "My dear friend," rejoined the Rector, "I expected more candour, and less reserve from you in answer to my questions. Living as we do in this outlandish part of the world, we have not many opportunities of watching the moral conduct and natural propensities of the boy. But you have known him in Dublin, 'that focus of dissipation.' Far removed from the scrutinizing eyes of his parents, he has lived under your own roof, as your own pupil—you must know his character much better than I do. I, therefore, think you are in duty bound to give a direct answer to my second question, and to deal candidly with me on the present occasion." The Student, after a moment's reflection, thus replied:—"Reverend sir, I am exceedingly sorry you should press me for an answer to your very delicate question, more particularly as I am not able to return a favourable one; but as you have put this question so pointedly to me, I feel bound to tell you candidly, but at the same time in the strictest confidence, that my knowledge of your son obliges me to draw an unfavourable conclusion as to his moral and religious character; and unless God should give him a new heart, I do not think him a young man likely to reflect credit on the ministry!"

"I feel quite astounded; pray tell me candidly, as a sincere friend, the reasons on which you found your opinions;—you

may rely on my secrecy. I shall not communicate what you tell me in confidence, not even to my own wife, without your permission. When I hear the whole truth I may then be able to apply some effectual remedy." "My kind friend," answered the Student, "nobody knows better than yourself that the remedy in this case must proceed, not from the works of man, but from the operation of the Holy Spirit; 'unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.' Your son is young in years, but old in profligacy, and should the Lord not reform his carnal heart, you are morally bound, not only not to sanction his taking holy orders, but to exercise your parental authority in dissuading him from it." The Student then candidly detailed to the father the full particulars of the son's conduct from first to last; on hearing which the Reverend father wrung his hands, sobbed aloud, and exclaimed, "Now I feel truly wretched. I am not young in life, and anything but a rich man, as you are well aware; neither is my constitution very robust to bear much *more wear and tear*. I own that on this youth I have set my heart, fondly dreaming that he may become the pride of my life, the solace of my declining years; that he may succeed to the living that I hold—become the support of his widowed mother, a guardian to his helpless sisters, and an ornament to the Church of God. In all these visions, I confess my weakness, I fondly indulged. All my long-cherished hopes now seem about to be blasted for ever; and this son, on whom I have set my heart, is likely to be a curse, not a blessing, and to bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Again the Reverend gentleman was overpowered by his feelings; but the Student exhorted him, as a clergyman and a Christian man, never to despair; adding, "'All is not lost that's

in danger; whilst there's life there's hope !' Your son may yet return to a proper sense of the duty that he owes to God and to his over-indulgent parents; 'with God all things are possible,' and His grace may yet work a change in his heart that no human means can effect; but until 'his change comes,' he is utterly unfit for the ministry, and no Christian man would advise him to enter into it."

In this view of the case the Reverend gentleman expressed his full concurrence, thanked the Student for his kind sympathy; but added, "Will you not help me to recover my lost son, and bring him back to his disconsolate father?" "My kind sir, you know I should willingly serve your son if in my power; but I can do nothing in his case—you know I cannot: he is now removed from under my authority; and no earthly consideration could induce me again to undertake such a responsibility. When he returns to Dublin he will be his own master—most sincerely do I hope, for your sake, as well as his own, the grace of God may give a proper direction to his thoughts, and bring him back to the paths of duty." "Do you know anything of his Dublin companions?—I know you do. I know that for my sake you will do your utmost to break up this bad connexion, and to save him from its demoralizing influences; the only favour I now ask of you is, to have an eye to him on his return to Dublin, and should you see or hear of his keeping bad company, that you may write directly to inform me of it, and then, be the consequences what they may to me and my family, I shall never permit him to enter the Church." "My dear friend," responded the Student, "in your natural anxiety to serve your son, you seem to forget that you are imposing an invidious duty upon me, and one quite inconsistent with my ideas of honor and independence; for what is it,

after all, but a request that I should become a spy upon your own son, to turn informer against him? Such a name among my college friends would prove fatal to my character." "But suppose I tell my son that I have made a request of you; should you see or hear of his keeping bad company in college, to acquaint me with it; surely, there can be nothing wrong in this; the request would be open and candid—would it be consistent with your ideas to comply with such a request?" The Student answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the Reverend gentleman, "this is all I ask you to do for me."

This conversation lasted two hours without intermission, and would have continued longer, if not interrupted by the return of the ladies, who had considerably prolonged their walk along the sea-coast that afternoon. On entering the room they could instantly observe a marked alteration in the appearance and manner of the Reverend gentleman, and asked the cause. "Oh! 'tis nothing at all; it has been caused by your long absence. I was beginning to fear that some of the wild men of the caves had sallied forth, and carried you away captive; my friend here and I were just preparing to set off to the rescue, when relieved from our fears by your agreeable return. Now I am myself again. Should you like a fresh specimen of my instrumental powers?" To this the ladies assented, whereupon the Reverend gentleman played with his usual pathos Moore's inimitable air of "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" The effect was quite touching, so much so that one of the young ladies said, "Oh! papa dear, you make us quite melancholy—pray do play something more sprightly."

Here the Reverend gentleman, like Timotheus of old, changed his mournful strains, and played the popular ballad

of "The girls I left behind me." The minstrel seemed to throw his entire soul into the music, which was loudly applauded. The tune being played, the Reverend gentleman returned the flute to its case, and said, "Now, what think you of a cup of tea?—you may find it refreshing, after your long ramble." This proposition was seconded by all, and in a few minutes the happy circle were seated round the tea-table. Here the ladies took up the conversation, and gave an interesting account of their afternoon's adventures, with which they entertained the company for the rest of the evening. At length the hour of rest approached, when the Reverend gentleman said, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission we shall now read a chapter; you will admit that, after all, this is the *Alpha* and *Omega* of all things." With these words he handed a Bible to the Student, adding, "Our kind friend will read, after which I shall offer up my unworthy prayers for you all." The Student having taken *the book*, read a chapter, after which the Reverend gentleman delivered an extempore but most comprehensive prayer with more than ordinary fervency and pathos, that seemed to produce a deep impression on the family circle. The Student was sensibly affected, the more so from the feeling that he himself had tuned the strings that produced this solemn effect. Thus ended a day which to the Reverend Rector was one of intense interest, as involving the moral character and future prospects of his favourite son; but the Reverend gentleman was a Christian man, who never despaired of the mercies of the Lord. He called to mind the story of the Prodigal Son, and breathed a secret hope that his own son might follow the example of the prodigal's repentance, without "feeding on the husks of swine," or suffering those

privations which led to an alternative so truly humiliating to human nature. With such mingled feelings of resignation and hope, the Reverend gentleman pronounced a blessing on his family circle, and retired for the night.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FULL many a stoic eye, and aspect stern,
Hide hearts where grief has little left to learn ;
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.—BYRON.

THE Student also retired, but not to rest ; the exciting scenes of the past day wholly banished sleep from his pillow. Left alone, in the silence of night, he compared his own feelings and situation with that of the Rector, and the contrast revived in his mind the most painful emotions. It is true that the depraved habits of a favorite son were to a fond parent a natural source of unfeigned regret and bitter reflection ; nevertheless this son was young, and a fond parent was naturally inclined to attribute his levities rather to the buoyancy of a youthful mind than to any innate depravity of heart, and still clung to the hope, that, as “a wild youth often makes a wise man,” so his son might yet abandon his evil ways, and realize all the long-cherished hopes of a fond father regarding him ; and even though such hopes should prove delusive, nevertheless, the Reverend gentleman could fall back for relief on the consolations of religion, and the society of a devoted wife and affectionate daughters, by whom he was tenderly loved : this reconciled him to his lot, and enabled him to breast the deep waves of affliction ;

but to domestic consolation the Student was a total stranger. Left alone in life,—bereft of father, mother, wife, and children—he felt,—keenly felt, all the wretchedness naturally resulting from his own solitary and isolated position in the world, and this the more acutely, that he had tasted the sweets of domestic happiness, and now felt its deprivation with a greater degree of intensity; in a word, the sorrows of the Rector were bliss itself when compared to his. Impressed with such feelings the Student could not rest, but rising from his bed about two in the morning, he sat by his bedroom window, which looked out upon the bay. The night was perfectly tranquil; the stars, reflected by the waves, glittered in the dark blue vault of the firmament; all around was silent as the grave, save when the stillness was broken by the rumbling of the waves as they dashed against the basement of the Rectory, or were re-echoed by the surrounding caverns. At such an hour it was a grand and solemn spectacle to behold—the heaving billows rolling mountains high, and struggling like a fiery steed to shake off all control and pursue their headlong course, until checked by the voice of Omnipotence commanding, “Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther.” On this majestic scene the Student gazed in admiration and wonder, until the horizon began to assume a sanguine hue, and the sun to rise in all its glory from the eastern wave, like a globe of fire, gilding with crimson and gold the glassy surface of the bay. The effect of such a glow of sunshine upon the Student, after a restless night, was to produce a drowsy sensation, which he was about to indulge, and was in the act of laying his head upon his pillow for this purpose, when a knock at his bedroom door roused him from his lethargy; and on asking who was there, the Rector answered,—“It is I, your dear friend; I come to inform you that, as this is your last day at the Rectory, we have deter-

mined to have a cruize on the bay, and a pic-nic on the island in compliment to you. Come down as soon as possible: the ladies are all up, waiting breakfast for you."

The Student was dressed in a few moments, or rather was ready dressed—not having taken off his clothes all night. On going down to the parlour he found the party all assembled for prayer, which being over, the kind-hearted parson said to the Student, who was looking pale and harassed—the effects of a restless night,—“Cheer up, my dear fellow; remember the old proverb, ‘A faint heart never won a fair lady,’ ‘none but the brave deserve the fair;’ come now, let us enjoy a good breakfast, after which I shall introduce you to the beauties of Donegal Bay, of which you may now see about me some fair living samples.” The last words were particularly addressed to his daughters (the action being suited to the words), who smiled at the gallantry of their good-humoured, kind-hearted father.

Breakfast being over, “Now,” said the host to his guest, “give your arm to Miss W—, and lead the way.” “Not so,” replied the latter, “*Seniores priores; I præ sequar.*” The Reverend gentleman accordingly took the hint—led the van—his wife leaning on his arm.

On reaching the beach, they found a yacht with two stout rowers in readiness, into which they entered, and in half an hour were cruising about in the centre of the bay. It was a heavenly day; the sun shone forth in all its meridian splendour; not a cloud appeared to darken the horizon, or a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the bay, which resembled in smoothness a sheet of glass, save when a heaving billow occasionally raised the yacht upon its ridge, which being broken, the curling wave was marked by a slight but distinct line of foam.

The ladies, before going aboard, were furnished with fishing-rods; the gentlemen with fowling pieces, with which they intended to amuse themselves in shooting seagulls, until ordered by the Rector not to use them for this purpose, not to be cruel for fun without any necessity, but to recollect Æsop's fable of "the Frogs and the Boys." "I am resolved," continued the Reverend gentleman, "that not a living thing shall fall by my hand this day, not so much as a fly: 'let's tread aside, and let the reptile live.' Look you here: this is my instrument of destruction," producing his favourite flute.

The good parson's humane resolution was applauded by the ladies; whereupon the Reverend gentleman commenced to play his favourite airs, which seemed to steal along the waves, and being re-echoed by the surrounding caverns, to produce a most enchanting effect. The legend of Orpheus arresting the course of the rapid streams, and commanding the breathless attention of the listening groves, was no longer a fable; all nature seemed as if on the *qui vive* to catch the heavenly sounds of the Reverend minstrel; in a word, the party appeared delighted and happy. For three hours they amused themselves in thus cruising about the bay, until the excitement of the scene began gradually to subside, being succeeded by the return of appetite, produced by exercise, and sharpened by the sea breezes: this reminded them that the hour for dinner was drawing near; accordingly, the rowers erecting a sail, rowed for the land, and in less than twenty minutes pushed their little craft aground, in a shallow between two projecting cliffs—where, assisted by some good-natured country folk upon the beach, they managed to effect a landing, though not without receiving the full benefit of the spray, which seemed less agreeable to the gentlemen than the ladies, to whom it afforded a subject of much merriment, even at

the sacrifice of some article of dress. The gallantry of the gentlemen was tested on the occasion, each of whom vied with the other in bearing his fair charge safe to land, a task which they at length successfully executed.

Having ascended one of the group of islands above referred to, they found an excellent cold dinner awaiting them, which was cooked overnight by orders of the hospitable host. In an instant the entire party were assembled round the festive board; the Reverend gentleman taking his place at the foot of the table, and his wife at the head. It has been said that hunger is the best sauce; this was realized on the present occasion. It was interesting to witness the *goût* with which all seemed to enjoy the repast, and the profound silence that prevailed during the performance of this interesting scene, which was only interrupted by the din of knives and forks, or the broken surges as they dashed against the surrounding rocks.

Dinner being ended, the Reverend gentleman returned thanks; after which he proposed a full bumper to the health of the ladies.

He then arose, and having deputed his son-in-law to act as Vice-president, only for a few moments, whilst he was giving a few verbal commissions to the Student to be delivered to some of his Dublin friends, he beckoned to his favourite son, and placing himself in the centre between the son and his friend, took an arm of each, and addressed his son as follows:—

“ My dear boy, you have always been my favourite child; this you well know, even though I were silent on the subject. I have always called you my ‘*spes gregis*,’ let me hope you may never become my ‘*opprobrium pagi*.’ I know the kindness of your heart—that you love me and your family I have no doubt; but I want some practical proofs of your real affection—prove this by deeds, not by words; words are idle, and amount to nothing at

all. What I fear—I speak with the utmost candour—is, lest your heart may not be proof against the numerous temptations of the Irish metropolis,—temptations that, like the fabled Syrens, first attract the unguarded by their musical fascinations, next convert them into swine, and finally devour them. Against such dangerous corruptors I wish, if possible, to stop the ears of my dear boy, by placing him under the surveillance of a kind friend, who may help to rescue him from their fatal embraces—this friend I consider the individual whose arm I now hold, and in whose hearing I now speak;—only do what is right, and I am convinced this friend will never abandon you; study to merit his favorable opinion, and you are sure to secure mine; but should you neglect the advice of this friend, or act contrary thereto, then, indeed, your mother and I would have just cause to feel seriously alarmed for your moral improvement, as well as for your present and future happiness. I shall now be quite candid and explicit in telling you that I have it on the authority of your brother-in-law, that you have several dangerous companions in Dublin; but one in particular, against whom I want most particularly to guard you. I wish you to break off all connexion with this profligate young man—I ask this as a favor—will you comply with my request?” The son answered in the affirmative. “My dear boy,” continued the anxious parent, “I am inclined to believe your word, and to think and hope the best; but knowing as I do, the weakness of the human heart, and the fickleness of the human mind, I own I am not without strong misgivings, owing to my over-anxiety for your welfare. I have, therefore, made a request of our friend, ere he leaves us, to have an eye to you in Dublin, and should he ever see or hear of your keeping the company of the individual against whom I caution you, to acquaint me with the circumstance as soon as possible. Will

you," said the Reverend gentleman (turning to the Student), "grant me this favor?" The latter acquiesced.

The Rector was in the act of expressing his thanks, when interrupted by the presence of the ladies, who severely reproached their father with dividing their party and marring their enjoyment. "The party," observed the ladies, "has been given as a compliment to our friend; but you make a monopoly of his society, and shut us out of the meeting: this is not fair."

The Rector wishing to give a pleasant turn to the conversation, jestingly replied, "that his friend had some proposition to make to him regarding his fair daughters, which did not admit of procrastination, as he was about to set off for Dublin that afternoon—will this plead my excuse?" "Not it, indeed, papa," was the curt reply; "had your friend any proposition to make in reference to your 'fair daughters' as you call them, they would be the first to hear it, and you the last to divulge it." "Oh, no! this will never do—we cannot listen to such nonsense."

Here the entire party resumed their places at the table, when the Reverend gentleman again charmed them with his favorite melodies, and closed the scene by proposing the health of the ladies, and calling upon the Student to speak to the toast. This was an arduous undertaking, to which the Student felt wholly incompetent to do justice under the circumstances of his case; however, he got upon his legs—affected to look gay—made an effort to say something smart, which was well received, and then resumed his seat.

After this the entire party rose, descended from the island, and walked along the sea-coast to the Rectory, where they arrived about six o'clock.


An early tea had been ordered for the accommodation of the Student, who had to go that evening to the town of Strabane,

a distance of six miles, where he determined to stop the night, in order to be in time for the Dublin coach, which started every morning from that town at six o'clock.

Tea being ended, and the hour of parting having arrived, the Student bid a last affectionate adieu to his kind friends, from whom he parted with unfeigned feelings of the sincerest gratitude. The Reverend Rector accompanied him two miles on his journey, on horseback. The conversation reverted over and over again to his favorite son ;—the subject being next his heart, was always ready at his lips ; men being naturally inclined to speak frequently on those topics that most deeply interest them. The Student repeated his promise to the Rector regarding his son ; the latter then pressed his hand affectionately, adding, "Farewell—God bless you. Let us hear from you immediately on your return to Dublin ; we shall be quite on the fidgets until we do hear. Believe me, I and every member of my family shall ever feel deeply interested in your welfare."

Having thus spoken, the Reverend gentleman returned to the Rectory, and the Student proceeded on his journey to Strabane, where he arrived about half-past seven in the evening.

In Strabane there was but one inn of any consequence, but this afforded excellent accommodation, and as the charges were high, none except persons of independence were in the habit of frequenting it. Those who wished to make sure of a seat in the Dublin coach, found it their interest to stop the night at this inn, being the one from which the coach started every morning. Of this number was the Student, who now entered the inn, where he met with the singular adventure which furnishes the subject-matter of the ensuing chapter.



CHAPTER XIX.

UPON a hoary cliff that watched the sea
Her babe was found dead ; upon its little cheek,
The tear that nature bid it weep had turned
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam ;
And to the turf its helpless hand was frozen,
For she the woeful mother had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate, and of her own ;
Yet, had she many days of sorrow in the world, but ne'er wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hands
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring ;
When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said,
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave, when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home—
Or child, or Heaven, or Hell, or God ; but still—
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked of them,
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe, too wide to see beyond—she died.

—*Pollock's Course of Time.*

ON entering the public room of the inn at Strabane, the Student observed but one individual, sitting in an arm-chair at the upper end of the room, with a book in his hand, which so engrossed his attention, that he did not raise his head as the Student came in, but continued to pore over the contents of the volume which he was reading. There was an air of dignity

about the stranger, that, independent of his blue braided frock-coat and black stock, convinced the Student that he was not only a military man, but a gentleman, and man of the world; his hat was covered with crape, a mark of deep mourning for some dear departed friend that instantly created a feeling of interest and sympathy in the Student's mind in his favor; his age might have been about thirty-eight; in stature he was slight and well-proportioned; he wore moustaches, and had a profusion of black hair, thickly matted, that flowed in a sort of wild confusion about his face; his eyes were black and penetrating, and as he raised them towards the Student, the latter could discern the lines of thought deeply marked upon his brow, with a somewhat wild expression of countenance, though chastened and softened down by a melancholy cast that indicated the internal workings of a troubled spirit—he fixed his eyes for a moment upon the Student, as if gazing upon vacancy, but again withdrew them, and returned to his reading without uttering a word. Seeing no disposition on the part of the stranger to enter into conversation, the Student took up a newspaper that lay upon the table, as if to read, when in reality his thoughts were far away, and his eyes merely wandered over the columns without reading a word. This taciturnity continued for half an hour, and might have lasted longer, had not the waiter entering the room—asked the gentlemen if they wished to dine? To this the stranger returned no answer; but the Student replied, “that he had already dined, but should like some tea.” “Perhaps, sir,” he added, addressing the stranger, “you may kindly join me in a cup.” The latter thanked him, and assented: in a few moments the waiter entered with a tray and some toast, upon which the stranger rising laid down his book, and took his seat at the table. The waiter asked the gentlemen “if they would wish him to pour out the tea,”

to which the Student replied, "No," and, addressing the stranger, said, "I have been to the University in my day, where the students are great adepts in the art of tea-making:" turning to the servant, he said, "with this gentleman's permission I shall pour him out a cup myself, and ring should we want you." The waiter took the hint, and left the room; but the reserve of the stranger continued. At tea he spoke but little, and tea being ended he again became moody and distracted: took out his watch—looked at it—put it into his pocket again—took up his book—turned over its pages for a moment, and addressing the Student, said,—“Sir, I hope you do not think me rude,—an inference which I fear may be drawn from the incoherency of my conduct; but though appearances may tell against me, I assure you rudeness is not a trait in my character; ‘we are not always what we seem.’” Then, pausing for a moment, and looking at the volume before him, he continued—“This is ‘Pollock’s Course of Time,’ a new publication—have you read it?” The Student answered in the negative. “Well then, you have much pleasure in reserve; the volume abounds in scenes and passages, so exquisitely touching and pathetic, that for natural beauty and real sublimity, they stand unrivalled in the English language;—take, for example, the history of the poor deluded maniac (referring to the heading of the present Chapter): what can exceed this in natural beauty, simplicity, and truth? this is, in reality, ‘holding the mirror up to nature;’ ’tis nature herself speaking her own language, and it reaches the heart; but none can enter into the sufferings of the poor forlorn lunatic, save he who has drained affliction’s bitter cup. “The voluptuary and lust-dieted man cannot appreciate them,—his mental faculties are so blunted by excess and stupefied by indulgence, as to be utterly unsusceptible of the finest feel-

ings of human nature, nay, wholly incapable of comprehending them; this privilege is reserved only for a few ill-fated men, like myself, who have waded through deep waters, and been melted down in the crucible of human distress." Here the speaker put down the book, wholly overcome by his own feelings, and remained silent for a few moments;—at length, recovering as if from a *reverie*, he said—"I fear you must think me either a fool or a madman, in thus obtruding my private sorrows upon you, who are an utter stranger to me; but there are certain moments when the human heart is so full, that its only safety consists in opening wide the flood-gates of the soul, and giving free vent to the bursting tide of its sorrows; the luxury of tears seems its only consolation; on the other hand, the dryness of the mental springs under such circumstances becomes a source of the greatest pain and the most aggravated affliction; a state of feeling that, no doubt, the prophet must have experienced in all its bitterness, when he pathetically exclaims, 'Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.'*" This is my apology for such a manifestation of weakness." "Pray, sir," answered the Student, "pass no apology to me. I myself am 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;' I can therefore fully enter into your feelings, and sincerely sympathize in your sufferings; but when you hear my tale, perhaps you may admit that there are degrees in human sufferings, and that yours have not yet reached the culminating point, a consideration that may help you to bear up under your troubles with greater patience and more moderation;—but to your story I am bound to give precedence, should you be pleased to make

* Jeremiah, Chap. ix., v. 1.

me the depository of your confidence. I shall then freely communicate mine ; to you, mutual benefit must result from such a confidential interchange of sentiment, and consolation follow as a necessary sequence." The stranger expressed his willingness to comply with these conditions, adding,—“It will be like taking a dead weight from my heart ; but ere I begin, it may be advisable to order the servant to remove the tray, to avoid interruption during our communication. Will you kindly ring the bell?” The Student complied, and the servant having entered the room, the stranger ordered supper at twelve o’clock, adding, “Until then we must not be interrupted.” The servant having promised attention to his orders, quietly left the room, when the two gentlemen took their seats at the table, and the stranger began as follows :—“My name is L—n. I am a captain in His Majesty’s service, the eldest son and heir of Mr. L—, a gentleman of fortune, resident in the county of Kilkenny. On leaving school, I entered the Dublin University as a Fellow Commoner, which, however, I quitted in less than a year, a military life being more congenial to my feelings, and obtained a commission, by purchase, in the East India Company’s service.

“In my boyish days I had read much of Eastern scenes. The romantic beauties of the Vale of Cashmere ; the Punjaub ; the wealth of Golconda,—all fixed themselves so deeply in my mind, and so wrapt my youthful imagination, that I felt the most uncontrollable ardour to visit those scenes ; and now that I had attained the age of manhood, I was resolved to realize the fond visions of my school-boy days ; but there remained one insurmountable obstacle in the way of my roving propensities : a young lady, to whom I was attached from my youth, and who returned my affections with all the ardour of a youthful and devoted heart,—to quit her would be a sacrifice to which I felt

myself unequal, and might seem a violation on my part of solemn vows and mutually plighted love—an imputation wholly repugnant to my feelings and sense of honor; but owing to some family differences, the intimacy between the lady and myself had been wholly suspended for better than twelve months, and this I was led to construe into a feeling of indifference on her part towards me, so much so as to consider myself wholly released from my former engagements to her, and consequently at perfect liberty to follow the natural bent of my own inclinations, now that the only tie was severed that bound me to home. However, before quitting my native land, I was moved by not an unnatural feeling of youthful vanity to appear before my former lover in my regimentals, and to take a last farewell of the first object of my youthful affections; but the effect of this interview was to revive all my former prepossessions in favor of the lady, and hers towards me. We were in the same rank in life,—our fortunes were nearly equal, and the parents at either side seemed disposed to sanction our union, more particularly as the young lady expressed her willingness to accompany me to any part of the world wherever I might choose to take her; the consequence was, that, in one short month, which to us seemed very long, she and I became man and wife, and the next month found us on our overland route to India. I felt most desirous to visit the northern provinces of Hindostan, more particularly the romantic Vale of Cashmere, in the society of my beautiful and beloved bride, in order to realize the anticipated visions of the past as expressed in the following romantic lines:—

“ Oh! blessed of delights, as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved one, what a treasure is his!
Who in moonlight and music thus calmly can glide,
Through the Vale of Cashmere with this one by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she can make of Cashmere!”

“With such feelings and prepossessions in favor of the romantic vale, I managed, though at no small pecuniary sacrifice, to get exchanged from an English to a Sepoy regiment, then quartered at the Vale.” (In modern times few English officers would run such a risk; but the case was different twenty-two years ago. Then the best understanding existed between the English and the natives. Then the English name was honored and respected throughout the length and breadth of Hindostan. Let us express a passing hope that our country may again recover her lost *prestige* over the minds of her Indian subjects, not by the terror of her arms, or the vindictive effusion of human blood, but by the wisdom of her councils, and the Christian forbearance of her policy.)

Having made this slight digression, we again resumed the thread of the gallant Captain’s narrative:—

“My wife was no less anxious for this change of scene than I. My rank in the army, added to some personal influence, obtained for Mrs. L— and myself easy access to the Emperor’s private parties; we had the honor of dining frequently in his company, and of visiting all those scenes and places of which so much has been written and sung, that it would only be waste of time to enter into minute detail of places, which perhaps are as well known to you (at least from books) as they are to me; besides, the thread of my story begins to grow so dark, that glowing imagery and animated description would be not only inconsistent with my narrative, but with the state of my own mind.

“I had been now six years resident in the Vale, where my wife and I enjoyed all the luxuries that money could procure, and which a scene so romantic was so capable of imparting. During my sojourn, my wife presented me with a daughter

and a son ; the latter died a few months from his birth ; but my daughter seemed to grow up a model of personal beauty, the fairest flower of the Vale of Cashmere.

“ She was the idol of her mother, and mine ; the admiration of all who visited our quarters ; and was then in her fifth year ; but, though her presence seemed indispensable to our mutual happiness, nevertheless her education and her own future welfare were objects of paramount importance. We, therefore, determined to sacrifice our own feelings to the interests of our child, to send her back to England for the benefit of her education, and to place her under the care of her grandmamma,—who from her well-known talents and many virtues seemed particularly capable of ‘ training the tender thought,’ and attending to the personal health and happiness of our only earthly treasure ; accordingly, in the spring of the same year, we placed her under the care of a brother officer, about to return, with his wife and family, to Europe, by the Overland route, and in less than three months had the happiness of hearing from her grandmamma of her safe arrival at the residence of her ancestors, and of receiving a letter enclosed from the dear child herself, addressed to her mamma and myself, describing her happiness in the society of her grandmamma, and giving an artless but singularly interesting account of her voyage home.

“ As years rolled on ‘ she grew in grace and stature,’ and was as remarkable for the endowments of her mind as for the fascination of her person.

“ Every succeeding post brought letters, as well from the dear child as from all our friends, too flattering to the pride of her parents ; but, alas ! human happiness is of short duration—the fairest flowers are frequently nipped in the bud—the sun that rises brightest in the morning of life, as the day advances, often

becomes involved in clouds and terrific with storms—a sad lesson to sinful man, not to set his affections on the perishable goods of human life. The too flattering accounts lately received, regarding the dear child, were soon followed by the less cheering news of the illness of my father, with an order for my instant return; and this order was quickly followed by a newspaper giving an account of his death. The shock occasioned by this account was too much for my nervous temperament; the more so, as my conscience was not wholly free from the sting of self-reproach, in abandoning my father in his declining years, in order to gratify a morbid propensity to visit foreign countries, when I should have stayed at home, as in duty bound, to attend to the personal wants of a kind parent, and to smoothe the pillow of his declining years. Young has well observed that,

“Without thought our curse were half unfelt;
Its sharpest sting would spare the human heart.”

“The words of the poet were now painfully realized in my case; all my bright ideal of happiness seemed now but a delusive dream, and I was not without some ominous forebodings that a heavier blow was still in reserve for me, and that the bitterest shaft in the quiver still remained to be discharged: these, alas! were not vain fears, but natural inferences from the fact, that the late accounts as to the health of my daughter were not quite so cheering as formerly; she was represented to me as extremely delicate, and having a tendency to decline; the Doctor however, left us grounds to hope that she might still rally, but that variety and change of scene were absolutely indispensable to her recovery. The first account convinced me that it was all over with my child—that I should see her no more in this life; the thought of such a calamity plunged my wife and myself into

all the horrors of despondency. Religion, philosophy, the sympathy of friends—all were absorbed—forgotten in the overwhelming sense of our bereavement, and for a season we resigned ourselves to all the horrors of despair. At length, roused from this lethargic state, my wife having completed some necessary arrangements at the Vale (for myself I felt prostrate—body and mind—wholly incapable of any exertion), we returned to England by the Overland route. Our passage was a remarkably quick one. On our arrival in London, we went direct to the house of a near relative, residing in the West End. With a trembling hand and palpitating heart I knocked at the door;—a chilling sensation crept through my whole frame. I anticipated the worst; I was prepared for the worst, and the worst was realized. I could read in the looks of my friends and their deep mourning that I was childless, and soon learnt that she to whom I looked forward as the pride of my life, and the consolation of my old age, was now mouldering in the silent grave, and that I was left desolate.

“I felt sick at heart; for many days I wholly abstained from food;—such was the state of my feelings, that I appeared to my friends quite deranged, and my death was hourly apprehended. My wife was no less affected by our bereavement, though she bore it with more fortitude and greater self-control. I believe that, under trying circumstances, the weaker vessel often proves the stronger, and presents a bold front to the rising surges of adversity, when the lords of the creation hang down their heads in hopeless despair, and suffer themselves to be swept away by the torrent without any resistance. Of this superiority on the part of woman the instances are innumerable in every age, and in all countries; the names of Artemisia and Portia will go down the stream of time encircled by a halo of

glory, whilst the heroism and devotedness of a Lavalette and a Corday in modern times furnish a theme for panegyric to every succeeding generation ; neither are these acts of devotedness on the part of our fair countrywomen limited to particular times or great emergencies ; they are of daily occurrence in domestic life—they constitute the great charm of the sex, and are the surest foundation of true happiness, if such a thing can be supposed to exist in the present sublunary state—so full of troubles, vicissitudes, and trials. Even my wife, in her own sphere, has proved herself a heroine of no ordinary grade—for me she braved all the perils of the ocean—for me she resided for years in a remote part of the globe, far away from all her friends. The death of her daughter was to her the greatest of all shocks ; nevertheless, fearing the effect that any indulgence of sorrow on her part might have upon my constitution, she has struggled successfully to smother a mother's feelings, and has lately proposed to accompany me direct to our own home, without any delay—a proposition that I should have embraced, had not my medical friends opposed it, on the ground that my sudden return might be attended with dangerous consequences in my present feeble and nervous state. I therefore suggested to my wife to return without me, promising to follow as soon as the state of my health should enable me to undertake the journey. With this suggestion she complied, and set off, accompanied by her maid, without a moment's delay, and arrived at our country residence the following afternoon. The return of post brought me a consolatory letter announcing her safe arrival. It is now a fortnight since we parted, and she is anxiously waiting my return. I start to-morrow morning on my homeward journey. But, my dear friend, shall I now acknowledge to you my ingratitude — shall I call it infidelity to

my wife? No, my conduct does not merit so harsh a name—to her I was never unfaithful—never unkind; no one can justly charge me with such an offence;—neither did my wife ever accuse me of it; nevertheless, in spite of all her devotion to me—all the personal sacrifices she made on my account, I cannot help myself. I return home with a broken heart. The sorrows of life are too many for me—the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me—I feel my earthly career drawing rapidly to a close. The death of my father I might have borne, though to me a subject of great mental remorse; nevertheless he lived out his time, and was gathered to his fathers in a good old age: but my daughter—the pride of my life—the joy of my heart—the source, next to God, of all my present and future happiness—to see her nipped like a rose-bud in the morning of life! Oh! the reflection is too painful—beyond expression—beyond endurance. No one can tell, no one can conceive the intensity of a parent's sufferings in my case, save one who, like me, has drunk to the lees the 'cup of wormwood and gall.' You have seen, my kind friend, the poor hind who breaks stones on the public road for fourpence a-day from morning till night. God is my Judge, I would willingly change my condition with his, had God spared me my child. By the death of my father I inherit an estate of eight thousand a year, and have saved up from five to six thousand pounds during my sojourn abroad. I am what is called a rich man,—but what is wealth to me? It cannot purchase peace of mind, it cannot secure happiness; much less can it bring back my daughter—without her this life has no charm for me—no tie to bind me to it. Peace of mind—alas! this is a blessing I can never enjoy until I 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and lay my weary limbs in the cold, silent tomb that contains the mortal remains of her who

was dearer to me than life, and whose premature death I shall never cease to deplore."

The Captain having spoken these words looked wildly round, and uttered some incoherent sentences, but again recovering the thread of his reasoning, he thus concluded :—" You have now heard my tale ; I thank you for the courtesy with which you have listened to me, and I trust I am fully capable of appreciating the kindness of your sympathy. I am now ready to hear your tale in my turn, with the same degree of attention that you have extended to me ; but should the web of your destiny be composed of threads as dark as mine, sad indeed must be your lot, and obdurate the heart of him who could withhold from you the tear of sympathy and the hand of friendship ; but if such a man there be, thank God that I am not that heartless individual."

The Captain having finished his tale, a pause of a few moments elapsed, during which the Student endeavoured to arrange his thoughts, and then addressed his friend as follows :—

" My dear friend—if you will allow me the honor to call you so—I have listened with the most painful interest to your extraordinary story. Yours is indeed a truly heart-rending case ; would I had the power of applying the balm of consolation to your afflicted spirit, for though we be strangers one to the other, nevertheless, all are members of the great human family, and as such, mutually bound to assist one another. But you and I are no longer strangers ; the ties of mutual sympathy arising from a similarity of vicissitudes draw us so closely together that I now feel my interest quite identified with yours, as much so, as if we had been friends of many years' standing ; I shall therefore lay my case candidly before you, and when you hear my story, I feel convinced you will admit the truth of what I before stated, viz.,—that there are degrees of wretchedness in human

life, and that yours have not yet reached the culminating point ; that in the words of the Roman Satirist, your troubles have been taken from the middle, and mine from the top of misfortune's heap ; but as my story is simple, and to be told in a few words, I promise not to trespass on your patience at any considerable length." " Pray do not talk of patience to me," interrupted the Captain ; " take your own time—mine is of no consequence, and even though it were, I feel I could not turn it to better account than by listening attentively to your instructive history." The Student thanked the gallant Captain, and thus resumed :—" I am the second son of a gentleman of property, resident in the South of Ireland. My predilection, like your own, at first inclined me to a military profession. My father not wishing to thwart my natural inclination, or perhaps thinking me fit for nothing else, after some hesitation acquiesced, and deposited a sum of money with a view of purchasing me a commission in a militia regiment, out of which I was resolved to volunteer for foreign service when the first opportunity presented itself ; but here an insurmountable obstacle intervened, viz., that my father held a property on a lease of lives of which I was one. At first he thought this difficulty might be removed, and that the landlord would agree to the substitution of a younger brother in the lease in my room ; but this being refused, I was forced to relinquish the idea of becoming a soldier, and to turn my thoughts to some other profession ; therefore, being well educated under a private tutor, I entered the Dublin University, as a pensioner, in April, 1829 ; but about three years from this period, on reaching my Junior sophister year, my father's embarrassments increased to such an extent, owing to causes which I at present forbear to name, but which may appear in some subsequent page of my story, that I was thrown quite upon

my own resources, and subject to all those vicissitudes so peculiar to those who, like me, are obliged to live by their wits, and to shift for themselves in life.

“Under these circumstances the difficulties I had to encounter were so many, and my College career so crowded with extraordinary incidents, that my history might furnish materials for several volumes, and perhaps, at a future day, may serve ‘to point a moral or adorn a tale;’ but as minute detail would be inconsistent with the brevity that I have proposed to myself, I pass on to the turning point in my story; reserving detail for fitter opportunity.

“Having taken my degree in the University, I found my father’s property so heavily mortgaged that, unless redeemed within a stated period, the mortgage was sure to be foreclosed, and the property lost for ever. This to me was a sad alternative, not only as regarded myself personally, but also my entire family. One alternative only presented itself as the only feasible means left of saving the remnant of my father’s property. I had formed an attachment in my undergraduate career to a young lady who had been a ward of chancery, and was possessed of an independent fortune. The lady returned my affection with the most disinterested devotedness, and married me at a venture, though not in perfect accordance with the wishes of all the members of her family, some of whom were opposed to the union from their knowledge of my father’s difficulties. For a year after my marriage I experienced all that happiness naturally resulting from a union founded on mutual affection and esteem. It has been truly said that ‘the course of true love never yet ran pure,’—this was realized in my case; the lady to whom I had devoted my life was in delicate health, having a manifest tendency to decline, and at length death, that inexorable

tyrant, came to lay siege to the frail fortress of all my earthly happiness.

“About nine months after our union, my wife gave birth to a boy, who, however, did not survive the effects of a surgical operation. The case was heart-rending, and the sufferings of the dear patient great in the extreme; however, she bore them with all the calm resignation of a true follower of Jesus. Within twelve months of this period she presented me with another child, a daughter, after which she sank rapidly, and left me a widower in less than three months from the birth of the child. Few can conceive the wretchedness of my situation at that particular crisis; those only who have been tried in the fiery furnace, can form any estimate of the extent of my sufferings. One thing only helped to console me; my infant child, the pledge of our mutual affections, still remained. She was to me what yours was to you, next to God, my only hope—all my source of consolation. Property to a large amount had been limited to the separate use of the child by her mother’s friends. Had it pleased the Lord to spare her to me, she would have been the delight of my life, and the joy of my heart; but the Lord ordained otherwise, and took her to himself in three months from the mother’s death. By the death of the child the property limited to her separate use reverted to the original donors, and I was left a widower, childless, desolate, and destitute. Thus ends my tale of woe. I now appeal to you if mine be not a weightier affliction than yours?” “Truly, yours,” replied the gallant Captain, “is an extreme instance of human affliction, but go on, and let me hear the sequel. I am all attention.” “I have told you all, I have nothing more to add,” was the reply. “Being left in Dublin desolate and penniless, I contrived to support myself for some time by preparing students for the Uni-

versity ; but my health giving way, I yielded to the advice of my medical attendant in accepting an invitation from a Reverend rector, residing near the Bay of Donegal, with whom I have resided for the last three months, and am, like yourself, bound for Dublin by the six o'clock coach to-morrow morning. I now ask you to reflect and compare your lot with mine ; when you do so, I am sure you will learn to be content, and bless that God who has left you so many sources of consolation wholly denied to others. You, as well as I, are still in the zenith of life. You have a wife who loves you, and who has made so many personal sacrifices to prove the sincerity of her love. You will kindly excuse me when I tell you that when you talk of death, and of resigning yourself wholly to despair, you pay but a poor compliment to the mother of your beloved daughter, who has been for life your partner in sickness and sorrow, and has travelled nearly from pole to pole to prove the sincerity of her love, and to contribute to your present comforts ; let me then implore of you to resign yourself to the will of your Heavenly Father. In depriving you of your child, no doubt a Merciful Redeemer meant this deprivation as a blessing, not an affliction. The Lord saw that your daughter was the idol of your soul, occupying that place that He requires should be exclusively reserved and wholly consecrated to himself. The Lord tells us ‘ that He is a jealous God, who will not accept a divided affection ;’ He will have all or none ; therefore, He has taken your child entirely to himself, and thus removed the stumbling-block out of the way of your own eternal salvation.

“ I repeat, then, be content and happy ; a great moral duty now devolves upon you ; you are a gentleman of rank, talent, and fortune ; you will be soon placed at the head of a poor and numerous tenantry ; remember that these, however humble, are God’s people, as well as you, that you are morally bound to treat

them as such—to consider them as your own children, rather than your vassals; reward the good—reform the bad—reform them by example, as well as by precept; raise the poor serf from his present degraded position to his proper rank in the moral scale; impress upon his mind a just sense of the moral dignity of independence; that he must not look for support or aid to this or that man, but to place all his hopes on God and his own honest exertions. Would to God I could practise what I preach; but God ordains otherwise; this privilege is reserved for a few favoured men, like yourself; ‘*pacui quos equus amavit Jupiter.*’ Finally, let me exhort you to make the best use of the talents intrusted to your care, that when the Great Accounting Day arrives, you may be deemed worthy of a higher trust, and a more glorious privilege.”

When the Student ceased, the Captain affectionately pressed his hand, and thus addressed him:—

“My dear friend, I feel the full force of your burning words; they have entered deep into my soul; may they work in me that moral change of which I feel in myself so much in need! Already they inspire me with fresh hope and new motives for renewed exertion; but I feel the excitement is too much for you and me. Let us, therefore, change the subject for the present; at another time we will resume it, when our minds are less excited, and our feelings more subdued.”

At this moment the waiter entered the room with the supper, ordered in the early part of the night. It being now nearly twelve o'clock, the Captain and the Student seated themselves at the supper table, when the former observed:

“I feel a wish to eat a bit of supper,—’tis the first time for many days that I have had this inclination: your words have produced this effect. Oh! I owe you a debt which no words can

express ; perhaps at a future day I may give some practical proof of my gratitude.”

The Student expressed his sincere delight at the effect of this long conversation upon the mind of his friend, and both enjoyed the repast with a zest to which they had long been strangers.

Supper being ended, the conversation took a more animated turn, and the Captain entertained the Student with an interesting and romantic sketch of the Vale of Cashmere—the Emperor—his Court—Seraglio, &c. ; and the night might have insensibly passed on listening to the gallant Captain’s Eastern tales, had not the servant entered the room, asked the gentlemen if they wanted anything, as it was then one o’clock, considerably later than his usual hour of going to bed ; to which the Captain replied :

“ Never mind, you will be no loser by your attention, but be sure you call us at five o’clock in the morning, and let us have our coffee between five and six.”

The Captain and Student then arose, and cordially wishing each other good night, retired to their respective rooms.

The Captain slept sound, but not so his friend ; he could preach but not practise, and passed a restless night ruminating on past scenes of domestic affliction ; he arose between four and five o’clock, and softly opening the bedroom door of his friend, found him in a sound sleep which he was unwilling to interrupt, but made the necessary preliminary arrangements for his own departure, and was quite dressed when the servant entered the room at five o’clock, bringing at the same time some coffee and toast upon a tray, which the Student took into the bedroom of the Captain, who that instant opened his eyes and wished his friend good morning, adding, that he had had an excellent night’s rest, and hoping the Student had the same. This

question, however, the latter avoided, but filling out a cup of coffee, said—"Come, my friend, take this, it is sure to do you good, and can do you no harm; only fancy you are enjoying the shirbet of Cashmere." "You are too good;—I feel much better;—many thanks for all your kindness." These words were hardly spoken, when the Captain, swallowing his coffee, jumped out of bed, and was dressed in a few minutes. Here all seemed bustle and confusion in front of the Inn, with passengers running to and fro; crossing and jostling each other on every side; some bearing portmanteaus, some trunks and travelling bags; others running to secure good seats on the roof of the coach.

This was the golden age of stage-coach travelling—when at such an early hour groups of people assembled on every side to witness the starting of the coach. It was quite a scene; only they who recollect those days can form an adequate idea of the excitement on such occasions. But such scenes are now like a tale that is told,—they have vanished like a mist before the rising sun, to be succeeded by railways, steam coaches, electric wires—those miracles of the nineteenth century, that seem to annihilate space, to overleap distance, to realize the visions of Aladdin, to enable the adventurous sons of man "to take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,"—but whether these wondrous effects of steam as applied to locomotion were for the better or worse—calculated or not to promote the material comforts of the human race—are questions which we leave to the consideration of persons more practically conversant with such matters than we profess ourselves to be: but that stage coaches possessed many advantages, afforded employment to a vast number of hands, and contributed to the health and happiness of thousands, are facts that cannot be

questioned;—that they were also free from that wholesale destruction of human life, so frequent since the establishment of railways, is no less evident. On the other hand, those vehicles were not without their inconveniences and drawbacks, some of which resulted from the slowness and uncertainty of their progress; others from the unseemly squabbles that so frequently occurred between passengers on their journeys, owing to the numerous stoppages at the different stages: these were matters of minor importance; nevertheless, for the benefit of the curious reader we shall briefly sketch one, in which the Captain and Student were forced to act a prominent part in their journey from Strabane to Dublin, and which constitutes the subject of the following chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

SMACK went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.—COWPER.

'TWAS now but one minute to six o'clock, A.M.; the mail was upon the point of starting; the Captain and Student had secured the seat on the roof of the coach immediately behind the coachman; and the box-seat was occupied by a student of college, going to attend his examination; the trumpet now sounded the signal for departure, and the blooded leaders in their impatience to start, were pawing the ground, and manifested other symptoms of impatience; at length the clock struck six, when the coachman, a most important personage, with a rubicund face and broad-brimmed white hat, seized the flowing reins, and bowing gracefully to the smiling faces that crowded the neighbouring windows at that early hour, to witness his departure, lashed his whip and was off at full galop; neither did the steeds relax their speed until they reached the foot of a hill, distant about a quarter of a mile from the point of starting.

The morning was fine, but the wind began gradually to rise, not quite to the satisfaction of the Student, who was in a delicate state

of health ; more especially as the gentleman who occupied the box-seat next the coachman began to smoke a cigar, the fumes of which the wind blew straight into the face of the Student, which set him coughing ; he, accordingly told the gentleman that he had got a severe cold, and that the smell of smoke was very annoying to him ; and therefore, asked him as a favor either to give over smoking or change places with himself : of this request the Collegian took no notice, but continued to smoke on. The Student now felt so much annoyed, that he peremptorily ordered the gentleman to leave off smoking, to which the Collegian answered,—

“ Sir, I shall not sacrifice my pleasure to your convenience.”

The Student coolly replied, “ Oh, then it comes to this, that you are no gentleman, but ”—

“ But what ? ” interrupted the Collegian.

“ But a scoundrel,” was the reply.

The hasty word was no sooner uttered than repented of, and the Student felt disposed to retract ; but the Captain said,—

“ No, you have called him by his right name, and as a gentleman, you cannot unsay what you have said. Should he demand satisfaction on our return to Dublin, I am ready to stand your friend ; but don’t be alarmed, the fellow will pocket the offence : of this you may rest assured. I never yet knew a scoundrel in this world who was not also a coward.”

All this was said in the hearing of the Collegian, but he took no notice,—made no reply, but continued to puff his smoke in the face of the Student. All this time the horses were galloping at the top of their speed ; but having come to an angle in the road that diverged from the main line, the Student was relieved from the smoke nuisance, the wind blowing it from him to the Captain, who had the same objection to be smoked out as his

friend : suddenly the Student turned round, and observed a spark to light from the cigar on the eyelash of his gallant friend ; the latter applying his handkerchief to his face, cried out with a loud voice, "Coachman, stop—pull up !" The latter instantly obeyed ; then turning to the Collegian, he cried out, "Now, scoundrel, take that cigar out of your mouth this very instant, or by ——, I shall precipitate you from that seat on the wheels of the coach." The Captain was about to suit the action to the word, when the Collegian relieved him from the necessity by obeying his orders, and putting his cigar into a case, returned it quietly to the side pocket of his top-coat ; but the wrath of the Captain was not appeased, his eye still smarted with pain—so turning to the Student he said, "Did I not tell you the fellow was a coward." He then opened upon the ill-fated wight a tornado of invective, which for sarcasm and bitterness of expression we never heard equalled. The Collegian attempted a retort, but in vain ; he was no match for the Captain at this species of logic, who confounded and overwhelmed him by the torrents of abuse that he poured upon his devoted head. For the rest of the journey the Collegian remained a perfect mute ; but not so the Captain, who feeling still the effects of the cigar, returned to the charge again and again, without pity or compunction, until he rendered the ill-fated Collegian a butt of ridicule to every passenger in the coach : this scene lasted until the coach reached Dublin.

The effect upon the Collegian was very serious ; the account of his disgraceful conduct, aggravated by his cowardice, soon reached his college class. This was more than he could bear. The consequence was, that, feeling ashamed to show his face among his club, he took private lodgings for the night, returned to the country again the following morning, and lost his examination. What happened to him in after-life we never heard, but most probably

his prospects were ever after more or less affected by the scene that we have sketched. This should serve as a useful warning to young gentlemen in their progress through life, to be more accommodating to the wants of their fellow-travellers upon the road—always to act upon the Christian maxim of doing unto others as they would be done by, and never to forget the wisdom of the proverb, “A kind word turneth away wrath.”

Scenes such as we have described were among the commonplace annoyances of stage-coach travelling. Robberies of the mail, aggravated by the murder of the coachman, guard, and not unfrequently of the passengers themselves—were of no rare occurrence; when to these we add the slowness of the coach, the delays on the road, occasioned by the drunkenness of the coachman; the frequent upsets of the vehicles; the falling and restiveness of the horses—we own ourselves not of the number of those who regret the slow coaches of olden times; but we profess ourselves of that party who would impress upon the railway directors of modern days the wisdom of the old proverb, “*Festina lente* ;” or who would rather impress upon our legislators the necessity of enacting some more stringent laws than at present exist for the preservation of the lives and limbs of Her Majesty’s subjects. Certainly nothing could be easier than the passing of a law which would visit not only with a fine, but imprisonment—and in some extreme cases with transportation for life—all those through whose instrumentality or neglect human life should have been sacrificed—such punishment not to be limited to the sub-agent, but to be extended also to the proprietor—to the master as well as the man—to the jack-in-office seated in the directors’ chair, and puffed up with imaginary importance—as well as to the poor guard or stoker, obliged to keep a wife and family on £1 5s. per week.

In concluding our remarks on this subject, we must express our sincere conviction, that, until either the railways be entirely placed under Government control, or a law passed to attach the heads of the companies, as well as the subordinate agents; and this not only by a pecuniary fine, which they care little about, and which falls the lighter on individuals as being shared equally by all the company; but by terms of imprisonment proportioned to their misconduct or neglect, and in some extreme cases, as before suggested, by transportation for life.

We repeat that, until the passing of some such law, railway travelling must be always attended with imminent danger, and the lives of millions of our countrymen and countrywomen kept in constant jeopardy, as being placed wholly at the mercy of an avaricious and irresponsible body of men, who in their insatiable thirst to "search out the things of Esau," do not hesitate to profane the Sabbath—to jeopardize the souls as well as the bodies of men; and all this with perfect impunity, without incurring any of those penal consequences, which should attach to conduct so fatal to the lives of the people, and so subversive of the morals of a Christian community. Let us hope that some master mind may at length arise to grapple with this monster grievance, and to place the railway system upon a sure and solid foundation. The name of such a man would go down to posterity, justly considered the great benefactor of his country. The great and generous Roman conferred a civic crown on him who saved in battle the life of an individual citizen; but what adequate reward can be bestowed upon the man who could pass an act, the effects of which must be not only to save the lives of thousands, but to contribute to their temporal as well as spiritual welfare? We leave it to our countrymen to answer this question, and thus conclude our few general remarks on this all-important subject.

On the arrival of the Captain and Student in Dublin, they retired to a hotel, where they partook of some refreshment, after which the Captain addressed his friend, as follows :—

“ You and I are now on the point of parting ; but let me hope, only to meet again, and that frequently ;—never can I forget the scene of the last night ; it will ever live green in my recollection as one of the happiest of my life. On entering the inn at Strabane, you found me, like the poor deluded victim in ‘ Pollock’s Course of Time,’ a man without hope, standing on the verge of a precipice, ready to make the fatal plunge ; you wrested the dagger from my hand ; inspired me with fresh hopes and new motives for existence, and reconciled me to that life of which I was growing weary : what return can I make for all this kindness ? an adequate return ’tis quite out of my power to make ; nevertheless, my feelings prompt me to give some practical proof of my gratitude, and I wish to give free scope to such an impulse ; but time presses, and I must be brief. You have not acquainted me with the circumstances of your case, but from all I have heard, I can have no difficulty in inferring that your finances cannot be in a very flourishing condition, at the present time ; on the other hand, mine are comparatively ample, at least sufficiently so to admit of my paying a compliment to an invaluable friend ; will you then excuse this long preamble, and make me your banker on the present occasion, by accepting this small token of my friendship ” (presenting a cheque for a considerable amount) ; “ the only return I can ever expect is the friendship of a man to whom I feel so deeply indebted.”

To this the Student replied :—

“ My dear friend, I trust I feel duly sensible of your kindness, and fully capable of appreciating the generosity and disinterestedness that prompted it ; but in your new relation as landed

proprietor, you will soon have ample scope for the development of your high moral qualities, and a drain upon your purse, to which I fear your resources, however ample, may not be always adequate; you are about to be placed over a poor tenantry, who will naturally look to you for relief in their difficulties; the more freely you give, the more you will have to give, and therefore self-preservation will soon suggest to you the necessity of moderating your natural generosity by prudential considerations, and placing some check on your giving propensities, else by-and-by you may have nothing to give. At all events, your tenants have the first claim on you, second only to that of your immediate relatives. As for myself, I can have no claim whatever; you are kind enough to talk of my disinterested advice, but you seem to forget that I have got as much as I gave: that I am as much your debtor as you are mine, and that the balance being even, the account is settled between us; let me then request of you,—I speak with unfeigned gratitude—to reserve your favors for those who have a prior claim on you. You are quite right in your inference in regard to the state of my finances; nevertheless, so long as God affords me health and strength, I trust I shall be able to get an honourable living by my literary attainments, and that I have too high a sense of moral independence to stand in the way of your bounty, to those who have a stronger claim to it. I shall be always happy to see you at my chambers in College,—should your engagements admit of your visiting so humble a person as myself,—and never shall I forget the happy night that I passed in your company at the inn at Strabane.” “Do you then decline to accept a favor from me?” “A pecuniary favor I certainly do decline.” “Then allow me at least to present you with this,”—taking a gold ring from his finger and handing it to

the Student ;—" this I trust you will not refuse ; I value it much, therefore I present it to you—it contains a profile of myself with my crest and arms,—may I hope that it will serve as a lasting memorial of our friendship?" " This I accept with gratitude, and shall preserve with care ; I only regret I cannot make an adequate return, but all I can offer is the humble tribute of a grateful heart ; should you think this worth your acceptance, 'tis quite at your service." " I do accept it," said the gallant Captain, " as the most valuable present you can bestow."

This conversation lasted nearly an hour ; and might have been prolonged for another, had not the sound of the trumpet announced that the Kilkenny coach was about to start. The Captain and his friend instantly arose, when the former quickly entered the coach, pressed the hand of his friend, and had only time to say, " Farewell, you may expect to hear from me in a few days," when the horses were off at full gallop, and both horses and coach were out of sight in a moment. This ended the scene between the Captain and Student. To some this episode may seem frivolous, to others inconsistent ; but this we cannot help ; we are merely the chroniclers of events as they have occurred, and which, though uninteresting and insipid to others, were full of exciting interest to the Captain and his friend ; besides, in the great drama of human life, were such little incidents omitted—" life's poor play " would be soon over, and few could wish to wait the last act ; but God in his infinite wisdom, to reconcile man to his present sublunary state, and to remove all temptations to indolence or despondence, has mixed up several degrees of pleasure and pain with the objects by which we are surrounded, and has implanted in the heart of man the principle of hope and the love of domestic happiness, without which, human life would be nothing better than a

dreary waste, a howling wilderness, and man himself "a world without a sun." This idea has been well expressed by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" in the following inimitable lines :—

" Say, what without our hopes, without our fears,
Without that home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won ;
Oh ! what were man : a world without a sun ?"

CHAPTER XXI.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.—SHAKESPEARE.

WE are now come to the last chapter, with which we are about to close “this strange eventful history” of the Student. May it prove an instructive one, from which a moral lesson may be drawn, conducive to the public good—useful to the rising generation. The contents of this chapter being matters of fact which have come under the immediate observation of the Student, and in which he has been the principal actor, we propose to give them, such as they have occurred, to our readers, in their own naked simplicity, divested of all flowers of rhetoric, or ornaments of diction. This course we pursue from a conviction that by letting truth tell her own unvarnished tale, the more interesting will be the tale, the more impressive the doctrine, and the sounder the moral to be deduced from the teaching. With these few prefatory remarks, we again resume the thread of our narrative.

The Student, on his arrival in Dublin, took temporary lodgings in the immediate vicinity of the College, hoping, through the influence of his friends, to get some private pupils to prepare for entrance, or to work up for their quarterly examinations. He had already met with some success in this line of business, and was now resolved to renew his former occupation ; but a literary connection once broken is not easily recovered in such a place as Dublin. There the competitors for

employment are innumerable; when one man retires from business, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, ready to take his place; so the Student had now no alternative left him but to submit to the common lot, to 'bide his time, and wait the course of events. Three months passed, and not a pupil came in. This time he chiefly spent in the society of his Dublin friends, by many of whom he was at first well received, so long as they thought him independent; but the instant they discovered his difficulties, they soon changed their manner, and their friendship was limited to expressions of sympathy, which, however, soon degenerated into contempt. The Student, on his return to Dublin, had written, according to promise, to his Reverend friend of the Rectory, with whom he carried on an occasional correspondence for some time; but a circumstance occurred which caused a temporary suspension of their correspondence. It will be recollected that the Student, in quitting the Rectory, made a particular promise to his Reverend friend in reference to his son, *i.e.*, to let him know, should he see or hear that this son had renewed his acquaintance with a certain disreputable character in Dublin. Little did he imagine, in making this promise, that he should soon be called on to fulfil it. Unfortunately, however, such proved to be the fact; as he not only heard that the young man was in the constant habit of walking about in the company of the individual against whom he was cautioned, but he himself actually met them together on several occasions. This left him no alternative but to acquaint the father with the circumstance. His letter was strictly private and confidential, and contained a request that he should not acquaint his son with its contents. With this request, however, his Reverend friend did not comply, but told the son all. This he candidly acknowledged in his answer to the Student,

adding at the same time that the son took the letter in good part, convinced that it was dictated by a kind intention. Such, however, was not the fact: the effect of the letter was to inflame the mind of the young man with the most inveterate animosity against the Student, and to put an end to any further intercourse between the latter and his former kind and Reverend friend.

But a crisis now occurred in the Student's affairs,—he owed several small debts, for which he was sorely pressed, besides a sum of £10 for lodgings, for the payment of which he was denied all indulgence; under these circumstances he felt no alternative left him but to submit his case to his former friend the Rector, and to ask for the loan of a small sum to extricate him from his difficulties. The return of post brought an answer from his Reverend friend, full of unfeigned kindness and sympathy, from which we take the following extract:—"I need not, I trust, assure you how happy I should be to meet your wishes on the present occasion, if in my power to do so; but the honest truth of the case is, I and my family have been living entirely on credit for the last two months; but if you will be so good as to call at the Castle of Dublin, and ascertain when the Rectors are to be paid their share of the million (money advanced by the Government at the time, for the benefit of the distressed Rectors), when I get paid my part I shall be most happy to give you the accommodation you require. But in the meantime, if you would show this letter to your landlord, it might save you from any further persecution from him, until I can conveniently advance you the money that you want. Ever yours affectionately,—J. W."

The Student lost no time in showing this letter to his landlord, who feeling himself quite safe, ceased his persecutions, and willingly agreed to give the Student the time he required; but the Rector's son had no idea of the correspondence going on

between his father and the Student, thinking that all intercourse had long ceased between them.—A few days after this the Student obtained an engagement as resident Tutor to prepare the son of the Honourable Mr. S—, of Co. Tyrone, for his quarterly examination. This was quite a God-send under the circumstances of his case, and he lost no time in setting off for the North of Ireland, to undertake it. During his residence in the house of Mr. S—, the Student afforded great satisfaction, but the engagement was not of long duration, being put an end to in about four months after being formed, by the unexpected death of the Student's father, who on his demise left him a property heavily incumbered, with £300 in cash. Immediately on receipt of this melancholy intelligence, the Student returned to Dublin, in order to complete some necessary arrangements in reference to the incumbered estate bequeathed to him. And some time after his return to Dublin, for the sake of society and conversation, he became a member of a literary circle then existing in Dublin, composed of ladies as well as gentlemen, who held their meetings occasionally at the houses of the different members, where all the new publications of the day were criticised, and literary questions of every sort freely discussed. Of this society the Student soon became an active and popular speaker. Among the lady members was one of considerable property, who seemed to manifest a decided partiality for the Student; the latter feeling himself thus favored, was not slow to make advances to the lady, which were so favorably received, that instructions were given to a solicitor to prepare deeds of settlement;—all preliminary arrangements were being completed, and a day was actually appointed for the marriage.

It has been truly said that many things happen between the cup and the lip; and in matrimonial alliances, circumstances

often occur of so extraordinary a character that they seem to afford some ground for the popular superstition, that "there is destiny in marriage—that *what is to be will be*, and *vice versâ*." Of this case the student afforded a singular exemplification. We must now inform our readers that at this critical time the Rector's son, the Student's former pupil and his present enemy, came to Dublin to attend his examination, and actually stopped at the Student's former lodgings, where the latter still owed a sum of money, as already stated. The landlord inquired, naturally enough, of the young gentleman, when he heard from his former friend, the Student. "My friend!" repeated the young man indignantly, "he is no friend of mine; I consider him an enemy and a scoundrel." "How is this?" observed the man; "if he be not your friend, he is a friend of your father's, which comes to the same thing; at least, he owes me £10, and has shown me a letter from your father to him, offering to lend him this sum to pay me, as soon as your father gets paid his share of the million advanced for the relief of the Rectors." "Has he shown you such a letter as this?" "He certainly has." "Then," exclaimed the young gentleman, "I pronounce this letter a deliberate forgery of my father's name, and a fraud upon the public." "You astonish me!" said the landlord; "if he be such a character as you represent him, I think you are in duty bound to warn the public against such imposition." To this the gentleman assented. Accordingly, aided and assisted by the landlord, he drew up an advertisement, headed "Caution to the Public," of which the following is a copy:—

"Whereas, a person calling himself P. J. N. has been for some time in the habit of showing a letter with a view of raising money, which he alleges to have been written to him by

the Rev. J. W., of M—— Glebe, County of Donegal. This is to give notice, that no such letter has been written by the said Rev. J. W. to the said P. J. N."

This letter appeared in "Saunders' News-Letter," a paper of considerable circulation, on Friday morning.

The Student's marriage was to take place the following week, and the thoughts and preparations for the occasion so engrossed his time, and wholly absorbed every other consideration, as to leave him not a single moment disengaged to look at a newspaper. His intended bride had been staying out of town for a few days with her friends, and the Student neither saw nor heard a word of his public disgrace, but on Saturday evening, after the advertisement appeared. He paid a visit to a friend, a member of the Literary Society referred to, residing in Merrion Square, with whom he had been on habits of close intimacy. He entered the drawing-room without any ceremony—took a seat for a few moments—appeared quite abstracted, merely observing "that he purposed breakfasting with his intended in the country the following day." His friends instantly attributed his silence to the effects of the advertisement upon his spirits, rather than to the true cause, viz., the important change about to take place in a few days in his condition and circumstances in life: however, they thought it strange that he made no allusion whatever to the advertisement, which they were prevented by feelings of delicacy from communicating to him. At length he could hear the lady ask her husband in an under-voice, but with great earnestness of manner, "Have you told him of it?" "No." "Then do so instantly!" The gentleman accordingly, addressing the Student, asked "if he had seen 'Saunders' News-Letter' of the preceding day—that it contained something gravely involving his character." "My character!" repeated the Student; "what can

it be? What can any one say against my character?" The gentleman told him all. At first the Student felt so perfectly astounded, as to be deprived of all power of utterance.

The effect upon his feelings no language can express; he threw himself for a moment upon the sofa, but rising in an instant, said, "Please tell your servant to order a cab and come with me instantly to the office of 'Saunders' News-Letter.'"

The gentleman complied, and he and his friend drove up in a few moments to the office of the "News-Letter," where they purchased the paper of the preceding day, and found the advertisement precisely as represented.

"Now," said the Student to his friend, "my character hangs upon a single hair. If I have preserved the Rector's letter to me, I am safe; if not, I am a ruined man for life. Come now with me to my lodgings; let me search if I have got the letter."

Not a moment was lost; the Student ordered to drive quickly to his lodgings—searched for the Rector's letter, and fortunately found it.

"Now," said he to his friend, "let my matrimonial speculations turn out as they may, my character is safe; you return as soon as possible, and tell Mrs. C—all. I do not wish she should entertain, even for an instant, any doubtful opinion as to my character as a gentleman, and a man of honor."

His friend instantly departed, highly gratified; whereupon the Student proceeded direct to the house of his attorney, where a regular scene took place.

The attorney, who had seen the advertisement, came to a conclusion that it was true, and quite forgot his former courtesy to his client; therefore, when the Student called at his house and asked to see him, the answer returned was, that "he was not in the habit of seeing any one on business at so late an hour."

"Then you may tell him," replied the Student, "that he must see me, and that instantly."

The message being delivered, the man of law soon made his appearance, when the Student, pointing to the office-door, said, "Enter there, sir, instantly, and receive my orders. I ask you for no favor; you are engaged in my business; you are my servant for the time being, and, therefore, you must obey my orders."

These words were uttered with a stern determination, that so overawed the attorney, that in an instant he was all submission.

"I dare say," continued the Student, "that you have seen an advertisement in the 'Saunders' of yesterday in reference to me." The attorney nodded assent. "And of course, to this circumstance I am to attribute your insolence to me; but, as an attorney, you should know that the laws of England presume every man to be innocent, until the contrary be proved; but you, as an attorney, have jumped to a conclusion as to my guilt, on the authority of an advertisement in a newspaper, without a particle of evidence to sustain the foul charge? But I must not waste my precious time in bandying words with you; I now ask you what you would think if I could produce the letter that I am charged with forging." "I should be better pleased by it," answered the lawyer, "than if you were to make me a present of five hundred pounds." "Sir," replied the Student, "I care not a straw for your opinion; I only care for my own reputation; but there is the letter,"—placing the Rector's letter on the table. The attorney having glanced at the letter, suddenly became as cringing and sycophantic as he had before been insolent; but the Student cut him short with the observation—"What is now to be done? What is the best course to pursue?" "I think," replied the attorney, "that your best course is to see your friend, Mr. P—, of Merrion Square, to-morrow morning, and to

consult him on the point; he will tell you what is best to be done." "What is to prevent my seeing him this very night?" "'Tis now too late, and there is no chance of seeing him at such an hour." "At all events, I shall try."

Having thus spoken, the Student took up the letter of the Rector, and putting it into his pocket wished the attorney good night, and proceeded direct to Merrion Square. The King's Counsel was preparing to retire for the night when the Student knocked at his door; but the kind and learned gentleman, on receiving the Student's message, instantly came down to learn the nature of his business at so late an hour. The Student in a few words told him the pressing nature of the case; on hearing which the counsel observed, "This seems to me to be a dispute between two gentlemen; I hardly think it a case for the interference of counsel. Gentlemen usually adopt other means of settling such disputes." "I hardly understand your suggestion," said the Student; "you surely don't mean to insinuate that the injured party should appeal to arms in a case where he has been publicly branded by his adversary as a swindler and an impostor. I want you, sir, to answer me two questions: Firstly—Is the advertisement a libel? Secondly—If so, what is my remedy?" "To the first question," said the learned counsel, "I have no hesitation in answering in the affirmative. As to the second, your best course is to call at the office of the paper in the morning, and demand the author of the libel; should the Rector be the author, your action is against the Rector:—if his son, your action is against him; but should the Editor refuse to give up the name of the author, your action is against the Editor himself." "All this I understand perfectly well," said the Student; "but the machinery of the law is not so soon put in motion, and three

months may elapse before the case can be submitted to a jury ; in the mean time—naturally inclined to believe the worst—my character and prospects will be irretrievably ruined. I want to know, is there no immediate remedy—no immediate means of meeting the charge? Is there any objection to my publishing the Rector's letter in 'the Saunders' of to-morrow?" "I think not," answered counsel ; "and this seems the only feasible remedy under the circumstances; this being done, you may then commence your action for libel against the author of the advertisement." This ended the interview between counsel and Student. The latter presented the learned gentleman a purse as a fee, containing one hundred guineas; but this the counsel generously declined, adding, "I shall be happy to take you through this affair, but only on condition that you never again offer me money, which I must decidedly decline to accept." The Student then apologized for his intrusion at so late an hour, but the counsel kindly replied "that the circumstances of the case rendered any apology superfluous."

This ended the interview between counsel and Student, which impressed the latter with the greatest respect for the high character of his learned friend, who has been since elevated to the bench, to which he has proved himself one of its brightest ornaments. Having returned to his lodgings, the Student, by advice of counsel, addressed a letter to the editor of "Saunders' News-Letter," enclosing a copy of the Rector's letter to himself, the original, as he stated, being in the hands of his solicitor—and demanding the author of the libellous advertisement. The Editor instantly gave up the Rector's son as the author. Here we must observe, that, on the first appearance of the advertisement, the Student had a communication from the solicitor of the lady to whom he was about to be united, to the effect that, owing to

recent circumstances, the lady, in accordance with the advice of her friends, had changed her mind as to altering her condition in life, and requesting of the Student to think no more of her ; but having seen the Student's public answer to the imputed charge, she changed her mind, and wrote him a very kind letter, congratulating him on the triumphant vindication of his character, and consenting to a renewal of their former engagement. This, however, the Student respectfully declined, adding that she, like others, had come to a premature conclusion as to his guilt, without any evidence to warrant such an inference ; and therefore, that he felt himself precluded by a principle of honor, from thinking any more of a lady who, without any cause, should think him capable of such dishonorable conduct. By pursuing this course, the Student, in an instant, flung wealth and fortune to the winds, preferring to fight the battle single-handed for the rest of his life, rather than depend for the future on any one, save God and his own exertions.

This case being disposed of, the Student now commenced an action for defamation against the Rector's son ; but the writ being served, the Rector made a most affecting appeal to the Student in favor of his ill-fated child : he conjured him by their former friendship not to do an act which would have the effect of involving him in lasting disgrace and bringing down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave ; that neither he nor his wife could survive the public disgrace of their child—that he had been guilty of a great offence against the Student, his best friend ; that he now felt sensible of his error, and was willing to make the only reparation in his power by an ample public apology. The Student replied, “ that he was animated by no hostile feeling towards the Rector's son ; that he freely forgave, as he hoped to be forgiven ;

that, for the Rector himself and his kind family, he should ever cherish feelings of regard ; but that his own character was paramount to every other consideration ; and having placed that in the hands of his legal adviser, he should be entirely governed by his opinion ; that all he could do under these circumstances was to lay the Rector's letter before his learned friend, and in the event of his considering it satisfactory, he should proceed no further in the case, as he had no vindictive feelings to gratify. The Reverend gentleman's letter was accordingly submitted to Mr. P., who pronounced it to be full and satisfactory. An apology was accordingly drawn up by plaintiff's attorney, and signed by defendant, the Rector's son, acknowledging the falsehood of the advertisement, and expressing his unfeigned regret for being the author of it.

To this apology a few words of explanation were prefixed, referring to the former advertisement. This was inserted in a conspicuous part of "Saunders' News-Letter ; and thus ended the unfortunate acquaintance between the Student and the Rector's son. To the prospects of the former, it proved injurious ; to those of the latter, utterly ruinous. After this he could never raise his head in society ; was abandoned by all his acquaintance, and forced to relinquish every hope of ever entering the ministry ; whilst his kind-hearted but over-indulgent father, overwhelmed with grief at the disgrace of his favorite son, fell a victim to despair, and died shortly after of a broken heart. The Student was now left alone in life. "The world was all before him, where to choose his place of rest, and Providence his guide." In his own country he had suffered many afflictions, and experienced the blackest ingratitude ; he therefore resolved to quit a land where he had few surviving friends, and which was associated in his mind with the bitterest recollec-

tions, and has been for the last twenty-two years a resident inhabitant of this more favored land, where he now publishes his story, in the earnest hope that it may serve as a useful lesson to the rising generation. From this tale, a two-fold moral may be gleaned—first, that in human life good acts and kind intentions are not always the surest road to worldly preferment. Secondly, that the man who labors in his day with no higher object than that of obtaining an adequate return from his fellow-men, is sure, in the end, to find his brightest prospects blighted, and his most sanguine hopes to end in disappointment; but the Christian man builds his hopes of reward on a surer foundation—the immutable basis of revealed truth; he feels that he is sent upon this earth the responsible creature of an hour, to act a certain part—to perform particular duties, upon the faithful discharge of which he rests all his hopes of happiness here, and of glory hereafter. Therefore, let fortune frown—let man deceive—let society spurn; so long as he performs the paramount duty that he owes to redeeming love, he recks not what man may do to him; he rests secure upon the everlasting rock of Omnipotence. This is his present consolation, his future hope; the anchor upon which he rides secure amidst the storms and billows of a troubled life—the polar star by which he steers his course to the tranquil haven of everlasting rest.

CONCLUSION.

Out, out, brief candle—
Man is a walking shadow—a poor player !
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is seen no more.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE curious reader will be desirous to learn the fate of the gallant captain and his noble-minded wife, of whom we said so much. We shall, therefore, ere we conclude, briefly relate their sad story. We have seen that Mrs. L— returned home unaccompanied by her husband, which may seem inconsistent, considering the state of his health, the depression of his spirits, and her own devoted attachment to him; but the lady did not take this step without mature consideration. She was aware that all her husband's illness arose from the state of his mind in regard to his deceased daughter. This was the real seat of his disease; this "the string on which hung all his sorrows." She, therefore, felt the necessity of removing out of his sight every relic, every vestige of hers calculated to renew his sorrows, or to revive in his mind past recollections. With this view, she willingly embraced the husband's suggestion, that she should return without him. On reaching her own home, she found the house fitted up in a state of the greatest elegance, and all the servants of the former proprietor—her father-in-law, still in the house, prepared to receive her. She had already written to

acquaint them with her intention of returning alone. She now instantly let them know the cause—the state of her husband's health, and the necessity that existed for the suppression of every manifestation of sympathy on their part touching the death of his daughter. The servants instantly entered into the feelings of their mistress, and promised to carry them into full effect. On the day of her husband's expected return, she invited a few particular friends to meet him, viz., the minister of the parish and his lady, with one or two others, among whom was the parish priest, a venerable old gentleman, who had known her husband from his infancy, and was an especial favorite of his. These being all private friends, she candidly communicated to them the real state of her husband's health and his depression of spirits, chiefly owing to the death of his daughter—requesting of her friends to abstain from any particular allusion to so painful a subject. The Captain, on his arrival, was no less surprised than delighted to find this circle of his chosen friends prepared to receive him, and responded to their unaffected greetings with the utmost cordiality and kindness. Dinner being ended, the ladies returned to the drawing-room, leaving her husband and his friends to talk over the state of the country and the interests of the tenantry, to which subject the company promised to limit their conversation—in the course of which the parson, addressing his host, said, "Captain, I need not say how happy we all are to see you. Many of us knew you of old" ("I have known him," interrupted the priest, "since he was a baby in long-clothes");—"well, then," continued the rector, "this long knowledge of your kindness must convince us all that you will hear with regret that this country is not in so prosperous a state as it was when you were in long-clothes" (the gallant Captain smiled); "the prices of all the

necessaries of life are so low, and rents so high, that the tenant-farmers have a hard struggle to live and meet their landlords' demands. This seems an anomalous state of things, requiring the serious consideration of the great landed proprietors like yourself; but if I may hazard an opinion as to the cause, I should at once attribute it to the evils of absenteeism. This I consider the root of all. Only pull up this root, and the cure is effected; your return at the present moment to the seat of your ancestors appears to me a good omen, and the effect that your example and well-known abilities are likely to produce on the neighbouring gentry cannot fail to be productive of the best results. Therefore a great mission awaits you; the eyes of all are now turned to you, and I have no doubt you will not think it an object unworthy of you, to co-operate with a poor parson and a humble parish priest in relieving the distress of the poor of our parish, and improving the moral and material condition of the tenant-farmers on your estate." The priest seconded the views of his Reverend friend, adding, that, "so far as his humble efforts could go, no exertion should be wanted on his part to give effect to the benevolent intentions of the Reverend Rector." The Captain very briefly replied, thanking his reverend friends for their kind suggestions, and promising to lose no time in giving them the most mature consideration;—"but, my kind friends," observed the gallant officer, "this does not seem to me the most suitable time and place to speak on the subject of farming; there is a time for every thing under Heaven,—is this not so?" said he, turning to his venerable friend, the parish priest. The latter assented. "Well, then," continued the gallant Captain, "with your permission we shall first drink to the health of the ladies, and then join them in the drawing-room." "My dear boy," observed the kind-hearted

priest, "you were always the very soul of gallantry; but I was beginning to fear that your long residence among the wild Indians had made you quite forgetful of our own fair countrywomen; but I am glad to find that you are yourself again." The Captain smiled, and assured his Reverend friend, that, after all, these Indians were not quite so wild as we may suppose. On the contrary, he had found many of them civilized, humane, and charitable. "Mrs. L— is good authority on this point, and to her I refer you. So now let us join the ladies, and after tea I shall tell you some interesting tales of these wild Indians, as you call them, which have come under my own observation during my residence in the Vale of Cashmere, and which I am sure you will listen to with much interest." Here the gentlemen drank the proposed toast, which the priest proposed to *encore*, should it meet the Captain's approbation. "My good friend," said the latter, "I thought you had joined the teetotallers, and taken the pledge." "Not I, indeed," was the reply, "nor ever mean to do." At this the gentlemen rose, and joined the ladies, who congratulated the Captain on the great improvement in his personal appearance. "Oh," observed the priest, "I should think so too, had it not been for those nasty odious mustachios; they quite spoil him. I wish you would cut off those outlandish encumbrances, and look like one of ourselves; will you not promise me to do so?" The Captain laughed, and reminded the priest of the old proverb, that when people go to Rome, they must do as Romans do. "But now that I am in Ireland, I am quite willing to sacrifice these appendages, and conform to the customs of my own people, should it meet the approbation of Mrs. L—, but I always allow her a casting voice in such matters. Is not this fair?" "Perfectly so; now the whole case is in your hands,

Madam," observed the priest, bowing to Mrs. L—. The lady assured the Reverend gentleman that she had no particular predilection in favor of mustachios; that there were many arguments against them, and few in their favor; but that she always allowed her husband to use his own discretion in such matters. "I know," continued the lady, "that the etiquette of the army requires such things, but why I cannot well understand. However, now that my husband has left the army, perhaps he may gradually come into your views, but you will kindly allow him a little time. You know "Rome was not built in a day." This ended the conversation on the subject of the mustachios—a topic quite planned for the occasion. Tea being ended,

"Now, Captain," said the priest, "let us hear all about these wild Indians, or cannibals, that you lived so long among; you promised to tell us some stories about them."

The Captain accordingly gave to his friends a most interesting sketch of the scenery of the Vale of Cashmere, and all its romantic beauties; the beauty of the women, their devotion to their husbands, &c., topics which he described in language so glowing and poetic, that even the priest himself was moved, and declared that, had he been a younger man he might be tempted to visit the beauties of the Vale of Cashmere.

It being now ten o'clock the company retired, and thus passed the first day of the Captain's return. Mrs. L— seemed highly pleased with the result. The following day was one of more exciting interest. A deputation waited on the Captain at an early hour with an address of congratulation on his return to his native country. The deputation chiefly consisted of his own tenantry; and the address was couched in terms of anticipation as to the happy results likely to flow from their being placed

under the care of a landlord of such great talent and well-known benevolence. The address touched lightly on the high price of land, as contrasted with the low standard of all the necessities of life, which they begged to submit to the kind consideration of the gallant Captain, and concluded by promising, by their industrious habits and punctuality in the payment of their rents, to prove themselves worthy of the favor of his kind consideration. The Captain thanked them for their congratulatory address with all the frankness of a soldier and the urbanity of a gentleman, — expressed the happiness he felt from the hope of passing the rest of his life among them, and concluded by assuring them that he should lose no time in consulting with his agent on that part of their address which brought under his consideration the high price of the ground as contrasted with the low price of all the marketable commodities. The deputation were about to retire, delighted with their reception, when Mrs. L— expressed her hope that the deputation would honor the Captain and herself with their company to lunch. The invitation being accepted, the lady then led the way to the dining-room, leaning on the arm of the Rector, and took her seat at the head of the table; next the lady sat the parson, who relieved her from the trouble of carving. The Captain sat at the foot of the table, and seemed to vie with his wife in hospitality and kindness to his numerous tenantry.

The arrival of the Captain being known as the evening closed, bonfires were seen to blaze on every hill for miles around, to hail the return of the gallant Captain and his generous lady to the home of their ancestors. Thus closed the second day. The third was to the Captain quite a day of business, being chiefly occupied with his agent in examining the accounts and circum-

stances of his tenantry,—who were punctual in the payment of their rents; who not—the amount of their defalcations; the characters of the tenantry in regard to industry, sobriety, &c. The result of this inquiry was anything but cheering. The number of independent tenants was found to be few—as one to ten—the defaulters numerous: some had paid no rent for a year and a half, others owed a year's rent. All, with a few exceptions, were deeply in arrear.

The Captain's next inquiry was as to the habits and moral characters of his tenants. And here he found what was naturally to be expected,—that the independent and improving tenants were invariably men of good moral character—of sober and industrious habits; whilst the defaulters were, in general, idle, drunken, and reckless. Here the Captain remarked, that “the remedy in the latter case clearly consisted in reclaiming the characters of these men.” He next inquired into the intrinsic value of the land, as compared to the state of the market, and found that the farms in general were let at so high a rent as to allow the tenant-farmer but few of the necessities, and scarcely any of the comforts of life; but, notwithstanding this, that the sober, industrious tenants, even under such disadvantages, managed to support their families in comfort, and to realize a state of comparative independence. The result of this long inquiry was that the generous Captain came to the determination of cancelling all back arrears, and giving to his tenants a reduction in their rents, proportioned to the state of the market. He accordingly appointed a day to give effect to his determination, and lost no time in communicating his intentions to the parish priest, with permission to announce it to his congregation on the following Sunday; the Reverend gentleman accordingly, in the course of an eloquent sermon,

announced to his flock the joyful intelligence, with a glowing panegyric on the liberality and many virtues of the gallant Captain. The information diffused universal joy, not only among the immediate tenants of the Captain, but also among those of the neighbouring landed proprietors, from the moral effect that such an example was likely to produce on the minds of all. The Captain was not a man to say and not to do—procrastination was no trait in his character—he therefore lost no time in cancelling the old debts, and announcing to his tenants the future reduction in their farms—an announcement that was hailed by all with one simultaneous burst of joy—the good tenants as well as the bad were included in the proposed reduction, and complimented in the most flattering terms by their generous landlord.

This rapid improvement in the condition of his tenantry, the gallant Captain regularly communicated to his Dublin friend, the Student, always requesting his advice, adopting his suggestions, and constantly referring to the extraordinary meeting at the inn at Strabane; nor while the Captain was thus generously employed in taking measures for the welfare of his tenantry, was his high-minded wife idle;—but, assisted by the parson's lady, and other benevolent friends, formed a "ladies' committee," under the patronage of the parson and priest, for the relief of the poor of the parish, without any distinction of creed or sect; the parson's wife being appointed treasurer, and Mrs. L— honorary secretary. The first act of this generous committee, was to take a house near the parsonage, which they fitted up in a suitable manner, and supplied with coals and every necessary. Their next step was to obtain, from the parish-priest, a list of the most deserving of the poor of his parish; these they ordered to attend daily, in their new schoolroom, and furnished them with all

materials for useful employment, according to their various abilities. Some they employed in plain work and knitting—some in basket-making—others in plaiting bonnets and fancy work. The school soon obtained public notoriety, and was patronized, not only by the ladies of the parish, but also by those of the neighbouring parishes ; many of the articles made being of superior workmanship, fetched high prices. The school soon became self-supporting ; the money was regularly paid in to the lady treasurer, and distributed by the “ ladies’ committee,—” who met regularly two days in the week, from ten to one—to all the distressed objects in the parish, but particularly to such as were recommended by the Rector or the priest, as sober, honest, and industrious ; thus, in less than three months from the return of the gallant Captain, the distress of the parish was removed ; idleness and drunkenness gave way to industry and sobriety ; the people enjoyed comfort, peace, and happiness. A solitary instance of felony was not heard of, but all seemed animated with a just sense of independence and self-reliance, being deeply impressed with the wisdom of the well-known maxim, that “ God helps those who help themselves ;” and that in this life, man should place all his hopes, first in God, and then on his own honest exertions ; but never to live dependent or expectant on the support or favors of his fellow-man ; but in human life there is no unmixed good ; perfect happiness is only the prerogative of a higher state of existence. In this life man can expect but a foretaste of that bliss, the full enjoyment of which is reserved for the glories of immortality.

The health of the gallant Captain—the author of all the above-named good—was now in a precarious state ; it had been so for some time, in spite of all the skill of an eminent family physician and the tender care of his devoted wife. The

progress of the disease could not be arrested; its fatal symptoms became daily more manifest, being indicated at first by the short, dry, teasing cough, the flushed cheek—particularly after meals—and the deceptive brilliancy of the eyes. The wife's alarm was great; still she suppressed her feelings, and buoyed up the heart of her husband with the pleasures of hope. Sometimes she entertained him by her vocal and instrumental powers, which were of a high order; at other times she took him to visit their mutual friends, and tried to divert his mind by the charms of novelty. The parson and his wife were constant visitors; from the former he received all the consolations of religion, and had the happiness to receive the holy communion from his hands since his return to the country; the kind-hearted priest was also of the number of his constant visitors, and frequently entertained him with his amusing anecdotes. All that money could procure, or the greatest kindness effect, was tried—but in vain—towards his recovery. The Captain never feared a human foe; neither did he tremble when the “grim King of Terrors” knocked at his door to apprise him that his days were numbered;—of this he had a long presentiment, and was not taken by surprise. At length he was forced to take to his bed, his frame being so exhausted and attenuated by frequent expectorations, that he felt wholly unable to sit up any longer, even in an arm-chair; but the long-expected hour was near—the gallant Captain was quite aware of it; strange to say that in such moments the soul seems to catch some glimpse of futurity, and to be indued with a sort of prophetic spirit: this was realized in the case of the Captain, who took the hand of his wife, and fixing his bright eyes stedfastly on her, said, “My ever dear wife, you have been my devoted partner in sickness and sorrow. If ever a wife discharged her duty to a loving husband,

you are that one. You and I have travelled together nearly the entire round of the habitable globe;—we are now about to part, dearest, but only for a short season—to meet again ‘where sin and sorrow are no more.’ This very night I hope to stand before the Throne of Mercy. That God who has given his dearly beloved Son a ransom for the human race, will not refuse his mercy to me and my devoted wife at this awful moment. This very night I hope to meet your dear daughter, now an angel in glory. She has been long expecting me : she is also expecting you ; but I go first ; ’tis not the will of the Lord to take you just now ; you have still some important duties to discharge. The poor of our parish are many—hitherto you have acted the part of a parent to them ; continue to do so. My entire property I bequeath to you without any restriction ; do with it as you please, I could not leave it in better hands. And now farewell for a short season—I leave you to the care of that Holy Lord, who never abandons his elect!” These were the last words of the gallant Captain : a few moments after he breathed his last in the arms of his devoted wife, and his noble spirit winged its flight to join “the assembly of the just made perfect.” He expired, in his thirty-fifth year. The devoted wife having closed the eyes of her departed husband, arranged his bed, and sat by it for some time, gazing intently on the lifeless features of the deceased. The expression seemed that of a tranquil mind enjoying the blessings of repose—so calm—so heavenly.

The servants, who distinctly heard his last farewell to their mistress, had no idea that he was dead ; the mistress did not apprise them of it, but continued to sit by his bed, though she neither spoke nor wept ;—at length she gently touched the bell, and when the nurse entered the mistress merely pointed at the bed, and seemed as if perfectly dumb—but the nurse, an

old and faithful servant, seeing that her master was dead, fell upon the neck of her mistress and wept bitterly. "Alas! dear nurse," said the lady, "the spring of my heart is dried up. I am denied the luxury of tears—I am now a widow indeed: but 'the Lord is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.' He will not leave me desolate—I know He will not; He will soon take me to himself, and allow me to join my husband and children in the glory of the Father." Having spoken these few words she resumed her silence: the nurse would have spoken, but she motioned to her not, and remained sitting by the death-bed until the clock struck six, when the parson's lady and others, near relatives, entered, and prevailed upon the widow to accompany them to an adjoining room, where they tried all means to soothe her afflictions, and to administer the balm of religious consolation to her wounded spirit. Mrs. L— expressed her gratitude for their kindness; but turning suddenly to the parson's wife, she said, "Are you aware that the wives of the Hindoos seldom survive their departed husbands, but generally make away with themselves?" she paused for a moment,—“but never fear.—I trust I am a Christian woman, the widow of a Christian man, and don't mean to follow the example of the Infidel or idolater: but the Lord who created and redeemed me is a God of mercy, and this mercy I trust He will extend to me, by taking me out of a world no longer tolerable. 'Twas in vain that the ladies tried to prevail on her to take a little tea or some refreshment,—this she obstinately refused; at length, having prayed with her for some time, they took their departure, leaving her to the care of her nurse and a near relative, and expressing their hope with God's blessing to see her better the following morning.

The disconsolate widow, being left, returned again to the death-bed of her husband, accompanied by her faithful nurse,

where she remained for some time, gazing on the remains of her husband. She then kissed his cold lips, arranged his hair, and told the nurse that she felt inclined for a little rest, and that she might leave her until nine o'clock, and then come back. The nurse accordingly obeyed. The widow being left alone, stripped off her clothes, put on her night-dress, combed her hair, and lay down by the side of her husband. The mental excitement caused by the melancholy sensation that she had lost the only object that bound her to life was too much for her nervous temperament; the main-spring of life snapped, and the human timepiece ceased to beat. The nurse having come into the room at nine o'clock, approached the death-bed, thinking that her mistress was only taking some refreshing sleep, but found it to be the sleep of death. She instantly screamed aloud, when all the servants rushed into the room, and witnessed the fatal catastrophe—the husband and wife lay dead together! The awful news was quickly circulated through the neighbourhood, where it created the utmost consternation. The Rector and his family having heard the rumour, were instantly on the spot, and found it a sad reality. The following morning was one of the utmost excitement; the people assembled by thousands to ascertain the truth of the rumour. Finding it too true, despair seemed depicted on every countenance; all felt that they had lost their dearest friends, and that their once bright prospects were now blighted for ever. The day of the funeral at length arrived—a gloomy day to the tenantry of the gallant Captain. The crowds that assembled on the occasion to join the sad procession, and to testify their gratitude and respect to the memory of a great and good man and his devoted wife, were such as were rarely, if ever, seen to attend to their last resting-place the remains of an Irish landlord. The

parson having read the solemn funeral service (1 Cor. xv.), not a dry eye was to be seen in the immense multitude; the women sobbed aloud: those only who know the warm feelings of the Irish heart can judge of the intensity of those feelings, when they saw the coffins of the husband and wife lowered down into the family vault, near the coffin of their beloved daughter—the admiration and respect of the people for a devoted lady, who fell a martyr to her regard for the man of her choice and the object of her everlasting love—no words can express. The ceremony being ended, the tenants returned home with downcast hearts, and minds full of ominous forebodings, and no sun ever went down more full of gloom on the prospects of the Irish tenant, than that which saw consigned to the tomb of his ancestors the gallant Captain and his devoted wife.

FINIS.

